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BRIDGE.

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CHARLIE VILLARS AT CAMBRIDGE.

VOL. I.

CHARLIE VILLARS

AT

CAMBRIDGE.

BY

GEORGE L. TOTTENHAM,
TRINITY COLLEGE.

"Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat."—HORACE.

"Not smoke from light, but light from smoke he means to bring."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TO

MY FRIENDS,

HORACE SEYMOUR AND WALTER DUNCOMBE,

This Work

IS AFFECTIONATELY

Dedicated.

PREFACE.

It has been objected to me that the general impression which this book leaves upon the mind (the first volume particularly) is, that all the characters devote themselves to the one selfish end of amusement; and that this hardly bears out the idea of living for others, which it is so desirable to impress upon every human being. Had I preferred to mount the 'airy stilts' of theory, I might no doubt have drawn a fancy picture of some Utopian institution where every member rode, boated, cricketed, read, or played whist for the benefit of his neighbours and the world at large; but the picture would then have been as ideal as I hope it now is real. I venture to assert that there are not—well, not

very many men out of the fourteen or fifteen hundred undergraduates, who have become alive to a sense of their duty in life, and who look upon their course at College from any other point of view than that of amusement. The men who derive benefit from the examinations and studies of the place are few and far between; to the majority the advantages gained are social rather than educational. And, therefore, while I have not by any means passed over the few who do improve their minds, and have even allowed one or two to air their crude philosophy at the Union, I hardly think it necessary to apologise for devoting the greater part of the book to the pleasures of the place—for which the greater number live. One thing I wish to impress upon my Cambridge readers is, that all personality I have most studiously avoided; and I may say with Addison in the *Spectator*, 'I believe my reader would still think the better of me if he knew the pains I am at in qualifying what I write, after such a manner that nothing may be interpreted as aimed at private persons. For this reason, when I draw any

faulty character, I consider all those persons to whom the malice of the world may possibly apply it, and take care to dash it with such particular circumstances as may prevent all such ill-natured applications.' If any one finds a cap which he thinks will fit him, I cannot prevent him from wearing it; I can only assure him that his head was not considered in the manufacture of it. Incidents of real occurrence I have occasionally introduced, where they could give offence to none; for the reason which has been before adduced in a similar instance — that the reality may give an interest which the powers of the author might have otherwise failed to attain for them.

The obvious reason why there never has been a good description of University life written, is that seldom

> 'One man in his time plays many parts;'

and therefore when he comes to write about other sets than that in which he lived and moved and had his being, the weight of his inexperience naturally causes him to break down, and he hobbles lamely off

the course to the great discontent of the spectators. Perhaps my *rôle* has been more varied, and the result accordingly on paper more satisfactory. At any rate, no one, I think, will be able to say to me—

> 'Great things, and full of wonder in our ears,
> Far differing from this world, thou hast revealed.'

CHARLIE VILLARS AT CAMBRIDGE.

CHAPTER I.

'A change came o'er the spirit of my dream—
The boy was sprung to manhood.'—BYRON.

'TICK-ETTS! tick-etts!'—and the Shoreditch train draws up to the Cambridge platform.

A happy sound it was, that cry of 'tick-etts,' to the occupants of the train, who for some time past had been anathematizing the slowness of the Great Eastern line and the discomfort of the carriages.

Many a fresh-looking head is now thrust out to take preliminary stock of the place; and the train, meanwhile, draws up to the station and disgorges its contents.

It was an afternoon early in October—the day before the examination for matriculation at Trinity; so that the majority of the youths upon the platform were on their way to that establishment. Here and there the look of easy indifference, or contempt of the others, marked the older man, who was coming up before the time for some reason best known to

himself. But the mark of freshness, which flymen, omnibus conductors, and porters love to contemplate, was evident upon the foreheads of most; and they were accordingly so many bones of contention between twice or thrice as many active claimants.

At the time of which I write, the Cambridge platform was constructed with a view to the comparative convenience of arriving passengers, who were not then, as now, whirled a day's journey beyond the 'Way Out,' to retrace their steps down a long vista of 'pillar'd shade.' There was an underground passage from the opposite platform, through which luggage was conveyed—*superas evadere ad auras*—on the other side; there being a bridge across the line for passengers.

If the gentle reader, male and *female*,—

'Who would not laugh if such an one there be?—'

will follow me on to this bridge, I will introduce them to my initial characters—Charlie Villars and Robert Marston—who are now on their way to meet their luggage at the point of exit.

'How stupid of him,' you say, 'introducing us in a place where we are obliged to walk behind the people we are introduced to!'

It *is* inconvenient, I confess—makes it so awkward! But here we are at the entrance; in the middle of a pushing, jostling, excited crowd, who are all speaking at once, and upholding the peculiar advantages of their own particular conveyances.

You watch your two new friends select a fly; see their luggage transferred to the roof, and mark the porter hold the door open and ask to be remembered. He touches his hat, shuts the door with a bang, and tells the driver 'Trinity.' While they admire the beauties of Regent Street and the smoothness of its paving-stones, you shall hear something of their antecedents.

Villars, as you have doubtless already observed, was tall and fair to look upon, with delicate features, and that unmistakeable look of a gentleman, which, even when unaccompanied with his sweetness of expression, never fails to attract. He was dressed as a gentleman should be, in quiet good taste; no incongruous mixture of flaring colours, no cutaway, rakish-looking tails, or gorgeous rings and jewelry; with tight trousers and brown-cloth boots to follow.

Lord Lytton, than whom none knows better the requisites of a gentleman, has laid down this maxim—'Dress so that it may never be said of you "What a well-dressed man!" but "What a gentlemanlike man!"' The latter was the observation you made after the first glance at Charlie Villars.

So much for his appearance and dress. His father was a country gentleman of considerable property in Gloucestershire; who could trace his descent many centuries farther back than half the young peerages which hold their heads so high, and which have cropped up in many instances from the obscurest origin.

Charlie was his only son, and at eleven years old he had gone straight from his tutor at home to Harrow. Mr. Villars wisely considered that the advantage of having had a little knocking about before being launched into the great world of a public school, was but a poor compensation for acquiring the miserable little ways, habits, and thoughts which are engendered at a private one; and which it takes a year or two of public school life to purge away.

At Harrow, Villars had made no great figure. He took his part in all the games of the place, but excelled in none. He never therefore could be a well-known or popular character, where superiority in one or more of these is indispensable. He was not much known accordingly out of his own house or form; but where he was known, he was liked as a fellow who was thoroughly good-natured, sweet-tempered, and never did harm to any one; and who was a perfect gentleman—for boys can appreciate a gentleman, though they reserve their enthusiasm for those who distinguish themselves in the more active pursuits to which their tastes usually incline.

Without having any of that boisterous fun and exuberance of spirits which are so attractive to boys, he was yet high-spirited and full of life, and could laugh as gaily and appreciate the ridiculous as fully, or more so than most who were considered first-rate fellows. He had left the Upper Fifth at seventeen for a private tutor's in Northamptonshire, to polish up his Greek and Latin before coming up

to Trinity; and here he had met Marston, who had come from Eton with the same object.

Marston was in many respects, perhaps in most, the very converse of Villars. He was a dark, sunburnt, cheery-looking, well-made fellow, with an eye full of fun, and a slap-you-on-the-back kind of manner. His dress was good of its kind, but carelessly worn—the scarf thrust negligently through a ring: part of his clothes new, and part showing signs of wear: wristbands carefully tucked back to show a bare foot of wrist; and a new hat, with ruffled nap, which said as plainly as the owner could have, 'What does it matter? it does just as well.'

He had gone to Eton at eight years old, and moved by slow degrees from the Lower School into the Fifth, developing his athletic tastes as he went. In course of time he had taken his place in the eight, and eventually ascended to the pedestal which is assigned to the stroke among the Eton gods. His cordial and hearty manners, and geniality of disposition, had obtained for him even a larger share of popularity than Etonians generally lavish upon their heroes; and the announcement, therefore, when his popularity was at its height, that he was to leave at the end of the half, was a bitter pill for him to swallow.

'To-morrow; oh! that's sudden—spare him! spare him!'

All his entreaties, however, availed not to soften the parental stone; and at midsummer he bade good-bye, with a heavy heart, to the scenes with

which all his early joys and triumphs were connected.

Leaving school is to a popular boy one of the first great trials of his life. The choking feeling that the same scenes, on the minutiæ of which he so fondly dwells, can never be enacted again; that the curtain has dropped for ever upon this pleasant drama, and that another will take his part, and he will not be missed—the feeling that he can never again share the interests, hopes, and wishes of the friends he leaves behind, overpowers for a time his mind, and fills it with a dreary sense of desolation, which even the buoyancy of youth or new companionships and interests fail immediately to dispel. Often did Marston revisit his well-loved Eton; eagerly did he wander through his former haunts; fondly did he linger over the well-known spots which memory gilded with a sunny light. But Eton was no longer Eton for him. He felt that his day was gone by, that he was a thing of the past, a curiosity to coming boys; and sadly, and more sadly each time he retraced his steps.

Where now, I wonder, are the friends of our youth, the cherished companions who shared our early confidence; whose sympathising hearts beat responsive to our own; with whom we wandered by the stream, or through the grove; by whose side we loitered on summer days amidst the new-mown hay, or leant upon the rustic stile? Where are they gone who shared our boyish ambition in the cricket-field or on the river; who gloried in our

triumphs, and sympathised in our disappointments; with whom we talked untiringly of our young hopes, and fears, and friends, as we sat gazing into each other's eyes with ardent schoolboy love? Where are they now? 'And Echo answers, "Where?"'

> 'Their voices still sound in my ear,
> Their features I see in my dreams.'

Visions, alas!—and only visions—of happy days and innocent pleasures, over which the wave of time has rolled, burying them beneath its surge. Some are scattered to the four winds of heaven over the face of the wide globe. Some we shall see no more upon this earth; they are gone, and the place knoweth them no more. Others have grown listless and proud, incrusted with the cold conventionalities of the world, and ashamed perhaps of their boyish love. They are scattered and gone—vanished from our ken—and naught but the fleeting memory remains of those joyful years when the heart was yet unfettered: free in its enthusiasm, free to love as it pleased, free to pour forth its love in all its natural eloquence. But, away, sad melancholy! have we not new friends as dear, new interests as engrossing as the old? 'Shadows, avaunt!' the commencement of college life is no time for sadness.

During the second year of Marston's stay at his private tutor's, Villars was his companion; and although they came from different schools, and had not much in common, a mutual liking had

sprung up between them, which might perhaps in time have warmed into friendship. They had agreed on leaving Northamptonshire to come up to Cambridge together, and had accordingly met in London on the morning of this day.

Marston's father considered his son competent to introduce himself to his tutor, and Villars had been obliged to do the same, owing to his father having been detained in the country.

These explanations have taken up time: and the two freshmen have already threaded the mazes of Petty Cury, and turned the sharp corner of Green Street, arriving before us at the gate of Trinity. A noble old gate it is too—fine, square, and massive; worthy of the portly form of Henry the Eighth, whose figure and legs adorn the exterior.

Villars had not yet engaged any rooms, having trusted to his tutor to do so for him. Marston had been up for that purpose the previous term, and had, with the assistance of a friend, found rooms in college. He therefore directed his luggage to be taken there, and followed himself; while Villars underwent for some moments a curious scrutiny from the loiterers about the gate. These mostly consisted of persons called 'gyps,' who perform the functions of waiters in hall, and attend private festivities in the same capacity. To one of these he was entrusted by the porter—the white-headed '*janitor aulæ*,' who has since been gathered to his fathers—to be convoyed to Mr. Wood's, his tutor's rooms. These rooms were in the New Court, over

the gateway, and Villars learnt on the way that there was but small chance of finding their owner at home; since about this time—half-past three—the tutors and dons generally take their walk before hall.

The fates, however, were propitious, and Mr. Wood met him at the foot of the staircase, on his way out for fresh air, having been engaged the whole morning and noon in receiving freshmen.

Villars was agreeably surprised to find his future tutor a mild, gentlemanlike man of forty years or thereabouts, with a head of the usual proportions, and in other respects very like an ordinary human being. He had pictured to himself a man of portly build, inclining to *embonpoint*, who found respiration no easy matter, and had a head distended with erudition.

'Ah! yes; how do you do?' returned Mr. Wood to Charlie's explanation of his individuality; 'come upstairs for a moment, Mr. Villars, if you please.'

Mr. Villars followed, and when he had taken a chair by request, Mr. Wood asked after his father, and then proceeded to inform him that, as he knew he had engaged no rooms, he had reserved some for him in the town. His gyp would show him the way presently, and he hoped they would be comfortable. His name had not been long enough on the college-books to entitle him to rooms in college; but there would be several sets vacant the ensuing term; and if he would then apply (should he fancy the change) doubtless he could be accommodated.

Mr. Wood then handed his new pupil a list of tradesmen with whom he recommended him to deal; and also, good man! gave him a letter of introduction to a washerwoman. A list also of certain rules to be observed, he gave; reminded him that his examination was at nine o'clock the following morning; recommended him to dine in hall, and finally shook hands with him again, hoping that he would apply to him for any information he might require.

Villars went away with a very high opinion of tutors of colleges, and found from his accompanying gyp that Mr. Wood was very popular, and his side very full. He had thought him rather spare of figure than otherwise, and could not quite see what plumpness of rib had to do with popularity. I suppose he looked rather mystified, for the good gyp explained that pupils were said to be on Mr. So-and-So's side, or Mr. So-and-So's, according as they acknowledged for their tutor No. 1 or No. 2—each tutor having a certain number.

The rooms which had been reserved were on the second floor in Green Street; fair as to size, not gorgeously furnished, but moderately comfortable as rooms went. His landlady, Mrs. Smith, appeared anxious to please, and diffused an odour of respectability, which was pleasant for a freshman to inhale.

Landladies are of various aspects. There is the anxiously obsequious female, who agrees with

you in everything; and whose taste in wine and tea you may be sure will also agree with your own.

Then there is the independent and somewhat adversative landlady; who either is very honest and sends you up your remains (of flesh or fowl) till they positively stink in your nostrils; or else makes away with your bread and butter, and tells you that, if she does not suit you, the best course for you to pursue will be to find another lodging.

There is, again, the hardworking, striving woman, to whom every crust is a consideration, in respect of her numerous family. Experience only will show whether such a one is very honest, and very thankful for every little help, or very much the contrary, and always ready to help herself.

The woman who pleads poverty, being actually in good circumstances, does not often commit petty depredations on your larder; but if any little alteration is required in your room, which would naturally fall upon the exchequer of the house, she enshrouds herself in a mantle of pauperism, and chuckles as she watches the progress of your improvements for her next lodger.

The most objectionable breed of all is the severely upright in outward appearance; who brings back to you with considerable parade a penny stamp which she has *borrowed* from your writing-table; while the remains of a solution of your tea, which she has *stolen*, yet hang about her hypocritical mouth. The

look of injured innocence which she assumes on the strength of the penny stamp restored, if taxed with her peculations, is vastly edifying.

An attentive, honest landlady, such as Mrs. Smith turned out, is a great blessing to a helpless undergraduate. She sent off at once to Villars' tailor, as *per* tutor's recommendation on printed list, for caps and gowns to try on, and he was soon equipped in full academicals, which sat uncomfortably enough at first,—

'Uneasy moves the youth beneath a gown.'

It was nearly hall time, and caps and gowns were dotted about as Villars walked shyly down Trinity Street towards Marston's rooms; the novelty of the sight producing much the same impression upon him as the *gamins* talking French in the gutters are supposed to produce upon the freshman traveller.

Marston was just emerging from the decorating hand of his bedmaker, a fine beery old lady, the wrong side of fifty, and ugly as she was old.

Bedmakers are the stout plain persons who preside over the tea and sugar, bread, butter, and furniture of the in-college undergraduate. He pays a small sum per term for her services, and gives her the benefit of his perquisites,—no inconsiderable item in her yearly income. They are generally chosen so as to be, like Cæsar's wife, 'above suspicion,'—as the following extract from Mr. Pepys' second edition will show:—

Act II. Scene 3.

Tutor of College seated in a study; to him enter two young but very ill-favoured girls, candidates for the office of Assistant Bedmaker, with their mother, an old hag.

Tutor. How now! are these the girls?
Mother. They are, good sir.
The one, Amelia Sophonisba Gamp,
Of whom in bygone years you may have heard.
Tutor (*favourably impressed*). What the late lamented Sarah Gamp?
Mother. I' faith, the same. The other, Elizabeth,
Named after her godmother, one Betsy Prig.
Tutor. Ha! good. But say——What qualifications have they?
Mother. Amelia, by bounteous providence, is singularly blessed.
Her eyes nor match in colour nor in size;
With one she squints; the other, fixed,
Confronts with glassy stare the horrified beholder.
Her nose, broken in infancy, a rugged line presents;
While her young voice, turning from childish treble,
A wrong turn took, and mocks the raven's croak.
Elizabeth, by erysipelas that fell disease assailed,
With blush perpetual marks the modest maid.
Her figure shapeless doth, say some, resemble
A woolsack girt about the middle with a single cord.
Tutor. Ha! (*aside*) so well recommended they will want

High wages,—and yet I must not lose them. Umph!
I will endeavour to depreciate their merits.
(*Aloud*) This erysipelas on one cheek only
Lays its pimpled paw.
Mother. Alack! it is so;
But we hope, by dint of careful management,
To make th' eruption spread.
Tutor. Pr'ythee what grounds
For this?
Mother. An' please your honour, we propose
A potent philter to apply, which shall the skin
With multitudinous spots incarnadine
Making the pale one red.
Tutor. So, so! I twig;
Fuller investigation I would make.
To-morrow at the self-same hour attend me here.
(*Exeunt omnes.*)
Old Play.

Marston was glad enough to see Villars approaching. It is so much less unpleasant entering upon a new situation in company; particularly when you fancy, from the novelty of costume, that every one's eyes are turned in your direction.

The shyness, however, which is bred of a cap and gown worn for the first time, soon evaporated under the comfortable feeling that all the others looked quite as new, and that the faces of their owners betrayed the same peculiarity.

CHAPTER II.

Οἱ δ' ἐπ' ὀνείαθ' ἑτοῖμα προκείμενα χεῖρας ἴαλλον.*
HOMER.

THE clock was striking the half-hour after four, and little knots of undergraduates, mostly freshmen, were waiting about the steps of the hall, or sauntering across the great court in expectation of the dinner-bell. The doors are thrown open, and Villars and Marston are carried along with the crowd into the hall.

This hall is a spacious building with partly stained windows and ornamented roof. Tables are ranged parallel along the whole length, till they arrive at the raised dais, where the fellows' tables run crossways, lighted by deep embayed oriel windows at either end. This is the region of the 'high table,' where the fellows, fellow-commoners, &c. dine; looked down upon from massive gilt-frames by former celebrities of the college. At the near end there is a gallery from which visitors inspect the beasts at feeding-time, particularly on feast-days. Possibly the novelty of the sight of so many feeding together, possesses attractions for some people; but

* And they fell upon the food prepared.

the idea that one is being inspected, and forming part of a curious show, is somewhat unpalatable to the self-respect of the dining undergraduate. The fellows' table is too far off to come immediately under the visiting eye, and one may well believe that on feast-days 'distance lends enchantment to *that* view.'

Grace having been said, or rather read, by the senior fellow present, the marker with his long paper commenced his perambulations, and the hacking and mangling of the joints with which the tables were laden, began:—

> 'Veal that is tottering on the verge of beef;
> Veal void of stuffing, widowed of its ham;
> Or the roast shoulder of an ancient ram.'

Before many minutes, Villars and Marston had the satisfaction of experiencing 'the perils which that youth encounters' who dines in Trinity Hall. Gyps of greasy aspect, and greasier coats, jostle with fat and bonneted bedmakers up and down the narrow spaces between the tables; pouring at intervals libations of gravy or other fluid over the backs of innocent undergraduates, while ever and anon the head is impinged upon by some precipitate dish. 'Much cry and little wool' is the character of the attendance; much rushing about, and very little waiting. Fortunate, indeed, is the man who can arrest a gyp's precipitate flight, and prevail upon him to get what he wants; while the head-waiter passes a perspiring life in running from one complaint to another, and trying to get double work out

of his scanty crew—which are just about one-third of the number that is required.

Villars had hoped to get a respectable cut out of a joint of beef which his neighbour was engaged upon, before it was hewed into a shapeless mass. But no—a watchful gyp, the moment the knife and fork were laid down, pounced upon it, and bore it off in triumph to a far corner of the table. The sight of its mangled form, when it returned, was enough to take away any delicate appetite, and Charlie accordingly was obliged to pick up a miserable dinner from the remains of a half-cold leg of mutton. The plates were cold, the beer so watery that plain water was preferable, and the whole dinner conducted in such a barbarous way, that the two freshmen left the hall in disgust before the second course of puddings and tarts was placed upon the table.

It is a marvellous thing that no bursar of the college has yet had the courage to invade the prerogative of the cook, and compel him to give the undergraduates a better dinner; and that the fellows of the college should suffer Trinity dinners to be proverbial for coarseness, discomfort, and extortion, among the smaller colleges, which they affect to look down upon, and which are infinitely superior to their own in this respect.

It is monstrous, too, that the cook should be allowed to enrich himself as he does, at the expense of the undergraduates, who are obliged to pay the high rate which is charged for dinner whether they dine or not; when many never go near the hall for

the purpose of dining, not having sufficiently strong stomachs to carry them through a dinner conducted with such refinement of coarseness. I have actually seen a gyp, whose threadbare coat might have been an heirloom from our common progenitor, take butter in his fingers from a plate which he was carrying, and convey it to the pocket of this filthy garment—Ugh! the very thought, even now, of the horrors of those dinners nearly makes me ill. I tried very hard one day to induce a gyp to place before the bursar a plateful of beef which had just been handed to me, containing two junks of meat cut like hunches of bread and bedaubed with half-cold gravy and repulsive-looking grease. It would have been a bright moment in my existence if I could have sickened him over his *entrée*, but my gyp had visions of dismissal; complaints are impertinent.

Villars lingered with Marston for a few moments on the hall steps, watching the men coming out, and then walked on with him to his rooms, commenting on the disagreeable nature of their first experience of Trinity.

Marston's rooms were on the ground-floor in the old court facing the chapel. His sitting-room was a fair-sized one, abounding in corners, and looking out at the back upon the varied beauties of the brick wall of Caius. Furniture as yet there was but little; and that little he had taken at a valuation from the last occupant—a reading man. There were therefore few appliances for comfort; a reading-desk, a few chairs, table, carpet, and so forth, and an arm-

chair in which it would have been impossible to go to sleep. The decoration of a room the incoming tenant looks after according to his own taste, and Marston had already settled where his library of leaving books was to be, and how his Eton pictures were to be disposed. Two doors opened from the room; one into his bedroom, a small closet, large enough for a bed and a bath, and only large enough; the other into the gyp-room, the curious little hole attached to college rooms, which is the sanctum of the bedmaker in the daytime,—where she hoards her candle-ends, and listens to the conversation of her master and his friends in the sitting-room.

Bedmakers live in the town, and are out of college by nine o'clock at night. Each one generally has a staircase to herself, with one or two assistants.

Villars was engaged in examining the premises, when he was startled by an exclamation from Marston, 'Gordon, by all that's holy!' and Marston was off like an arrow from a bow, returning shortly after in triumph with the individual in question.

'You know Villars, don't you?' he said, as they entered.

Naturally they were not acquainted, and nodded accordingly; and Gordon hastened to answer Marston's string of questions about himself and everybody at Eton.

'You know Castleton and Williams are coming up?'

'No; are they?' exclaimed Marston, 'I'm awfully glad; it seems an age since I left Eton. How

savage I was at being collared and hauled off! I owe the governor one for that.'

Villars listened for a time to their school reminiscences, and not sharing their interest in the place or the individuals, went away to see after his luggage; Marston promising to come in to tea in the evening.

He found everything safely delivered at his rooms, and was soon knee-deep in linen, books, and clothes, which, with his landlady's assistance, he was endeavouring to reduce to some sort of order. Marston turned up at eight o'clock, and was afraid that Villars had been bored by their 'shop.'

'You know, I haven't seen Gordon for such a deuce of a time,' he said, as he took off his cap and gown; 'he's a rattling good fellow; rowed stroke of our boat last year,—safe to be in the eight, I should think.'

Mrs. Smith had provided chickens and tongue for tea, on Charlie's order from the kitchens; and the grocer recommended by his tutor had supplied lighter delicacies. Each undergraduate is allowed three orders on the kitchens per week, value twelve shillings; anything further, or beyond this amount, requires to be signed by his tutor. It does not follow that every undergraduate makes use of his three orders. Many never use them at all.

Marston left soon after nine o'clock to look over his Euclid for the following day, and Villars took another look at his classical subjects, which were his weak point, before going to bed.

Breakfast over, the next morning, he sallied forth, in cap and gown, at five minutes to nine, determined not to be late at the examination. With this laudable intent, he followed groups of other caps and gowns who, he supposed, were bent on the same errand as he was, and soon found himself at the door of the Senate House, where an old Harrow acquaintance, guessing his mistake, told him to hark back to the Lecture Room in Trinity. He found Mr. Wood's lecture-room after some further mistakes, and had to find his place among the rest of the freshmen before the gaze of the whole room,—an awkward beginning!

It was a mathematical paper, and easy enough for any one who had two ideas on the subject in his head, and Villars therefore soon finished it; affording considerable assistance to his neighbour on the right, who appeared hopelessly incapable of answering any one question.

Marston was coming across the court from his tutor's room under the Clock Tower, when Charlie came out; and, on comparing notes and papers, found that he had done two or three probably right, and one or two doubtful ones.

'I suppose that 'll do,' he said; 'anyhow, come and lunch; we go in again at one, don't we? My bedmaker has provided me with what she calls a "nice 'am," and doesn't refuse to go to the butteries for beer.'

'Isn't that Travers coming across the grass?'

said Villars, doubtfully, as they walked towards Marston's room.

'Pon my soul, I believe it is,—fact, sir.'

Travers had been at the same tutor's before their time, and had visited the neighbourhood once or twice since. The recollections he left behind him were not particularly favourable. He was a light-haired, coarse-looking individual, fond of sitting in the public-house in the village, drinking beer and smoking; and used to waste his energies in training hideous bull-dogs to mutilate each other's persons.

Marston cared very little for him, and Villars loathed him: though at the present moment they both felt a certain respect for him from his superior standing in the University. Besides, they had heard that he was in a very good set, and therefore supposed there must be something attractive in him which they had not yet discovered.

'Why, d— me, if here ain't Bob Marston and Villars,' ejaculated Travers, as they gradually dawned upon him: 'deuced glad to see you. How's the old crib, eh? Has the governor been up to any of his old games lately? Gad! what a time he had of it when Dick Bragge and I were in his kennel!'

After some further edifying recollections, Travers left them, having extracted a promise from both that they would come to supper with him that evening at his rooms on the Parade.

'I wish I'd refused,' said Villars, as they went

on; 'but I suppose it would have been rather cheeky.'

'Oh, I daresay it may be very good fun,' answered Marston; 'perhaps Carter 'll be there; you don't know him? Gordon told me he was up, and I know he 's a friend of Travers'. He used to be a very good fellow at Eton.'

At half-past three, having finished the examination for that day, Gordon joined them in Marston's rooms, and the three proceeded on a tour of inspection to the backs of the colleges before going to hall.

It was a lovely clear afternoon, and the varied autumnal tints of the leaves gave additional beauty to the view from Trinity Bridge. The vista of weeping willows and graceful arches, which were lost in the distance in a luxuriant mass of blended foliage, presented a charming contrast to the narrow lanes and dirty streets which were all that Villars had seen of Cambridge as yet. The sluggish, canal-like Cam, too, looked less green, and smelt less foul, as it sparkled in the afternoon sun, rousing the boating instinct in Marston and Gordon, when their eyes fell upon the flotilla of boats beside the further bridge. 'Just the day for a scull,' as Marston said. A pair-oared outrigger was accordingly engaged, and Villars steered.

They paddled lazily up the stream past Clare, nestling by the river side; and on to King's, where they rested on their oars, and gazed upon the view. It was a striking *coup d'œil* when seen for the first time.

The rich green lawn sloping down to the river's edge; the magnificent old chapel, with its Gothic pinnacles and ornamented architecture, and the glimpse of the elaborate screen beyond; the unpretending elegance of Clare to the left, and the picturesque bridges and drooping willows on either side, overshadowed by patriarchal elms. Yes, it was a noble view, and so the freshmen thought, as they floated to the opposite bank, and lay dreamily enjoying its beauties for some moments.

Marston, however, was too restless to be still for long, and suggested further exploration.

Little enough was found to gratify beyond. Passing under King's Bridge, the view was shut out on the one side by the red brick wall of Queen's coming down into the river,—on the other side a strip of green turf. and garden. Beyond, a mill-pond, and a lock which barred further progress. On their way back, Villars narrowly escaped swamping an unwary freshman who was paddling his own canoe straight ahead, regardless of consequences. The wretch had a squeak for it, but took them for older men, and didn't dare to object.

Although rather late for hall, they found places together, and went through the same scene of bear-fighting, discomfort, and confusion as on the previous day.

CHAPTER III.

'*Oli.* Now, sir, what make you here?

'*Orl.* Nothing. I am not taught to make anything.

'*Oli.* What mar you then, sir?

'*Orl.* Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor, unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.'

As you Like It.

'*Viator.* For my own part I smell nothing but dead kittens; for here lies a whole brood in soak.'—HOOD'S *Whims and Oddities.*

ON coming out of hall, Charlie was accosted by another freshman who had been waiting outside for him, and who returned his greeting of 'How are you, Rowley?' with a lukewarm smile, and rather limp shake of the hand.

Not that he meant to be either lukewarm or limp; but it was not in Rowley's nature to be even in the smallest degree gushing. He was amiable, he was goodnatured, he was pleasant; all because he was neither unpleasant, disobliging, nor disagreeable. He was inoffensive, because he was not offensive; and he was a good fellow, in so much that he was not a bad fellow. He was, in fact, a man of no particular character. His attractions were derived from negative qualities, and his good-

nature from indifference. He had no enemies, and no friends. He was as incapable of hatred, as he was of real love; and was as ignorant of the enthusiasm of affection, as he was of any other strong passion. Reserved almost to the extent of repelling coldness, his face never gave expression to the languid working of his heart. The only subject which could warm his countenance into life was—(don't, reader, sneer at it)—cricket. He had been head of his house eleven, and no mean performer in the school-eleven at Harrow, and would always stick up through thick and thin for the pursuit which alone really interested him.

With all his coldness and apathetic reserve, he was yet a man that might inspire some feeling of friendship. Though his face was without expression it was a pleasant one; and those who knew it well fancied that they they could detect in it at times the evidence of deeper feeling below than came to the surface.

Villars had been placed in the same form with him, and they had gone up the school together, growing accustomed to one another, rather than forming any intimate ties of friendship. Confidence, of course, there had been none between them. Reserve can never attract confidence. It chills the slightest approach, and at once throws it back upon itself, when it is not met half-way. But there can be mutual liking without that interchange of confidence out of which true friendship springs; and upon the strength of this meagre kind of attach-

ment Villars went with Rowley to inspect his rooms.

'Charlton and Russell are coming to tea with me at nine,' said the latter, as they walked towards the New Court; 'will you come?'

Charlie replied that he should like nothing better; but suddenly remembered his engagement to Travers.

'What a bore!' he exclaimed, as the horrible recollection flashed upon him; 'I promised to go to supper with another fellow (not a freshman); do you think I could cut him? I've a great mind to,' he continued, turning over in his mind the probable consequences of such a bold proceeding.

'I will,' he said, at last, with a determined air. 'I'll tell Marston to say I couldn't come.'

'Do,' returned Rowley, quietly; 'I'll ask Exmoor to come too, when he gets away from the lodge; his father's up here with him, and he has to dine there.'

Exmoor was a noble lord, and the son of a noble lord, which will sufficiently account for his being asked to dine immediately on his arrival.

When they had talked for some time over their school days, and Villars had heard all the latest Harrow news,—Rowley having only left at Midsummer,—they wandered out to look after the necessary articles of furniture and other appurtenances which Charlie's landlady had told him he would require.

First to Mathew and Gent's, where they found

various other freshmen on the same errand, laying in a stock, according to a printed list, of every kind of crockery, tea and breakfast service, decanters, glasses, jugs, lamps, every kind of broom—(what is a carpet whisk?)—and many other articles besides, groceries of course included. Next, to Swan and Hurrell's, where Villars was induced to order a vast number of things which he did not require, on the supposition that he might require them. The more necessary articles included trays of every description, coal-scuttle, knives and forks (for those who had no private plate), pails of all kinds, cans of every size for all sorts of impossible uses, dust-pans, and a multitude of other things that one would expect furnished lodgings to provide.

It invested Villars with an increased dignity in his own eyes,—this indiscriminate ordering of furniture for setting up an establishment,—and he was rather sorry when his shopping was exhausted. Rowley had provided most of his necessaries the previous day, having come up rather earlier for the purpose, and now proposed that they should have a game at billiards. This, after wandering about from one 'Billiards' to another for some time without getting a room, they at length accomplished at Brown's; the establishment having been found with some difficulty at the end of a long unpaved alley which goes by the name of Ram Yard.

After working the balls for some time to their satisfaction, Villars remembered that he had not told Marston to make his excuses for not going to supper.

Marston didn't at all fancy the idea of facing a room full of old men alone, but Villars persisted. 'You know I can't stand that fellow Travers, and I expect his friends will be very much of the same cut.'

'Well, hang it, it can't be helped, I suppose,' was the reply; 'I daresay they won't eat one.'

It wasn't difficult to find Travers's rooms; the row and shouting that came from them easily betrayed his whereabouts. Marston, not liking to walk straight in, rang the bell, and was directed by a dirty-looking maid to the room on the first floor.

He was not observed at once on opening the door, as the half-dozen men in the room were concentrating their attention on a couple of white bulldogs, which at that moment were tightly locked in each other's jaws.

'I'll take six to four, Dick,' said a groomy-looking individual with close fitting trousers, addressing Travers.

'So you shall,' returned Travers. 'Go it, my beauty—stick to him—let him have it;' and he patted his ugly favourite, which redoubled its efforts to disable the other monster.

'Hallo! Marston,' he cried, on observing him now for the first time, 'come in, don't be shy; a particular pal of mine,' he continued to the rest of the room, 'a devilish good sort.'

They all turned round, and Carter, recognising Marston, came over and shook hands with him. 'Just come up?—In college?—I'll come and look you up.'

Carter had the remains of what had been the look of a gentleman in his face; but his dissipated appearance and fastness of dress inspired a feeling of regret rather for what he might have been, than liking for what he was.

Supper now appeared, and the champagne corks flew apace.

'Have some fiz, old chap?' cried Travers, handing to Marston a bottle from which he had just drawn the cork; 'it 'll put you in training for the papers to-morrow.'

'Pass the bottle, sir, when you've done with it,' said another man on his right,—a gentleman of a supremely ugly cast of countenance, and blotchy withal.

'Now does any one want to bet on the Cambridgeshire?' shouted Travers. 'I'll take eight ponies about the favourite.'

'I'll lay you eight fives if you like,' said Carter.

'You 're on; put it down twice if you like.'

'I'll take five to one two beat the field,' cried Cunningham, he of the repulsive aspect, who was known by the attractive name of 'Pimples.'

'You be d——d!' replied Travers, when the two horses were named; and he offered him two others, which Cunningham rejected with equal politeness.

'Well, I'll tell you what I'll do,' he said, 'I'll just lay you twenty pound to five once against the pair.'

'No bet, my lord,' returned Cunningham. Some one else suggested that another horse he named

would win if he was meant; and his observation was received with a shout of derision. 'He's no more up to the weight than I am for that distance.'

The conversation proceeded in this strain, interlarded with coarse expressions, which proper feeling generally teaches older men to repress in the presence of freshmen. Good taste, however, was unknown among the present company. Carter, perhaps, was a little more considerate; the remains of a better nature still lingered about him. It is not that a freshman who comes up from a public school is supposed to be so innocent as to be shocked at language and ideas which he now hears for the first time. What prompts a certain circumspection in their presence is that instinctive aversion to lead inexperienced youth into evil habits, which distinguishes all who are possessed of a finer sense of their duty towards their neighbour,—which even exists occasionally in minds the most debased. Many men whose ideas are foul, and whose language corresponds to their ideas, have yet sufficient good feeling to restrain themselves in the company of others to whom such conversation is intolerable. The desire of avoiding the contempt of better ordered minds, of appearing in a less undesirable light, may perhaps be one of the moving principles of their conduct. For every one knows the better, however much he may follow the worse. And though a younger man of corrupt tastes may be unconsciously doing the same thing himself, yet he looks with contempt upon a

hoary sinner who panders to the vices of youth, and encourages them, by his example, to give up what the inner consciousness of every man tells him is the right sort of life.

The supper things were cleared away, and Marston was asked if he would play loo, but preferred looking on.

'It's the easiest game in the world to learn,' said Travers, 'we only play three and nine, and if you don't bet, you'll find it deuced hard to lose a fiver.'

Marston, however, held out; and watched the money being paid into the saucer, and divided out into tricks, till he was tired with the monotony, poisoned with the atmosphere, and deafened with the shouts of the backers of hearts and spades or other suits. 'A sovereign on red'—'Done with you'—'Do it again'—'Black for a monkey'—'Half a couter'—'Right you are,' &c. He prepared therefore to say good-night.

'Have some brandy and soda, before you go, won't you?' cried Travers from the middle of his deal. 'Good night, old chap;' and Marston made his way down the street listening to the chinking of the money and the shouts of the players, and pondering over his first debauch at Cambridge. He wondered whether every one talked of horses, and didn't think he cared much about the men he had met. Carter, too—what a different fellow he was to what he had known him at Eton! There seemed something very slangy, he thought, about the whole style and tone

of the party; and when he arrived at Trinity gate he also arrived at the conclusion that he had not spent a very pleasant evening.

'Hullo, Charlie! this is luck,' he exclaimed, as Villars ran against him on his way out. 'Come back to my rooms for a few minutes—it isn't late;' and as they walked back, he told him what he had seen, and how he had not lost much by staying away.

Villars, on the contrary, had passed a delightful evening amongst old friends and old associations.

Russell had been head of his house at Harrow, and was expected to be going to do great things at Cambridge. He was perfectly conscious of his talents, and fully determined that they should not be hid under a bushel. Ambition was the ruling principle of his life, but was unknown in its intensity even to his most intimate friends. He was intended for the bar after he had taken his degree, and had already in his own mind gone through a series of scholarship, first class, fellowship, Queen's Counsel, &c., &c., till he had pictured himself on the woolsack looking down with well-earned satisfaction upon his baffled pursuers. He could, however, veil his mighty purpose behind a light overcoat of genial good fellowship, and could lay ambition aside to take part in the amusements of ordinary men. He had the good sense to know that by cultivating social qualities, and mixing *con amore* in the pursuits of his fellows, he was much more likely to promote his ambitious ends than if he turned book-

worm and prig, and affected to be superior to those attractive qualities which form the steps upon the ladder to eminence.

Charlton was a very different kind of creature. He was the sort of man who always likes to do the 'correct' thing, and to have his cigars and wine from the 'correct' place; who talks of men 'about town,' and is well acquainted with the most fashionable frailties of the Argyll Rooms and Cremorne. He had not been much appreciated by any of the others at school; but the fact of having been at school together implies a community of interest which begets a kind of freemasonry among freshmen at the universities, although they may have hardly known each other before.

Exmoor was a very fair specimen of the young gentleman who knows that he will not have to exert himself to live, and who therefore in most cases thinks it unnecessary to pay any attention to the cultivation of his brain—a good-natured, pleasant nincompoop, without any particular ideas making themselves obtrusively apparent.

When the examination and luncheon were over next day, Marston, who was all anxiety to know something of the way in which boating was conducted at Cambridge, persuaded Villars to come down to the river and get a boat.

Picking up Gordon on their way, they proceeded through Ram Yard and Park Street, and emerged upon Midsummer Common; where they saw in the distance a variety of curious erections,

which, from the proximity of 'Searle, Boatbuilder,' they conjectured might be boat-houses. Nor were they wrong; though, considering that no river was visible in the immediate neighbourhood, it was a rash conjecture. Doubts began to arise as they approached the buildings, and still no river was to be seen; till at length, when they were within two hundred yards of it—like the sea to the remnant of Xenophon's Ten Thousand—the river broke upon their delighted gaze. Its broad surface, of thirty feet or so, gleamed in the bright sun as it rolled its stately course along, while on its swelling bosom many a proud outrigger was preparing for a start.

'You don't mean to say this is where they row?' exclaimed Gordon.

'Can't be,' said Marston: 'I always heard it was a smallish place, but this isn't much better than a ditch.'

'After the Thames, too!'

They found from a loafer on the bank, that it was but too true, and that boats might be hired on the other side. They crossed over accordingly by the ferry, and were soon spinning along towards Barnwell; Villars having, after much pressure, been persuaded to steer.

Although the undergraduates generally were not to return till Monday, there was a fair sprinkling of men upon the bank, and boats going down the river. Among these, Gordon and Marston, from their superior style of rowing (which was much

above the ordinary freshman cut), soon attracted attention, Gordon especially, from having rowed stroke of the Eton boat that year at Henley, and they consequently received many nods of recognition as they passed. When they approached the railway bridge, the eights began to thicken, and Charlie became anxious to turn; not feeling up to steering in such a crowd, and having already got pretty considerably sworn at by a coxswain for not drawing to one side to let his boat pass. Coxswains are little despots in their several boats, no man under their charge disputes their authority, and if any unfortunate sculler gets in their way they are not at all particular about swamping him. That a freshman, whom he holds in the most supreme contempt, should stop his progress, justifies, in his opinion, any kind of language.

It was no easy matter to keep from fouling other boats round those narrow corners, where it was 'Easy all,' every minute, 'Pull a stroke, bow,' 'Mind your oars, stroke-side,' and a general confusion of coxswains' tongues. However, Villars managed to get them back without serious misadventure, and vowed that he wouldn't steer again if he was paid for it. Marston and Gordon found themselves, on landing, in the middle of a host of Eton men, who looked upon them with the eyes of connoisseurs as great acquisitions to the boating interest. With some of these they walked up to the town, Villars listening in silence to the boating reminiscences with which they beguiled the way;

and one, Brooke, of the University eight, having engaged Marston and Gordon to come to tea in the evening, they separated to change for hall.

There were three or four other men in Brooke's room when the two freshmen arrived, some of whom they were unacquainted with—Westminster men—but who belonged to the third Trinity boat club, the great rallying point of Eton men. To this club Marston was informed that they would be elected when the rest of the men came up.

Third Trinity consists exclusively of Eton and Westminster men, who hang together very closely (the former especially), from old associations. Generally too, whether it is from the independent spirit natural to a body of public-school men, or because they fancy that coming from Eton they should command attention, they have a proper respect for themselves, and are not partial to any institution which affects a superiority. They form a decided set in the University, and in Trinity, which to a Trinity man one may almost say is the University—and owing to their having most of the rowing talent of Eton and Westminster, the only two rowing schools, they naturally turn out a superior boat, and frequently head the river; this, however, is by the way.

The freshmen listened in deferential silence to the conversation of these great men, and heard presently, when the subject changed for a moment from boating to Newmarket, that a jockey had been killed the day before—thrown and dragged by his

horse—some one had said. (The Newmarket 2d October meeting had been going on that week.)

Shortly after, Brooke asked what Thornton, one of the University eight, had come up for, and Marston hearing that it was for the 'post-mortem,' thought it a good opportunity to make a remark, and asked whether they had brought him to Cambridge.

'Who?' said Brooke.

'The jockey: isn't the "post-mortem" about him?'

Every one except Gordon burst into a shout of laughter, for what reason Marston couldn't quite understand, till Brooke explained that the 'post-mortem' was a re-examination for the Little Go, for men who had been 'ploughed' the term before, (it was to this Villars had tried to go on his first morning). The unlucky freshman felt that he had made rather an ass of himself, but thought, not unnaturally, that the mistake was excusable enough. He, however, wisely determined in future to let doubtful points unfold themselves gradually, so as to avoid putting his foot in it again by rash questions.

The time passed so quickly in listening to accounts of splendid bumps (which the uninitiated must know, do not mean glorious bruises), and the rowing over again of exciting races in which they had just bumped the Hall (Trinity Hall) on the post; or hearing how splendidly Smith steered round Ditton Corner; how awfully done Brown was; how somebody else couldn't be made to train,

&c. &c., that twelve o'clock surprised the out of college men when they were only just warming to their work, and they had to hurry off to get out in time.

'. . . so ev'n
And morning chorus sang the Second Day.'

CHAPTER IV.

'But when he (Lord Buckram) went to the university, crowds of toadies sprawled over him. The tutors toadied him; the fellows in hall paid him clumsy compliments; the dean never remarked his absence from chapel, or heard any noise issuing from his rooms.'—THACKERAY.

'But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale;
And love the high embowed roof,
With antic pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.'—*Il Penseroso.*

THE term not having regularly commenced, there was only one chapel on the following morning, Sunday, at eight o'clock. Experienced friends having told Villars and Marston that they would not be expected to attend this, they breakfasted together in the latter's rooms at half-past nine.

The kettle was hissing on the fire when Villars arrived, and Marston's gyp was superintending the preparation of the breakfast-table, while his bed-maker looked after the eggs upon the fire. Hot meat is not sent out—or, in fact, any meat—from the kitchens on Sunday, except on an *ægrotat* order for dinner.

At eleven o'clock they went to church; and when Rowley turned up in Villars' room after luncheon, and their cigars—or pipe, in Marston's case—had been finished, they started together for a walk up Trumpington Street.

'The proper thing to do on Sunday,' Marston said; 'every one turns out, it's like "the High" at Oxford.' (A freshman's idea.)

The mixed congregation of undergraduates and townspeople were coming out from hearing the University sermon at St. Mary's as they passed; and the imposing forms and gowns of the Heads of Houses as they strutted by with their wives on their arms struck terror into the freshman mind. The absurdity, however, of some of the smaller specimens, pompous inflations, who tried with their short legs and pursy bodies to ape the dignity of their more stately peers, dispelled very soon the feeling of awe which the appearance of some was calculated to inspire. I am not sure, after all, that in most cases it was not the full-sleeved rustling silk gown and the unimpeachable white choker and severe mortar-board that originated the feeling; for there is very little natural dignity among the race of dons. When the crowd had dispersed, the trio continued their way, inspecting as they went the exterior of the Senate House and Library, admiring the fine effect of King's Chapel, without knowing anything about its architecture, or the impropriety of the graceful screen that hides the ugly buildings within; past the Bull Hotel, with its long balcony entwined

with a mass of red geranium; past the Pitt Press (where all the University papers, &c. are printed), which, as is usual with freshmen, they supposed from its form to be a church; just glancing at Cat's (familiar for St. Catherine's College) and Corpus; admiring the front of the Fitzwilliam Museum further on, and gradually emerging into the country. Here they had liberty to turn their attention to the different groups of undergraduates, dons, masters and their wives, landladies and their husbands, shopkeepers and their families, slavies and their swains, who were streaming along the road towards Trumpington, or were returning from their Sunday walk.

Finding from a milestone, after going a short way down the road, that it was still two miles to that place, and seeing that hall time was approaching, they turned and joined the tide that was setting back. Hall on Sundays in term time is at five o'clock for freshmen and questionists, or fourth-year men, and four o'clock for second and third-year men, instead of half-past five and half-past four on week days. Such an hour to dine!

They met Gordon going in, and managed to secure places together at the far end of the right-hand table, where they had sat the day before; so that the marker, and the porters who walk up and down between the rows of freshmen to acquire a knowledge of their faces and names, recognised them almost as old friends. One of them rather shut up Marston, who had asked if he thought he should

know him again, by replying with a grin that it wouldn't be easy to forget a face like his, and passed on chuckling at the laughter his repartee had produced from the others.

'By Jove!' cried Marston, recovering his composure at the sight, 'there's a fellow with soup over there, how did he get it?'

> 'Not that the *soup* was either rich or rare,
> But he wonder'd how the devil it got there.'

The mystery was explained by a greasy waiter, who told them that he could 'size' for soup if he wished.

'What the deuce does he mean by "sizing?"'

'Paying extra for it, I suppose,' suggested one of the others.

'All right, then, old gentleman, let's have some soup. You'll have some soup, Charlie? Soup for two.'

The old gentleman apostrophised inquired their names, which he took to the kitchen, and brought back in return two plates of very thick hare soup, and gratuitously informed the party generally that they might 'size' for ale, vegetables, sauces, sugar, cheese, celery, &c., &c.; in fact, that if they liked to make their dinner eatable by paying extra, they were at liberty to do so; every facility being afforded by the authorities of the College for the further enrichment of the cook at the expense of the undergraduates.

Most of the enumerated delicacies Marston made

trial of, cheese excepted, as he observed no one else indulging in that luxury, and had not the face to sit out the rest of the table, most of whom had already left the hall. More particularly, too, as his seat was very close to the fellows' table; where Exmoor was to be seen looking intensely bored on the left hand of the Master.

Exmoor had gone up as a nobleman, and seats are reserved for them (now only on Sundays) next to the Master, in order that he and they may most effectually bore each other. His new black silk gown with its full sleeves, and his proximity to the prodigy of learning at the head of the table, invested him with a reflected dignity which in no wise had its origin in the individual himself.

It is a much-disputed point whether there ought to be a difference drawn between noblemen and sons of peers, who go up as hat fellow-commoners, and the ordinary pensioners at the Universities. It is thought by many that it is an objectionable practice, and that the same equality should be maintained as at the public schools. But, when boys leave school and come to the University, they are apt to consider themselves, and be considered as men; so that it is not unnatural that they should begin there to take the position among their contemporaries to which their birth entitles them. Precedence is always given to rank in society, and is not considered invidious (except by those who uphold a general levelling of all ranks); why not then at the Universities, where men are old enough to take their

proper place in the world? It may be said that there is a chance of the ingenuous youth, when dressed in more gorgeous array than his fellows, being carried away by an exaggerated idea of his own importance, and spoilt by the flattery which the superiority of his position attracts. But the theory of course, is that by the time they come to college they have arrived to a certain extent at years of discretion, and that the mind has acquired a steadiness capable of resisting the impression of self-importance to which extreme youth would be more liable to succumb. It is also thought that separating them in this way is an incitement to the undue cultivation of the budding lord by his equals in age. As long as England is England, there seems to be no likelihood of the *genus* 'snob' becoming extinct; and the individual in whose breast the feelings of the snob are uppermost, will toady, and flatter, and prostrate himself before any miserable idiot of a lordling, just because he is a lordling, whether he is dressed in gold lace or in serge. The ceremonious observance of rank (which it would be a monstrous pity to do away with), is in itself unobjectionable. It is toadyism, tuft-hunting, and grovelling habits of that nature, practised by men to whom experience and cultivation of mind ought to have taught better things, that turn a mere punctilio into an abuse, and are apt to create in an ill-constituted mind the airs and affectation of the *parvenu*.

The case of cap fellow-commoners is very different. They *are* an objectionable institution.

Why should one commoner, because he chooses to increase the college funds by extra fees, be dressed up in silver lace, implying a distinction between himself and other commoners, where no difference of rank exists? It may be well enough that an elderly man coming up to take a degree should have some such means of separating himself from the younger undergraduates with whom he can have little in common. But that a man of the ordinary undergraduate age and commoner rank should be allowed to suggest a feeling of inferiority (however slight) to his equals in age and position, is as objectionable in principle as it is to some sensitive—perhaps morbidly sensitive—minds, disagreeable in practice. The assertion or implication of superiority, for which there is no ground, is always irritating; and the feeling which may arise while walking with a cap fellow-commoner is much the same as that which may occur to any individual on foot at Newmarket talking to a friend who is looking down upon him from the temporary elevation of a hack.

While we have been engaged in this digression, Villars and Rowley have been carried off by Charlton to his rooms in the New Court, to smoke a cigar and drink a glass of claret before chapel.

Charlton was rather proud of his wine, and thought he knew something about it. He apologised for the claret not being quite settled: it had only just been unpacked, and he was afraid it might be a little sick. It was first-rate wine though, he said,

and came direct from his father's wine-merchant. He also produced several boxes of cigars from Benson's, recommending the Regalias, as the others required keeping a little longer. He also showed them with some pride a large mahogany case fitted up with partitions, and filled with different kinds of cigars, which were getting into smoking order. 'There are some here,' he said, pointing to some extra-sized ones, 'that I 've had for a year and a half; they're almost fit to smoke—there' (pinching one between his finger and thumb), 'try that one—you don't often get a cigar like that.'

'Excellent!' said Villars, puffing away with much satisfaction. 'You get them in London, I suppose.'

'Benson's,' replied Charlton, with an air of matter-of-course indifference, 'and I don't get them for nothing either, I can tell you.'

'I daresay not,' said Villars, hiding the slightest possible smile behind a little volume of smoke.

Notwithstanding Charlton's praise, the cigars were really good tobacco, and the three continued to smoke till the chapel-bell warned them to go in search of their surplices.

The evening chapel is generally crowded, and the freshman likes to get in early, or he has to walk up and down the aisle looking for a place under the criticising eyes of the whole chapel. Sometimes a freshman, overcome by the situation, and not seeing any convenient opening for a young man, throws himself in a fit of desperation and shyness upon the

nearest knee, and forces himself down between it and the neighbouring one, to their joint disgust.

Another, perhaps, wanders up into the seats apportioned to the higher powers, where he remains, regardless of the suppressed titter of the congregation, till some one suggests to him, 'Friend, go down lower,' and one of the chapel functionaries finds him a lower place.

Service begins at a quarter past six, and before the clock struck six Villars and Rowley had taken up their position outside the door among the crowd of expectant freshmen, and the few older men who like to get back seats, with something to lean against.

The doors opened, and the white crowd poured in. The ante-chapel was soon filled with hurrying feet, some men in gowns making for the little room at the side for their surplices, and the others pressing forward through the narrow door-way under the organ into the chapel. The freshmen were directed to take their seats on the left-hand side, and the forms were in a few minutes completely occupied with rustling new surplices, innocent of washing.

Villars and Rowley had contrived to get seats together at the back, and were amused and interested till the service commenced in recognising old acquaintances and watching the different faces as they passed up the aisle—some shyly conscious, some easily indifferent, others as though they were monarchs of all they surveyed, and a few giving a last turn to their hair for effect.

Their eyes wandered now and then after some older-looking man into the upper row of seats which is set apart for the fellows; or up into the far end of the chancel (which is known as 'Iniquity Corner,' from being behind the reading-desks); resting for a moment upon the altar and the large picture which surmounts it, dimly seen through the subdued light of half-a-dozen lamps and two rows of thin economical candles.

Villars was speculating on the probable position of the persons who were to occupy the raised desks above the choristers, when the organ struck up and the Master entered, marshalled into his curtained stall on the right of the door, by the attendant satellite, who, from his saturnine expression, goes by the name of Mephistopheles. He was followed by two other dignitaries (they seemed such through the reverent haze of freshman awe), who took possession of the raised desks aforesaid, and were, as Charlie afterwards found out, the Senior and Junior Dean.

It was a curious and impressive sight, that closely-packed mass of white-clothed men, some with beards and whiskers looking like fathers of families, and others without a sign of down upon their cheeks, who might have just left home for the first time. The stern voices of the deans heard above the intoned responses of the choir, and the air of discipline which prevailed throughout (harmonising, in Villars' mind, with any notions he had previously formed of monastic life), combined

to produce a strange but not unpleasant sense of novelty; of having entered upon an entirely different kind of life from any of which he had before had experience. And when the deep tones of the organ in the dim and subdued light,—or rather, the half-lighted gloom,—rolled forth through the surrounding silence the soft prelude of the anthem, a reverential feeling of solemnity crept over him, which inspired with a devotional earnestness his utterance of the concluding prayers.

There was no sermon, which, in his present state of mind, he was sorry for; disappointed that the service which had called forth such unusual sensations was so soon concluded.

The whole congregation remained standing when the prayers were over, while the Master descended from his stall, gave his arm to his wife, and left the chapel, followed by Exmoor and another nobleman, who sat on the Master's right hand and had velvet cushions for their prayer-books. They were followed by the Vice-Master from his stall on the left of the door, the senior Fellows and junior Fellows, the rear being brought up by the Chaplain. After him came, *en masse*, the bachelors and scholars from the lower row of seats, and the undergraduates, in a confused multitude, raising a cloud of dust, crowding, crushing, and jostling through the door into the ante-chapel, while the organ pealed out some grand and stirring march or selection from an oratorio.

Many lingered in the ante-chapel to listen—some

stayed to meet their friends, or to look at the freshmen coming out; and there was a confused hum of voices audible through the crash of the organ, till its music ceased, and the echoes died away in the far corners of the building. The crowd dispersed, the doors were shut, the white surplices disappeared by degrees, under the fitful glare of the lamps, into the sombre gloom of the distant court: and the freshman's first Sunday evening chapel was over.

CHAPTER V.

'"Quis leget hæc?" Min' tu istud ais? Nemo hercule, nemo, Vel duo vel nemo.' *—PERSIUS.

'Nempe hæc assidue.'†—IBID.

ON the following day, those who had got through the matriculation examination were informed that they had passed, and found from a notice on the screens (the partition between the hall and the passage which divides it from the butteries, &c., where all college notices are posted), that they were to meet their tutors in their several lecture-rooms the next morning at nine o'clock. As this Monday was the last day for coming back without losing the term, nearly every one had returned before the evening, and Trinity was itself again. *Par parenthèse* it may be mentioned that 'losing the term' means having one term deducted from the time which it is necessary to keep before taking a degree. Terms may be lost in various ways, either by not coming back at the appointed time, not keeping the required number of days in residence, or not keeping weeks

* 'Who'll read this?' Do you ask me? No one, I should think; or at most one or two.

† It's always the way.

in hall. To keep a term the University requires an undergraduate to reside in Cambridge for so many days during that term, and if he falls short of this number by one, he loses the term, and it can only be restored by a grace of the Senate.

The college expects each undergraduate to appear in hall on four days in every week besides Sunday (not necessarily to dine, but to be marked), and in the event of his not keeping the proper number of days, he loses the week, which is then deducted from the number of weeks required to keep the college term. The Dean is generally willing to restore these lost weeks, if any plausible excuse can be presented for losing them, and frequently without such excuse; so that a University term is not often lost in this way. It is hopeless to attempt to convey to any person unacquainted with the Universities any idea of how the independent system of the colleges is connected and interwoven with the general supervision of the University.

For instance, the University October term begins on the first day of the month; Magdalen, St. John's, and others, begin the college term about the 6th, and Trinity about the 13th or 14th.

College terms are regulated by lectures, which, however, always begin and end within the University term. In some colleges, undergraduates are allowed to come up before the lectures begin, and go down before they are over, if the number of days required by the University has been kept. It is not so in Trinity, where, unless for some special reason,

no one is allowed to go down till lectures and the slight examination, which generally ends them, are over. Noblemen, and sons of noblemen, for some unaccountable reason, are allowed to take a degree after seven terms, instead of the nine to which the ordinary mortal is condemned.

This, however, is about enough of an uninteresting subject, which the outside world cannot expect to understand.

I have said, I think, that Trinity by Monday evening was itself again, and Mrs. Litchfield very busy providing dinner for each fresh arrival. Litchfield's is one of the old-established institutions of Cambridge, where soup, and a chop, or grilled fowl, may be had at five minutes' notice, *nominally*, for half-a-crown. Being close to Trinity and St. John's, in All Saints' Passage, to any one wanting dinner in a hurry, and not caring much about comfort, it is convenient enough. Old Litchfield was in his life a public character—(I should not otherwise make so free with his name in print),—and a curious character too. There was something very entertaining in the easy familiarity with which he treated all his customers, and talked, when drawn out, about all the men he had known in his day, calling noble dukes by their bare titles, and recounting stories of the fun that he and they had had together years ago. It is asserted, too, that he travelled in sumptuous state on the Continent in the borrowed dignity of his noble namesake's title, accompanied by a friend who had taken a similar flight

into the region of baronets. His follies, however, are buried with him, and only the remembrance of his better parts remain—a remembrance which is refreshed at times by the obliging courtesy and deferential readiness to oblige which characterise his widow.

Villars was punctual in his attendance at Mr. Wood's levee next morning, and had the satisfaction of hearing an excellent and short lecture, on the necessity of attending to college discipline, &c., &c. He also heard that the freshmen were to have a classical and mathematical lecture every day of the week except Saturday, the latter at nine o'clock in the morning, and the former at ten. He heard much in explanation of college rules, was recommended to engage a private tutor, and was eventually dismissed with the good impression he had previously formed of his tutor still further strengthened. He found that the name of his quondam right-hand neighbour had been changed, and concluded correctly that the examiners had been pleased to be dissatisfied with the elementary nature of his papers.

On returning to his room he found his arm-chair tenanted by a respectable-looking, commercial-traveller kind of man with a portfolio. This individual, in reply to his look of surprise, informed him in the blandest of tones that he had called to solicit his patronage for a work of art which he was now bringing out in numbers—an Illustrated History of England. If he would allow him, he would have

the honour of showing him a specimen. Whereupon, without further delay, he produced from the portfolio a number of the work in question, dilating with conscious pride upon the superior style in which it was got up; the expediency of Charlie's entering his name at once before all the numbers were ordered, that he might make a certainty of securing a copy; and above all, dwelling upon the satisfaction he should feel in having Mr. Villars' name in his book. He would show him a list of the subscribers; Mr. Villars would doubtless be acquainted with some of them. Ah! that was Mr. Villars' father, was it?—(as Charlie pointed to his own father's name in the book), he had no idea that he had been so much honoured already. Finding the respectability of the individual so substantially vouched for, Villars added his name to the list of victims, and became a patron of Smith's new Illustrated History of England, in monthly numbers, price half-a-guinea. Amid a profusion of bows and thanks for his kind favour, portfolio and man disappeared, carrying with them the subscription for the five months already published, and Charlie heard no more of his history; that is, no more numbers ever turned up, owing, as the publishers asserted, to financial difficulties, &c., &c. He afterwards found that the insertion of his father's name was nothing but a barefaced imposition.

Freshmen, beware of Encyclopædia and Illustrated History mongers; once encouraged, they will never let you alone; their pertinacity is something astonishing; if they see a symptom of yielding, they

don't leave the room till you are booked, and will probably put others upon your track when you have got rid of them.

It is a harmless spite, and a simple plan of getting them out of the room, to give the addresses of your most objectionable friends, who are much given to good works of this nature, and will undoubtedly take a far greater interest in their success than you yourself feel.

Not long after the departure of this illustrated fiend, Villars had a visit from Thornton (the same man whom Marston had supposed to be going to preside over the jockey's 'post-mortem'). He was a distinguished representative of Harrow and the first Trinity boat club in the University eight, and offered to put Villars up for first Trinity; explaining to him that it differed from third Trinity, in being composed of men of any school or none; Eton and Westminster of course excepted. It was the club to belong to, he said, for Villars, as second Trinity was a poor one, consisting of very few members, mostly sizars and reading men. Charlie professed himself anxious to become a member, and thought it very kind of Thornton proposing his good offices in his behalf. After a little further conversation on Harrow and commonplace topics, Thornton's call came to an end, much to Charlie's relief, as he had never had more than a slight acquaintance with him, and wondered whether all equally slight acquaintanceships would be renewed in a similar way.

Instinctively he rose to examine his outer door,

and found to his regret, that the bolt was useless for sporting purposes. I suppose most of the world knows that 'sporting' means bolting or otherwise securing one's door.

Some two or three days afterwards he received a printed notice from the honorary secretary of first Trinity, announcing his election, and requiring him to pay some four pounds odd entrance and subscription. Having paid this up, he thought it his duty to take it out in rowing, and accordingly went with Marston, who had in the meantime been made a member of third Trinity, to Clark's the hosier's, where they proceeded to rig themselves out in the necessary costume. First there was a cap,—first Trinity, dark blue; third, blue and white stripes,—then, thin jerseys, woollen jerseys, mufflers, trousers with swan's-down seats for the protection of the nether person; a light flannel coat; and a rough boating coat or pea-jacket, which the tailor was to supply. When all these articles had been procured, Villars promised to lunch with Marston and go down afterwards to row, well pleased at the prospect of appearing in his new get-up. Marston, when they arrived at the boat-houses, was piloted to the third Trinity quarters, and Thornton took Villars under his wing to the first Trinity boat-house. There was a slate in the dressing-room for the names of those who wished to row, and on this, accordingly, Charlie entered his name. Rowley was there too, looking like himself, fresh as paint; but fate had not destined them to row in the same boat.

Villars heard his name called out with seven other devils, probably worse than himself, and took his place in the boat, No. 3, being moderately light. No. 5, a heavy-looking individual, soon after lumbered into the boat, and putting his foot on the side, all but swamped the whole crew. An old oar was going to cox and coach them down, and when every one was settled, the boat was quietly pushed off from the bank, and they took off their mufflers.

'Get ready all!' cried the coxswain. 'Keep your oar on the water, 5; you'll upset the boat!—Row on, all!' and every oar made an attempt at a stroke. The first was all very well, but to get two together consecutively was quite another thing. Half the eight at least had never rowed in an outrigger before, and didn't feel comfortable on their seats; much less, sufficiently at home to give their attention to the time, or any other of the equally unimportant details of rowing.

'Easy, all!' shouted the coxswain in despair. 'Every one look at the man before him and mind the time.' 'Eyes in the boat! get ready! Row on, all!' and Charlie thought his backbone was broken by a vigorous dig which the energetic individual behind gave him on his way forward for another stroke, equally short as the last. By fits and starts they managed to get on past Barnwell Pool, that miasmal resort of defunct cats, where the large frame and presumable strength of No. 5, attracted the attention of a man in a black and white straw

hat and blue coat on the bank, who ran alongside shouting:—

'Hold your back up, 5! feel your stretcher, 5!'

As 5 didn't like to let go his oar to see that his stretcher was all right, he pretended not to have heard the voice upon the bank, and turned his attention to the coxswain's recommendation, 'Straighten your arms, 5.' These continual reflections upon his general carriage he felt to be becoming rather annoying; and the latter he was particularly inclined to resent from inability to comply with it; one arm having been injured in early youth in such a manner, that for years it had never got beyond an angle of seventy or seventy-five in the direction of a straight line. He determined, however, to bear it patiently, not knowing what horrible breach of etiquette he might be committing if he spoke.

As they neared the railway bridge, and the crowd of boats became closer, the various cries of 'Well rowed, bow;' 'Easy, all;' 'Feel your stretchers;' 'Don't sink your oar so deep, 5;' 'Mind the time;' 'Row on, all;' 'Oars, bow side;' 'Catch it at the beginning;' &c., blended into a curious mosaic, from which and the confusion of boats they extricated themselves with difficulty, and, marvellous to relate, got home again without upsetting.

Villars had not at all relished being put into a boat with a lot of men he didn't know, and being sworn at from the bank by equally unknown blue coats; but supposed it must be one of the manners and customs of the place, and therefore all right.

That didn't, however, reconcile him to it; and even the impassive Rowley agreed with him that it was rather objectionable. They separated at Trinity Gate, after Villars had promised to go and play whist in the evening.

He found Charlton and Russell there when he arrived at nine o'clock, already engaged in the discussing of sundry dishes from the kitchens, which the new-born sense of having an independent establishment prompts the freshman frequently to order.

They cut for partners when tea was over, and Villars and Russell played together.

'I hope you won't be extreme to mark what I do amiss,' said the former.

'Oh, I'm not a swell,' returned Russell; 'Charlton is, I believe.'

And Charlton rather thought he was, although he denied it; in such a way, though, as to mean 'You're quite correct.'

'Any one have a cigar?' he said, handing his case round.

He was always liberal with his cigars, because he prided himself on their excellence, and liked that it should be generally known.

'It's you to lead, Charlton,' said Russell, who didn't smoke.

'Is it?—hum'—(looking important) 'what's a fellow to lead with such a hand?'—(this with a sly smile, as much as to say, 'I'll put them off the scent.') 'What are trumps?' (innocently) 'Ah! I see; spades—well, there you are' (leading an ordinary

little card as if it involved the most knowing *ruse*). 'Play to that—king—good' (as if all the tricks that were being taken by the other side were only leading up to the development of some ingenious device of his own; which, whatever it may have been, left his adversaries two tricks at the end). 'No luck, partner, couldn't do anything against their hands. If you hadn't thrown away that queen though, we might have got the trick.' And he proceeded to show Rowley various points in his play which required correction. Rowley was not a good whist-player, and not argumentative, and Charlton could quote many of Cavendish's rules; so that he listened quietly and agreed that he was probably wrong, and ought to have done this, or that, or something else.

Russell, who was for a young fellow a very good player, was much amused at Charlton's assumption of knowledge, which, it was evident to him, he did not possess. This he soon had the satisfaction of proving by laying a very commonplace trap; into which Charlton innocently walked with the air of a man who was doing a clever thing. When Russell laughed at him, he persisted that, according to the recognised rules, which he quoted, he couldn't possibly have played otherwise. Inwardly, however, he felt that his play had been called in question, and fell into a semi-sulk, which lasted the rest of the evening, but didn't much affect the spirits of the other three.

CHAPTER VI.

'Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.'*—HORACE.

'You who despise your neighbour are a snob; you who forget your own friends meanly to follow after those of a higher degree are a snob; you who are ashamed of your poverty and blush for your calling are a snob; as are you who boast of your pedigree, or are proud of your wealth.'—THACKERAY.

'WHAT a curious fancy it is men scratching out the "Mr." on their cards,' said Villars next day, taking up one of the numerous specimens that lay on Marston's chimney-piece.

'Yes, isn't it? You see Travers leaves his on. Too great a swell I suppose to mind this sort of etiquette—or perhaps he thinks it looks fine to do different from other fellows.'

'Do you know all these men?' asked Villars, tossing over the different cards. 'I find that nearly every fellow that I was at Harrow with seems to think it necessary to leave a card on me. It's very jolly of them of course, but lots of them I'd just as soon not see.'

'It's an awful nuisance,' said Marston, 'men

* It doesn't happen to *every* man to get to Corinth.

come in and make formal calls, and one feels such a fool making conversation for fellows one doesn't know anything about. Some of them patronise one, too, on the strength of having been up here a longer time. I shall go and return all their calls on Sunday—please God, they're all out! I met Grey to-day in the court. I believe he's rather a swell up here—asked me to come to supper to-night in Neville's Court.'

'Oh! do you know Grey?' exclaimed Villars; 'he's an awfully nice fellow. I know him at home. I'm going to supper with him to-night, too,—he's an Athenæum man.'

'Isn't the Athenæum an awfully expensive club?—they ride, don't they?'

'I believe it is. I should like to belong to it all the same; though I don't suppose there's much chance of my being asked. A cousin of mine who was up here some time ago told me they were the best set in Cambridge, and to be sure and belong if I was asked.'

'Well, I don't know that I should, one would be let in for spending such a lot of money, and I don't want to go a mucker.'

The man Grey, referred to above, was a quiet gentlemanlike fellow, a third-year man, who was going in for honours. He had known something of Marston at Eton, and his father, Lord Harward, had a place adjoining that of Villars' father in Gloucestershire, so that he and Charlie were old friends.

It was not without trepidation that the two

freshmen entered Grey's rooms in the evening, and faced the gaze of the Athenæum. Grey, however, came up to them at once, and found places for them at the supper-table, where they saw Exmoor and Castleton (who had come up from Eton as a fellow-commoner), with three or four more shy-looking individuals whom they set down as freshmen also. They soon, however, began to feel more at ease, as the old men, after a curious glance or two, resumed their talk and their food.

'Have some supper, Lowry?' cried Grey to a tall, handsome man who had just entered; 'lots of room here,' pointing to a place beside him.

'Thanks, I've only just dined; I've been feeding with Tom at French's; they 're coming on presently.'

French's was, and is, a house in Park Street, with five sets of rooms, which are always occupied by Athenæum men.

'I didn't know Tom had come up,' said Grey. 'Villars, you 're not drinking anything; there 's Badminton in front of you, or champagne here,' passing the decanter to him.

'Oh! I 'm getting on very well,—thanks,' replied Villars; and the host busied himself in looking after some fresh arrival.

A minute or two afterwards the door opened, and a shout of welcome greeted the entrance of a dark, merry, good-looking man, who had to go through a vigorous shaking of hands all round and across the table, till the upsetting of a jug of claret-cup created a diversion.

'Just come up.—How are you, old boy?—Devilish glad to see you again,' he replied to the numerous shakes and inquiries which were pressed upon him.

This was Tom Manners, the gayest, most recklessly extravagant dog in the University, and his father's only son, who gave him *carte blanche* for his expenditure. He was never known to be out of temper—good-natured to a fault—and a real good fellow and good rider.

Those who had finished supper began now to make way for the unfortunates who had not yet been able to find places, and filtered gradually into the adjoining room, which had been borrowed for the occasion.

Talking of borrowing rooms, there is a good story told of some one who wished to make use of his neighbour's room, and had evidently not studied the 'Polite Letter Writer.' His application was worded as follows: 'Mr. A. presents his compliments to Mr. Z., and will you lend me your rooms?' The answer was, 'Mr. Z. presents his compliments to Mr. A.—no, I won't.'

Villars and Marston followed the stream into the next room, and joined Exmoor in a corner, where they listened to the scraps of conversation heard above the general row, and tried to make out who everybody was.

'I know one or two of them,' said Exmoor, in answer to Charlie's inquiry whether he knew many of the men in the room. 'That fellow there, they

call Tom, is an awful swell; he won the steeplechase against Oxford last year.'

'Who's that nice-looking fellow over there?'

'Oh! that's Egerton; jolly-looking fellow, isn't he? That man standing next him is another great riding swell, I believe, Rochfort.'

'Have you been to one of these suppers before?' asked Villars, wondering how Exmoor came to know so much.

'I was at French's last night,' he replied: 'Lawton, that fellow there, sits next me in hall, and asked me to go. He asked me to come here to-night, too.'

'But how could he ask you to Grey's rooms?'

'I believe they always do ask fellows to each other's rooms in the Athenæum.'

'Do they? I shouldn't care to go to a man's rooms if he didn't ask me himself.'

'Well, I thought it was rather odd; but Grey was awfully civil; so I suppose it's all right.'

Coffee and anchovy toast were handed to them by one of the gyps; and Grey came up soon after, and asked if they would play loo. Exmoor sat down to play, but Villars preferred looking on; loo being always associated in his mind with horrible notions of hideous gambling, defending a pool of two or three hundred pounds, and losing a fortune on a card. The game, as played at Cambridge, is peculiar to the place. Each player puts three shillings into the pool, and, if looed, nine. When there is no betting on the turn-up card, or anything of

that kind, it is not easy to lose four or five pounds in the evening without a determined run of bad luck.

Lawton made Exmoor sit beside him, and initiated him into the mysteries of trump after trick, which Exmoor was rather slow to take in, not being a whist-player. However, when Lawton was not playing himself, he played Exmoor's cards for him, and, with the usual luck of beginners, the latter rose at the end of the game a winner of some two or three pounds. Villars had been set down to whist with Marston and Castleton, and an old man, of whom they stood in much awe for a time, till they found he was no better than themselves.

Grey meanwhile, like Eve, 'on hospitable cares intent,' supplied the wants of the various chairs — sherry and seltzer to one — a cigar to another — 'Get me a light, old boy!' cries somebody else; and when every one was satisfied, sat down himself to play loo; leaning his chair back every now and then to see how Villars and his whist-table were getting on. Their whist was over by half-past eleven, and Charlie remained for a short time watching the loo, which he now saw for the first time.

'Ten minutes to twelve!' Lawton presently cried out. 'Quids up!'— and he proceeded to go round, asking who was going to put in. Exmoor, seeing one or two others getting up, could not be persuaded to adventure a sovereign, though Lawton told him there was no loo this time. Manners went round for deal — 'first knave — Harry (*i.e.* Egerton)

— You're money poney, Lawton — here are the cards'— passing them to Egerton.

'Seven in,' said Lawton; 'right — turn up.'

'What are the tricks?' asked another.

'Three, two, two.'

'I take the first, then,' he said, putting down the ace of trumps; and Lawton handed him three sovereigns, and to the second and third two a-piece. 'Any one go in again?'

Only four responded, so that it was not worth while, and everybody prepared to go.

'Confound it all!' cried Lawton; 'some one's taken my hat.'

'You may take your oath it's Rochfort,' suggested Grey; 'he never has his own.'

'Well, I don't care; this is a very good one,' said Lawton, proceeding to appropriate Exmoor's, who was looking for it in the other corner of the room.

'Good night, old boy, come and breakfast to-morrow, half-past nine;' and, amid a chorus of good-nights, the party clattered down the stairs, leaving Exmoor and a few others behind, who, being in College, had no need to hurry. Exmoor was obliged to put up with an old and well-worn hat, which was the only one left, and probably belonged to Rochfort.

Marston and Villars had left a few minutes before the hour, the former having exchanged his new gown, much to his disgust, for one which, to judge by its tattered condition, had seen some

service. He walked with Charlie as far as the gate, and couldn't help contrasting the gentlemanlike air and tone of the men he had just left, with the style of those he had met in Travers' room.

'I wonder some of those fellows were not there,' he said; 'I should have thought they must ride and do pretty much the same as these Athenæum men.'

'I don't wonder,' returned Villars; 'I don't suppose Travers or his friends, if they're like him, would go down with this lot. What a nice fellow Egerton looks!' he added, after a pause; 'he was awfully jolly to me at supper.'

'Manners took my fancy most,' returned Marston. 'I wonder how your friend Exmoor got on.'

'He was winning, I think, while I was looking on.'

'I don't think I shall begin loo just yet.'

'Nor I; good night.'

The porter unlocked the door and let Villars out.

Although it is supposed that every undergraduate is to be in by ten o'clock, and the gate is shut at that time, the deans take no notice of any one being out until twelve, except by making them pay a penny fine for each hour they are out after ten, which goes to the perquisites of the porters. No one in College can go out after ten, and no one out of College come in after eleven.

Marston went to breakfast next morning (Saturday is the great day for feeding freshmen, there being no lectures) with Brooke, and met a select

few of third Trinity, with Gordon and some other freshmen. He mentioned, casually, that he had been at an Athenæum supper the night before, and soon found that the Athenæum was not particularly popular among the present company.

'Whose rooms was it in?' asked Brooke. 'Oh! well, Grey isn't so bad,' he said, when Marston told him; 'but those Athenæum fellows, take 'em as a lot, are the most conceited set of fools in the place; they'll not speak to fellows they 've known before they belonged to it, and cut a fellow dead that they know as well as I know my own brother, just because he's not one of them.'

'That's a fact,' chimed in another. 'I hate the whole lot.'

'Look at Lawton,' said another; 'what the deuce has he to be proud of that he should turn up his nose at one? Why, I remember him at Eton the greatest duffer in the school.'

Marston didn't attempt to say that he was favourably impressed with what he had seen of them, supposing that these men ought to know better than he could; and as Brooke advised him not to have much to say to them if he wanted to stick to his Eton friends, he determined not to think so well of them in future. Accordingly, on meeting Grey soon after, he returned his 'good morning' with proper coldness.

As the Athenæum has more detractors at Cambridge than admirers, it may be as well to say something about the institution.

The Athenæum has been called the White's of Cambridge, and the qualifications for election into it—or rather the recommendations—are good birth, good looks, and good manners, or the parts of a good fellow. The members of the Athenæum do not pretend, any more than the members of White's, that there are not as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. But an absence of the second recommendation, or other adverse circumstances, having prevented these other good fish from attracting notice on their first arrival, they make their own friends in a different set. Consequently if they do afterwards come out, they rarely join the Athenæum when asked, not caring to give up their former friends (for it is not easy to live in two sets at once). The club professes to be composed of gentlemen, and therefore the man who cuts his old friends, and turns up his nose at his former companions on the strength of consorting with the picked men of the place, has no business among them. It is said that they are a tuft-hunting crew. But when the majority of the members spring from the soil whence tufts arise, how can they be said to hunt each other? —*parcit maculis similis fera*—every animal spares his kind. It is generally presumed that the manners and habits of a gentleman accompany an honourable or lordly prefix; and unless the contrary is known to be the case, he is as likely as not to be a good fellow, and is therefore elected. This is not invariably the case—a handle does not always open the door of the Athenæum. The man, too, who spends

a great deal of money, and has nothing else to recommend him, does not, as some suppose, ever become a member with the goodwill of the majority of the club. Solitary mistakes will occasionally occur, but the exception only proves the rule. It is also urged that it is a monstrously expensive club, and that any man who becomes a member is let in for all kinds of extravagance. It is entirely his own fault if he is; there are always many members who cannot afford to ride, and give expensive dinners, and spend money in this kind of way, who therefore don't, and make no pretence of denying their impecuniosity. It is the greatest mistake to fancy, as many do, that young men are ashamed of confessing their inability to spend as much money as their friends. The poor creatures who possess so little moral courage—if, indeed, it requires any courage—are very few and far between, and their recklessness brings them pitying contempt rather than κῦδος. I have been rather particular in describing the Athenæum, because the club is surrounded by a mist of prejudice, arising from the objectionable character of some of its members in former years. The 'fast' men of the University, who are now a distinct set, then centred in the Athenæum.

The term, 'fast man,' to my mind, has always had an unpleasant sound; it never gave me the idea of a man who spent his money freely in a gentlemanlike kind of way, but rather of one who squandered it in riotous living, dressed in the

extreme of the fashion, drank a great deal of wine, and used a good deal of bad language. Now, although many members of the Athenæum may commit excesses in various ways which the quieter kind of gentleman would object to, yet there is an absence of that 'bad form' about them which always distinguishes my 'fast man.' Even at their worst, they are still gentlemen, and there are many things at which the fond mother would be aghast, which public opinion allows not to come under the denomination of 'bad form.' The same defence may be made for the morality of men at the Universities, or young men generally, as Macaulay makes for Macchiavelli; their vices are those of the time, not of the individuals. The way in which a thing is done is what makes the whole difference in the eyes of others; 'one man may steal a horse with impunity, while another may not look over the hedge,' is an old saying, which applies to gentlemen and fast men. The gentleman's irregularities seem but a temporary forgetfulness of his self-respect, while the fast man's orgies appear to be the natural accompaniments of his every-day life. Tutors and deans can understand my distinction, from their own experience of the different light in which the transgressions of the fellow-commoner and pensioner appear. Those of the former, under the dazzling reflection of gold or silver lace, look like mild and pardonable errors; the latter, dressed in serge, come out like monstrous faults, 'gross as a mountain, open, palpable.' A gentleman's *unerring*

instinct will generally tell him what he ought to avoid as 'bad form,' and it is the absence of this in the one, and the continual appearance of it in the other, that distinguishes the Athenæum man from his fast shadow.

Note.—Vices, whether modern or ancient, are not, of course, less odious, because conventional, when judged by the standard of true morality.

CHAPTER VII.

'Il est plus aisé d'être sage pour les autres que de l'être pour soi-même.'

'Totam hodie Romam Circus capit ; et fragor aurem
Percutit, eventum viridis quo colligo panni.'*—JUVENAL.

SUNDAY came round again, and with it eleven o'clock chapel, and a sermon from the Master; profoundly learned, every sentence replete with varied erudition. High into the clouds of speculative philosophy at one time he soared; at another dived into the far depths of abstruse scientific lore; gradually changing his lofty theme to sage maxims of general morality, and finally winding up with the following practical advice:—'Many of you have now come amongst us for the first time. You are young, you are inexperienced, but God has given you the knowledge of good and of evil, and the power of choosing the one, and avoiding the other. Let your constant prayer be that you may have grace to discriminate aright, and courage to avoid the temptations which

* 'I bet my money on the bobtail nag,
Somebody bet on the bay.'

surround you. Choose your friends with circumspection, for as you select your companions so will your character be formed; and upon your choice now will your after-life depend. Avoid bad company and gross pleasures as you would a pestilence, lest the pure innocence of your youth become tainted under their noisome influence, and the flower of your age wither away ere yet it come to perfection. Confine your amusements within proper limits, and let them not exceed the bounds which propriety has defined. Remember that while you are in this place your allegiance is due to the constituted authorities, and that any infraction of the rules of discipline which they have laid down will bring instant punishment upon the head of the offender.

'Let not the novelty of your position induce you to forget the objects for which you have been sent here; and be careful that your pleasures do not suffer you to neglect the attention due to your studies. Bear in your minds the great names, and ponder in your hearts upon the great qualities of the men who have gilded this college with a bright reflection of their own glory. Be emulous of their fame, and strive to follow in their footsteps upon the same road to distinction. But let no sordid ambition regulate your conduct, no ignoble love of self-aggrandisement form the mainspring of your actions. Let your aim be noble, your purpose high: and, with all your striving after honour, let true beneficence and a desire for the good of your fellow-men be mingled. See that no degrading envy enters

into your honourable rivalry one with another. Give honour where honour is due, and accord to others that meed of praise which they may fairly claim; even as you will expect the same to be granted to yourselves. Above all, whether you eat, or whether you drink, or whatever you do, do all to the glory of God. Through all your daily life, and amid all your endeavours after earthly fame, and the transient honours of this mortal world, let there be mingled and interfused that manly piety which shall give strength to your purpose and loftiness to your aspirations; which, when your race among men shall have been run, will bring content at the last, and will ensure to you in the glorious realms of God on high, more true and more enduring happiness than can be compassed in this earthly sphere.'

The ponderous delivery and impressive demeanour of the Master added gravity to his words, and they sank into the heart of more than one among his audience, and bore fruit in proportion to their depth throughout his University career.

The freshman is more susceptible of impressions and more open to advice than his older fellows. His attention has not yet been dulled by the frequent repetition of exhortations similar to that above; he is anxious to hear something more about the life upon which he is entering, and the feeling of responsibility for his own actions begins to dawn more clearly upon his sense.

Under the united action of these several influ-

ences the soil of his nature presents a well-prepared surface for the reception of kindly instruction. The older inhabitants of the place have had the same lessons often inculcated before. If the early impressions left upon their minds were favourable, they are probably strengthened; but if none were produced at the commencement, rarely will any be created now, when they are wedded to the life they have adopted, and averse to break off abruptly the thread which inclination has spun.

Thus it happened that, good as was the Master's advice, and earnest as his exhortation was to avoid bad company and undue indulgence of amusement prejudicial to study, there was no falling off in the numbers who attended Newmarket in the ensuing week. It was the Houghton Meeting—the Cambridgeshire week.

The Cambridgeshire is one of the great races which every one goes to see, one of the days on which the luckless undergraduate is made to pay two guineas for a hack, or four for a pair-horse chay.

Villars and Rowley had secured one of the latter conveyances at Death's in conjunction with Marston and Gordon.

During the Newmarket weeks there is a notice posted on the screens, requiring every undergraduate to appear in hall every day throughout the week, unless leave of absence has been obtained from his tutor. This leave is easy enough to get from any civil tutor. Of course they are not ready to grant

it every day, but on the great days no one is refused.

The races were to begin at half-past twelve, and Newmarket being thirteen miles from Cambridge, Marston proposed they should cut second lecture and start at half-past ten. Villars objected to do this, not having yet acquired the necessary contempt for the feelings of his lecturer, and it was arranged they should start from Trinity Gate at eleven o'clock, immediately after lectures.

Marston took upon himself the superintendence of the food, which was packed from joint contributions in one hamper, and stowed away by his gyp in the trap.

Most men in College have a gyp to brush their clothes, wait at breakfast, and do any other work of a valet kind which they may require in the morning. After the morning the gyp is only seen once more just before hall when he calls to ask if anything is wanted; and being required to wait at tea perhaps in the evening, is pretty sure to be engaged elsewhere. Their services are very well paid for at one or two sovereigns per term — seeing that the same gyp probably serves many masters. The name is derived from the Greek γύψ, a vulture.

A very few men keep regular servants who find lodgings in the town; and a few more keep boys in or out of livery, who stay about their rooms all day, and come in useful for messages.

Mr. Wood, Villars' tutor, who gave the classical lecture to his pupils, was a sensible man, and released

his lecturees soon after the half-hour, saying that he supposed they were impatient to be off elsewhere.

Marston was waiting at the gate when Villars returned from changing his cap and gown, and Rowley and Gordon turned up soon after.

There were three or four other vehicles waiting with theirs, and a little troop of horses under the Athenæum windows, which face the gate of Trinity. From these they gradually extricated themselves, Marston taking the reins; and after safely doubling the corners of Bridge Street and Jesus Lane, were soon bowling along past Midsummer Common into Barnwell.

The road and country were sufficiently uninteresting until they came to Bottisham, six miles from Cambridge, when there were some dozen or more traps of different breeds standing before the door of the public-house. The occupants of the same were inquiring the latest betting, or buying cards of the races from a sturdy old landlord kind of man who threaded his way between them.

'What's favourite to-day, Chapman?' cried Lawton as he drove up in a dog-cart with Manners, Egerton, and Exmoor.

'No change from yesterday, my lord,' replied he of the cards, and the party, after investing four sixpences, drove on; Egerton and Manners nodding to Villars and Marston, and Exmoor looking very pleased to be seen in such distinguished company; the other three being almost the best known men in the University.

'There, that'll do,' said Marston to the man who was watering the horses, and throwing him sixpence, he whipped them along after the others.

Three miles further on they arrived at the top of a long hill, where some men were leaving their traps, and mounting hacks which had been waiting in readiness. This was the commencement of the Beacon Course, four miles across the Heath to the end of the Cambridgeshire course, at the top of the town. A most delightful stretch of grass for a gallop, where many a one has enacted John Gilpin over again on a fresh pony, or unusually gay hack.

Following the rest of the vehicles, they reached the course just in time for the second race, and took up their position by the ropes among the carriages. Thinking they were settled for the day, Marston was allowing an officious cad to take the horses out, when, as soon as the race was over, there was a general move in the direction of the middle of the Heath. Here they found the next two races were to come off on a different course. So off they started in a cloud of dust and crowd of vehicles, the jostling of which one of Marston's pair resented so violently that he was with difficulty prevented from doing serious injury to his neighbours. Whatever the cause may have been, whether it was that, all his horses being engaged at once, the ostler had been obliged to rummage out old harness, or that he was not as particular about turning out freshmen as he would have been with old stagers; however it

happened, it certainly did come about that, after kicking and plunging frantically for some time, this wild animal succeeded in breaking one of the traces, and bringing his carriage and harness into the most admired confusion. Finding that his heels were no longer confined within the narrow limits of a trace, he gave them free play into the ribs of an innocent costermonger's pony alongside. This was too much for costermonger feeling. A volley of execrations descended upon Marston's head for not being able to manage his horses, at the same time that he laid a heavy whip across the horse's back. The noble animal returned the compliment by making play upon the cart, the side of which he succeeded in staving in, before the various loafers who had an eye to prospective advantage could induce him to leave the road for the harness to be mended on the turf. Two or three took possession of his head, while two or three more unloosed the other trace, and two or three more produced pieces of string.

It was an interesting group for the occupants of the stream of carriages and carts that were passing, and our four freshmen felt very small and very uncomfortable. The costermonger had also drawn to one side, and after examining his pony's ribs, and finding that none were broken (though the pony was indulging in prolonged wheezes of "sweetness long drawn out") announced his intention of prosecuting for damages, unless five pounds were immediately handed to him.

'What do you claim five pounds for?' asked Marston, indignantly; 'your pony's none the worse.'

'None the worse, yer say, master!' replied the costermonger, continuing with a choice oath. 'Does yer think I'm a-goin' to have the guts kicked out of my beast, and not be paid for 'un? Look at that 'ere cart' (one panel had been broken in); 'that 'ere 'll cost me every penny of a pound afore it'll be set to rights agin.'

'You be blowed,' returned Marston; 'I'd do it myself for half-a-crown.'

'So yer shall, and be d—d to yer!' returned the costermonger, whose irritation was increased by a passer-by, who shouted, 'You'll have plenty of light in your cart now, little 'un.' He went on, working himself up by the way. 'You call yerselves gen'elmen, does yer, and break up a poor man's property, and gives him nothing for a-doin' of it (oath); I'd break every one of yer d—d heads, yer (objectionable word), and think nothin' on it. What business has you, or the likes of you,' he proceeded, growing satirical, 'when yer don't know 'ow to drive, to come blunderin' in among respectable folks sich as us?' And he continued to vociferate in the same strain, rejecting with contempt the sovereign which Villars offered him to go.

The trace was mended by this time and the horse quieted, so that it became absolutely necessary to appease the costermonger; he having threatened

to follow them about all day until he got his money.

Through the mediation of a pitying cad, who had been liberally rewarded for his yard of twine, he was persuaded to take a couple of sovereigns, which he nevertheless vowed would never mend his cart; and was left still grumbling and contemplating the fracture.

After this *contretemps* so early in the day, the freshmen derived but little satisfaction from their visit to Newmarket, being haunted by the idea that they had made themselves ridiculous.

The constant changing of courses, too, was remarkably unpleasant for persons not on horseback, and Villars thought it was the most uninteresting place he had ever been at. It was a gloomy day, and the Heath looked cold and bare; gusts of wind blew up the dust into his eyes, and men on horseback nearly rode over him at every step. Egerton, as he cantered past, told him that he would find luncheon under the hedge, but he did not feel in a humour to face a lot of strangers who had probably seen their exhibition in the morning; besides, he had luncheon of his own.

Marston thought the whole business rather a joke, and said, as they drove back to see the Cambridgeshire run, that he shouldn't mind the same thing happening again. Exmoor galloped past them fresh from luncheon, beaming with champagne, and gave them a patronising nod.

There were thirty starters for the race, and the

red-coated functionary of the whip had already cleared the course when they arrived. There was a long time to wait before 'they're off' was heard down the line, and they were descried on the hill in the distance coming down in a blended mass of various colours. Another minute, and it was over, heaps of money lost and won, the favourite beaten, and Villars suggesting that they should get back as soon as possible.

This was the last race of the day, and the crowd was swarming across the Heath in the direction of the town. Villars took the reins, and they had a cold and dark drive the greater part of the way back. Marston's spirits did not suffice for four, and they were none of them sorry to get home soon after half-past six.

Leaving their trap at Death's, they walked to Litchfield's, where, after waiting some time, they managed to get a table, and had the satisfaction of hearing their misfortune on the course the subject of not very complimentary remarks at the next table.

The room was full of men from Newmarket, discussing the race, and talking with much assumption of knowledge about the weights and chances of different horses.

Men at Cambridge, probably from the close proximity of Newmarket, affect a knowledge of the different merits of horses, which makes their conversation, unintentionally on their part, very entertaining sometimes. They are in all the stable secrets,

and can calculate to a pound the form of any horse. Of course they can tell you the pedigree of any one you choose to mention; some at least can, for it requires some study and memory to have the stud-book at your fingers' ends. They generally have a thorough knowledge of the intentions of the various owners of racehorses, and what they mean to do in particular races, and are precociously mysterious if they think that they have hit upon what they call 'a good thing.'

This is all very amusing for an outsider, and if they wouldn't obtrude their knowledge, it would be well enough if it makes them happy. But they have no conscience, they seem to take it for granted that you must take an interest in racing, and that even if you don't, it must interest you to see that they do. And so they ramble on without the slightest regard for your feelings, which they never see that they are outraging all the time.

Of all shop, defend me from horsey shop, if I am not a horsey man. If I am, of course it is not shop, being my own *specialité*.

CHAPTER VIII.

'Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse.'—*Richard II.*

'Nescit equo rudis hærere ingenuus puer.' *—VIRGIL.

'YOU never come and row now,' said Rowley to Villars, a day or two after their Newmarket expedition.

'No; the fact is I don't care about being stuck into a boat with a lot of fellows I know nothing about, and sworn at by a miserable little creature in the stern.'

'You're not going in for the scratch eights then?'

'No; are you?'

'Yes; I've put my name down, but they're not drawn for a day or two. As we only have to train for a week, I expect it'll be rather fun.'

'I went out to see the drag yesterday; they wanted me to ride, but I thought I should see what it was like first.'

'How did you see it without riding?'

'Well, I did ride, only not with them; we went along the road to the finish to see them come in.

* The inexperienced but ingenuous youth cannot stick on.

Egerton wasn't going to ride the drag, so I went with him.'

'Don't they ride awfully hard?'

'It's a sort of steeplechase, I think; they race in at the end past the man that takes the drag to see who wins.'

'I don't fancy I shall take to riding,' said Rowley; 'it's much too expensive.'

'A guinea and a half *is* a good lot to pay for an afternoon, and I believe it's two for a far-off drag?'

However, Villars promised that night at tea at French's to come out the next day. Rochfort was to engage a horse for him; and as Charlie found that he was going to do the same for Exmoor and one or two others, he screwed up his courage to think it would be excellent sport.

Villars was not much of a rider across country; but he could stick on very well over any fair flying fence, and was moderately happy, therefore, when he went to French's at half-past one to luncheon.

Here he met nearly all the riding men of the University in boots and breeches of different colours; and three or four other freshmen who were going to be initiated; one or two of them, from the tightness of their trousers, being apparently not altogether new to this sort of life.

It is curious how riding men are almost always to be known by their trousers, and the cut of their coats and scarfs; but by their trousers particularly.

In Magdalene, where the riding men chiefly congregate, they have even gone farther, and in-

stituted a peculiar brown as the particular colour to distinguish the Magdalene man. So that any one now who is far gone in riding, generally affects the 'Magdalene bags,' and so becomes the riding man proper, the *beau idéal* of the stable. Some men manage to ride and dress like gentlemen; but they are very rare, and very like black swans.

This was the first regular day of the drag, and most of the men put their names down for subscriptions before leaving the room. Villars was introduced to the book by an obliging friend, and finding that every one had given at least five pounds, he rather reluctantly wrote his own name down under Castleton's for the same amount. This half-compulsory voluntary system of subscription is not practised now.

The Histon drag, being very near to Cambridge, is always a popular one, and a number of men who were not going to ride it, were going to the start or the finish; so that there was a regular troop of horses being led up and down Park Street.

Charlie found his to be a light-looking, raw-boned animal, which the man assured him was a wonderful fencer, with a mouth as light as a feather.

He mounted and rode off with Exmoor (who had come out in a bran new pair of tops), and they clattered along with the ruck over Bridge Street stones, through the turnpike, and down the Histon Road for about a mile and a half to a farmhouse, where some of the men were already waiting.

Lawton was master of the drag, and came round

for half-a-crown from every one, and when these were collected, and the stragglers had come up, he went in to let out the hounds. These consisted of four couple of animals of different sizes—picked up from any pack in the kingdom.

The few minutes while they were waiting for the hounds to be let out seemed awful enough to beginners, and even old hands are not insensible of a kind of tremor during this time before starting; which they take up in tightening their girths, and making the necessary arrangements for comfort during the run.

Out come the hounds at last, find the scent at once, and stream away down the ploughed field on the other side of the road. Every one turns his horse to the gap in the fence on the other side of the ditch, and after a great deal of crowding and confusion, Villars took his first jump with the drag. Away they go, plough after plough, with small fences and a nasty ditch or two, through a gate, over the railway, down a lane, off to the left, and on for a mile or two more without anything like a fence to stop any one. Everybody is warm now, and enjoying the exhilarating air, the quick pace, and the joyous sense of freedom which there is in scuttling along in company across country, all feeling of nervousness disappeared.

But there's a check as they come to another road, and the pumped horses come up and have a little time to breathe. One or two hounds, too, that have been following the horses, strike in again

in their proper place. Columbine hits it off on the other side of the road, and off they go again.

Everything has gone on smoothly enough so far, but the next fence is a nasty one for young riders and clumsy horses. The men that are leading know that there's a nasty little grip on the far side, and accordingly go slowly and double it: or else, if they have sufficient confidence in their horses, put on the steam and take it in a fly. Not so the young hand; he keeps his ordinary fast pace, and almost inevitably comes to grief in the far ditch. Charlie's horse—luckily for him—was moderately clever, and as he was not going at a great pace, managed to blunder over without coming to utter grief. Stumbling, however, on the other side, he caused his rider, whose seat was not perfect, to execute a most graceful *voluntary*. Villars picked himself up again, caught his horse before he bolted, mounted and followed the rest. But Exmoor—alas! 'what a falling off was there!'—his horse put his fore-legs into the far ditch, pitched Exmoor over his head, and rolled over him, boots and all. Fortunately, no bones were broken: it took a little wind out of him, and made him feel rather foolish for a minute or two, and that was all. But how about his horse? When he had perfectly recovered from his fall, he saw, to his dismay, the noble steed disporting himself up the side of the opposite fence, reins and stirrups flying, and apparently with no intention of returning. He started after him in woful plight, got him into a corner, had his hand almost on the

rein, when off he went past him to the other end of the field again, where, with the assistance of one or two labourers, he was eventually caught.

All the rest of the party were out of sight long ago, so poor Exmoor had to inquire the nearest road to Cambridge, and turn his head towards home. He began to think the drag was very poor fun, after all; that he should not come out again. As his thoughts are not very lively at the present moment, we may as well follow the rest to some grass fields they are just entering off a shingly road. Almost the first grass they have come across yet, and they bucket across it with a sense of relief. One or two nice fences, and a bit of timber, a gate, and the road again, across it, and into more grass; and here comes the tug of war. They have entered Cottenham pastures, and all the old riders know their way to the finish now. Consequently, they think very little more of the hounds, knowing they have only a circle of good grass fields before them. They spur their horses on (one or two have had fresh ones waiting in the road), first over a rail, then through a gate, and over another rail to the left, a couple of fences with gaps, and a turn to the right, and a straight run in to Leete (the man with the drag), with three or four stiffish fences to finish up with. Charlie is well up, but as he goes straight for the middle of the next fence, a man crosses him to make for a gap to the left, and he has to pull up partly, and so make for the gap too. A nasty greasy double it was, where his horse comes on his nose, and Villars

again kisses the ground. By the time he was mounted there was only one other man left with him, who had got a nasty cropper at the same fence; and the next one was a stiff double post and rail that looked confoundedly disagreeable without a lead. The other, however, who was Marston's friend Carter, made for a place where one of the rails was broken, and Villars followed him and got safely over. The next fence, too, he got over all right; but the last, another double post and rail with a ditch on each side, his horse, which was pretty well tired by this time, refused to face in cold blood, and very nearly threw him, by swerving suddenly as he came up to it. Charlie kept him to it gamely for a time, but at last had to give in, and make his way through a gate to the right up to the rest, who were walking their steaming horses about to cool.

'Hullo! Villars, did you come to grief?' cried Manners, observing his muddy coat and hat. 'Not hurt; are you?'

'Oh, no, thanks; my horse came down with me twice,' answered Charlie, not caring to confess to a brace of voluntaries.

'Where's Boots?' asked Lawton, alluding to Exmoor's new tops (men ride the drag generally in butcher-boots).

No one seemed to know anything about him, until at last it was suggested that he had been seen by somebody to go a mucker at that little double after the check.

'Let's go and look after him,' said Egerton.

'All right, we'll lark home. Are you game for larking, Tom?'

'Yes, anything. Death isn't out, and my horse hasn't had half enough.'

'Come on, then,' cried Lawton. 'You'll come, Villars;' but Charlie looked at his horse, and thought he had had enough for one day; so he joined Castleton and the rest, who were going home by the road.

'Who won the drag?' he inquired, as they trotted back to Cambridge.

'Egerton; Lawton was second, and I was third.' Castleton had had a good deal of hunting, and was a fair rider. He was on his own horse, too, which had a good deal more pace than those from the livery stables.

As Villars was not much accustomed to riding he found the eight miles home by the road rather long. He wasn't sorry, too, that it was dark when they arrived at Cambridge, so that his disfigured hat and clothes were not seen. His falls, he thought, would, of course, be attributed to inexperience.

When he had taken off his clothes and washed and dressed, that delightful feeling of refreshed fatigue came over him, and he threw himself on the sofa to think over the afternoon. Cambridge appeared the most charming place, riding the most delightful exercise, and the life of an undergraduate the most enviable under heaven. Boots and breeches should be ordered forthwith; and he sank into a

misty unconsciousness, during which fleet coursers scoured across his brain, and breeched and booted mannikins rode steeplechases over his ideas. Reverie lapsed into sleep, and great gulfs and big fences became scattered over the field of his imagination. He was careering Mazeppa-like over hill and dale in pursuit of an imaginary horseman, and was being congratulated on having passed him by a little army of perspiring men in boots and breeches, when he awoke, and Exmoor stood before him. No note is taken of time in Dreamland, and Charlie had slept on till nearly nine o'clock, unconscious, amid his shadowy visions, of the hours' flight.

Exmoor recounted his misadventures, and said that he had been asked to join the Athenæum, and had done so. Charlie felt the slightest possible prick of jealousy, wondered whether he would be asked, and hoped he might.

CHAPTER IX.

'Ε᾽ δ᾽ ἀϱιστῆϊς.*—HOMER.

'Diripiuntque dapes, contactuque omnia fœdant
Immundo.'†—VIRGIL.

MARSTON and Villars hardly ever now came across each other, except in hall. The former had given himself up to third Trinity and rowing, and consequently came to no more Athensæum suppers. Coming, too, from different schools they breakfasted, dined, or teaed with a different set of friends.

A freshman who has been popular at school, or attracts attention on coming up to the University, generally has invitations enough to keep him from ever taking a meal in his own room during the first two or three weeks after his arrival.

Villars usually met Rowley and Russell, and sometimes Charlton, in the rooms of old Harrow acquaintances, or at Saturday morning breakfasts. Charlton had been taken up by a friend of Travers',

* Containing conversation.

† They snatch away the dishes, and dirty everything with their horrid paws.—(*Free translation.*)

who had introduced him to one or two of the rooms of that set, and he now seemed in a fair way to become one of them.

He took kindly to his wine, was liberal with his cigars, could talk about horses, was not squeamish about using bad language, and did not appear to have any particular regard for money. This latter propensity was rather indulged by his father, who was a wealthy manufacturer, and who held very much the same ideas as the father who prided himself on his son's nodding to Lord This, and hobnobbing with Lord That, pompously adding,—

'He has champagne, too, and claret-cup at his supper-parties, and tipsy cake in the middle.'

Villars asked Charlton one morning, as they sat next each other smoking after breakfast, what he did with himself all day.

'Loaf about,' was the reply; 'smoke a cigar or play billiards in the morning. Drive over and see the drag or some cock-fighting at Newmarket in the afternoon. I was over there yesterday with Carter and Travers,—rattling good fellows.'

He was immensely amused at hearing Russell say that he always read in the mornings, or went to his coach.

'I put on a coach, too,' he said, 'but I take deuced little out of him; as my governor, I suppose, 'll have to pay for him, why, it don't make much odds.'

'You don't row, I suppose?' inquired Villars.

'No, thankee, no rowing for me. Rather slow

work, isn't it?' he continued, appealing to Russell, who said he generally went down to row in the afternoon. Russell didn't agree with him, saying that it was very good exercise and an inexpensive amusement.

'It'll be rather a bore, training for a week for the scratch eights,' said Rowley.

'Wait till you come to three weeks' training,' said Fellowes, their host, who rowed in first Trinity second boat.

'You ain't allowed to smoke or drink anything, are you?' asked Charlton.

'A pipe a-day, that sort of thing; beefsteak and very little beer, and a run before breakfast after early chapel.'

'Heaven forbid that I should ever train then,' exclaimed Villars.

The conversation now turned upon football, of which Fellowes was one of the chief Harrow promoters; Russell standing up for it as a game for men as well as boys, which Charlie wouldn't agree to.

'It's all very well,' he said, 'to go in for being knocked about at school, when it's rather a pleasant excitement getting one's bones broken. But I don't think now I should much relish a fellow coming like an express train into my stomach, or being rolled head over heels on the hard ground for no particular object.'

'*We* don't play half so savagely as you,' said an Eton man present; 'there's a great deal more skill in our game.'

The Harrow men were up in arms in an instant, and the respective merits of the two games formed a subject of warm discussion for several minutes.

'I must say the Eton men keep up their game much better than we do,' said a Harrow man.

'They stick together much more,' said another (an opinion which the other Harrow men would not admit).

'You hardly ever see an Eton man walking with any fellow from another school. Third Trinity keeps them together.'

Russell here got up to go to his coach, for whom he was already late; and as soon as the door was closed upon him, his merits and prospects became the topic of general conversation.

'He ought to have gone in for a minor scholarship,' said one, who explained for Villars' satisfaction that minor scholarships were for men coming up to Trinity to go in for before they become members of the College. Their value is about fifty or sixty pounds a-year, and they are held for three years, or till one of the regular foundation scholarships takes their place.

'You're going in for honours, I suppose, Villars?' asked another man, who remembered his mathematics at Harrow.

Charlie said that it was his present intention to do so.

'Lots of fellows come up intending to go in,' said another, 'and come down to the poll afterwards.

If you take to riding, and go in for the Athenæum, you'll not do much reading.'

Villars replied that he had been to his coach once or twice; but that he found that when he had finished lectures, and wandered about for a little, and read the papers, it was nearly luncheon-time, so that it was hardly worth while to begin to read. And in the evenings he had always something else to do.

'You can't go on like that,' said his Mentor, as the party began to disperse to their different morning occupations; most of them taking a pull at one of the cups on the table, as they went (some men think it pleasant and proper to have cups at large breakfasts; claret, moselle, and other fluids, which come very unnaturally in the morning); some were reading for their Little Go, and some were bound for the Union to read the papers. To this institution a friend proposed to get Villars and Charlton elected, setting forth the many advantages they would derive from membership, and the genial society they would meet there.

Charlton thought that very few of his friends ever went there, and declined with thanks—as he had the papers in his own room, and didn't suppose he should ever be caught speaking there.

He walked down the street with Villars in the direction of Trinity, and entertained him with some edifying recollections of a supper in Cunningham's rooms at Magdalene, the night before; where there had been what he called 'a devil of a bear-fight'—

and one man had had his eye nearly put out by the corner of a sofa, not to mention minor casualties from broken glass.

Their conversation was interrupted on the hall-steps by Marston, who was coming from ordering supper at the kitchens. 'Why, Charlie, I haven't seen you for a week,' he exclaimed. 'How are you, old cock?'

'Pretty fit, thanks.—You're always rowing, or doing something that I don't do.'

'Well, come to supper with me to-night. You know Castleton, he's coming; and Gordon, and a lot of fellows—ask Rowley to come too. Where are you going now?'

'To order luncheon—Exmoor's coming to feed before going out with the drag—will you come?'

'Can't, I'm afraid. I promised to go and row at a quarter to two. Nine o'clock this evening—don't forget;' and Marston was off to the Pitt.

Charlton proposed they should have a game of billiards when luncheon had been ordered and they had read through the notices on the screens. 'Mathematical papers set in lecture-room for questionists'—'Harrow football on Parker's Piece'—'Musical Society'—'C. U. R. V.' ('What's that?' said Villars—oh! of course, Cambridge University Rifle Volunteers), parade,' &c., &c.

'Are you going to belong to the corps?' he asked.

'Not I,' replied Charlton.

'Thornton tried hard to persuade me to do so the

other day—I said I'd think about it. The drilling would be an awful bore, and I don't care about rifle-shooting; *argal*, why should I?'

'I saw Russell got up in gaiters at the backs the other day, so I suppose he belongs to it.'

Here they arrived at Exmoor's rooms, which faced the chapel, and Villars ran up to tell him the time for luncheon.

'I wish they'd put down some pavement here,' he said, as they walked towards the gate; 'these stones knock one's feet to pieces, if you have thin boots on.'

'Why the deuce don't they, I wonder,' returned Charlton: 'those bloated fellows must be rolling in money.'

Not many men play billiards in the morning, so that *No.* 1, *pool-room, upstairs*—the best table at Brown's—was at their service.

Charlton pretended to be on terms of great familiarity with Mary Brown, and paid her a number of vapid compliments, which she received with great indifference; having to undergo the same infliction many times over during the day.

'How shall we play?' he said to Villars, when he had carefully chalked his cue—(he thought himself rather good at billiards).

Villars replied that he didn't know how Charlton played, so that they had better begin by playing even.

Charlton was quite willing, though he implied by his manner that it would be a very easy win for him.

The first, a fifty game, he was beaten at thirty, and the next at twenty-five, and then began to lose his temper and curse his luck. He wouldn't take any odds, though; his dignity was hurt at being beaten where he had expected to win in a walk. Villars had practised a good deal at home, and was a fair player enough; and after winning another game, and making Charlton unpleasantly sulky, he said that he must go to luncheon.

Charlton left the room very much in the same humour as the man who, after losing a lot of money in a billiard-room, met a wretch outside whom he had never seen before, tying his shoe, and kicked him down-stairs, ejaculating, 'D— you, you're always tying your shoe.'

After reluctantly paying for the table, he sauntered into the public room, and vented his ill humour in a succession of bad pool strokes.

'I love the sport well, but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England,' somewhere says somebody, who probably felt what a misfortune it is not to be able to keep one's temper when losing. It only makes a man play worse, and takes away all the interest of the game; for there can be no enjoyment in playing with a fellow who is continually ascribing your better play to his own bad luck, and throwing down his cards, or his cue, or his racquet in a rage.

Persons who cannot control their tempers ought to eschew amusements of which they spoil the enjoyment if anything goes contrary to their wishes.

Soon after Villars returned from the drag (which had been from Barton, and so allowed of their being home early), Marston rushed into his room in great excitement, 'I can't get any one to wait to-night, my gyp's engaged, what shall I do?'

Charlie could only suggest his bedmaker, whom he had forgotten to apply to.

'I want some cups too,' said Marston, 'where do fellows get them from?'

'My landlord sends out cups,' replied Villars, taking his card of advertisement from the chimney-piece; 'here you are.'

'Then let's have him up,' said Marston, ringing the bell.

He came, he saw, he conquered; told Marston he would want two large cups, and any amount of silver, glasses, &c. which he would supply, and undertook that it should be done properly. If the items in the bill, which he subsequently sent in, were any criterion, it certainly was done properly—so many sherry glasses, so many claret ditto, so many green glasses, so many dozen large knives, so many dozen small knives, large forks, small forks, spoons, &c., all by the dozen.

Marston acquitted himself pretty creditably in his first essay as a host, and paid great attention to the two or three old men he had been brave enough to ask.

His bedmaker had provided a pair of gyps of savage-looking exterior, who didn't know much about waiting, and seemed to be thinking more of

their own feed which was to come after off the various dishes which came from their master's table.

It is the custom for any gyp, or gyps, who wait at supper or dinner, to regale himself or themselves after the feast on whatever remains therefrom. If it is in college, the bedmaker presides; if out of college, the landlady and her handmaids cut in—*una in præcelsa consedit rupe Celæno*—the chief harpy takes the top of the table. If there is no champagne left in any of the bottles on the table, they make no scruple of opening as much as they require, and making merry at the host's expense. The delicate bird, the toothsome mayonnaise, or the seductive cream, that you have fondly hoped would gratify your lunching palate the next day, you are told is gone, was all eaten, none of it left. That is, it has been devoured by these ravenous birds of prey, whose name so well describes their nature.

After all had well eaten, and a considerable quantity of boating shop had been discussed, and the cups had circulated once or twice, Marston ordered the table to be cleared, and in the meantime handed round a box of cigars, with which Bacon had that day supplied him.

As there were not four men found to play whist, all but one or two sat round the table for vingt-et-un.

'Tizzy and half-crown; first knave deals,' said Brooke, who took upon himself the direction of the freshmen. 'Your deal, sir,' he said, handing Rowley

the cards. And so the game began, and went on with its usual vicissitudes of naturals and unnaturally long deals, till twelve o'clock drew near, and the party broke up. Marston was very well satisfied with the way in which it had gone off, and delighted when one of the old men said to him as he went away,—

'Horace, your supper has been quite the thing.'

CHAPTER X.

Ἑταιρείας συνάξομεν.*—PLATO.

THE several tutors on the following Monday informed their lecture-rooms that they were to go at half-past ten to the Senate-house to be matriculated by the father of the College. The paternity of the College is ascribed to different fellows every year.

Matriculating merely means entering your name on the University books, and a tedious ceremony it is, if your name comes near the end of the alphabet.

The father of the College calls up each man separately, and the unfortunate T's and V's have a dreary time of it, perhaps for three-quarters of an hour. Villars was lucky in having a good lecture-room neighbour, and therefore the time did not pass as slow to him as it otherwise might have.

Vivian was the sweetest-natured and most charming-mannered fellow conceivable. His manner always implied such an interest in you that it was

* We will bring (the) clubs together.

irresistibly attractive, and having plenty to say, he was therefore a delightful companion.

On coming out of the Senate-house, Charlie was met by an old Harrow friend, Douglas, who was on the committee of the A. D. C., and who asked him if he cared to belong to the club. On Villars expressing his desire to do so, he informed him that he had been elected the day before.

The elections to the A. D. C. and Athenæum are managed by the committees of the respective clubs, who discuss privately the eligibility of their friends.

Sunday is a great day for committee meetings of all the clubs, and on this particular Sunday Charlie was also elected to the Athenæum, which he was asked to join that evening.

Marston, Gordon, and Rowley, had also been elected to the A. D. C., and had all joined it.

The A. D. C., or Amateur Dramatic Club, had its origin in the histrionic propensities of two or three individuals, who used to exhibit in a small room in Park Street, which is now the Green-room of the club. Their performances after a time became sanctioned by the University authorities, and the club by degrees rose to its present flourishing condition. It consists of about sixty members, who are mostly elected, not from being known actors, but as pleasant fellows; and every one has to take some subordinate part for his first two terms, when the performances come on. Every year additional embellishments are lavished upon the theatre; and, in its way, as an amateur establishment, the acting,

scenery, and general arrangements are unequalled in excellence elsewhere.

Except during the week of the performances in each term, and the fortnight of rehearsals before, the club is only an ordinary club with a pleasant room to read the papers in, and so forth.

The subscription of a guinea and a half per term, with two guineas entrance, is not by any means ruinous, and very good value to any one who makes this his only club.

Marston also belonged to the Pitt, which was supposed to be a reading-room only, and chiefly frequently by third Trinity men; where no talking was allowed. Their room, which used to be at the corner of All Saints' Passage, has recently been changed to the late Turkish bath establishment. With the change they have modified to a certain extent the severity of their former discipline, and gone in for a little more luxury in every way; smoking-room, &c. &c. A smoking-room ought to be established in every club which pretends to consult the comfort of its members.

The unconscious freshman who has not yet taken to smoking, when he first goes up to the University, thinks that he will be obliged to smoke in self-defence, even if he doesn't acquire the habit from trying to do what others do.

But he is agreeably surprised to find that there are very many others besides himself who are not smokers, so that he doesn't always consider it necessary to conform to the manners and customs of the

majority in this respect. He is, however, obliged very often to sit in an atmosphere reeking with tobacco, which smokers seem to take it for granted that no one objects to.

The new Union has considered this particular most admirably, and provided a suitable room in a suitable place. But this was only to be expected from the superior civilisation of the present day.

The old Union in Green Street was a miserable place, dark and small, with no accommodation for all its members. However, with the House of Commons for its example, this possibly was as it should be.

The men who frequented it were not usually great sticklers for luxury, and took no little change out of their compounded subscription of five pounds. This made them members for life; gave them access to a good library, every kind of newspaper, liberty of speech at debates, and other contingent advantages.

The Union of the present day, I'm afraid, has sunk from the proud position it held at the time when tradition tells us that the voices of So-and-So and So-and-So were heard within its walls. Of late years it has generally been managed by a clique of men who are not much known outside the club, and who assume a ridiculous importance inside. Outsiders laugh at its debates, and generally with reason, for the rubbish young speakers talk is really fearful to listen to, though the unction with which occasionally they give ex-

pression to their crude ideas is rather entertaining It may be good practice for acquiring confidence in speaking, letting out one's young ideas for public inspection. But to waste the energies in declaiming vehemently upon a motion concerning the advisability of having a hairdresser attached to the club, or a flunkey in livery (as we have heard of lately), is about as absurd, though not so useful, as it would be to consider the propriety of keeping a nurse for the superannuated members who may be seen wandering about its rooms.

Russell and Rowley were rather pleased at being elected to the Union, not knowing that it was a mere form, and paid down their five pounds very willingly. They were quite as pleased, in fact, as Castleton was at being asked to join the Beef Steak.

This is a dining club, supposed to have been founded in the last century by Pitt. The dress of the members is a blue coat and brass buttons (like a respectable groom's), yellow waistcoat, and black trousers. They dine off beef in every variety of form, and drink only beer and port; bumpers after dinner, as in the olden time.

These remains of the barbaric customs of an earlier period might, I think, be very well done away with. In this civilised age we don't think better of a man for drinking off half-a-dozen bumpers one after another, and being carried off to bed to disgorge; and why we should keep up a bad custom because it is old, when we let others which are good die out because the fashion is changed, I

cannot conceive. Not being a *laudator temporis acti*, I don't think that the antiquity of a custom is any justification for its barbarity.

The other dining-clubs,—the *True Blue*, and *Quare Hæc*,—are less objectionable, because the dinner is better.

The True Blue was founded after the Beef-Steak by some Tory representative (Fox possibly); they dress in a sort of half-footman's, half-court costume, and have a really good dinner once a month; whereas the Beef-Steak and *Quare Hæc* dine once a week, on Saturday and Wednesday respectively; always break a good deal of glass, and drink a good deal of wine, and so in a very short time run up a good long bill; payment of which the long-suffering Moyes receives by instalments, generally extending over some years. The few hours of exotic conviviality which these bills represent are very dear at the price.

The *Quare Hæc* dress was the ugliest of all. Snuff-coloured coat and waistcoat, and black trousers, with a peculiar white scarf.

The club was founded about the year 1854 by a few enterprising individuals of that era, when dining-clubs were more popular than they are now; and not having even the merit of antiquity for its support, it has at last died a natural death. So much for clubs.

CHAPTER XI.

Καὶ παρὴν ὁμοῦ κλύειν
πολλὴν βοὴν . . .
. . ἐπ' ἄλλην δ' ἄλλος ἴθυνεν δόρυ.*
ÆSCH. *Pers.*

THE freshmen were in great excitement about this period at the near approach of the fifth of November; a day that was associated in their minds with savage fighting and bloody frays in narrow lanes, where luckless undergraduates were cut off from the main body, and returned to their rooms undistinguishable masses of pounded flesh. They were in general agreeably surprised to find that the excitement of the evening was confined to the small boys of the streets, who paraded about, shouting 'Town! town!' and who fled precipitately at the first appearance of half-a-dozen undergraduates. Occasionally, if they can catch a solitary and inoffensive man in a passage, they throw stones at him from a distance; but the glorious fights that are chronicled in most University records are now out of date.

Little bodies of men, anxious for a row, wander

* Great noise, and each trying to bump the other.

about the streets seeking whom they may devour, and finding none, as a rule.

Villars, unaware of the harmless nature of the revels, and having heard that the air about eight or nine o'clock was usually thick with stones and brickbats, remained quietly in his own room, hearing every now and then at a distance the confused roar of the town army, or seeing them from behind his blind scouring down Green Street, flying before a handful of undergraduates. The hurrying feet and the defiant shouts of the enemy, when they had arrived at a respectful distance, would sometimes send a thrill through him which prompted his ardour to sally forth and do some mighty deed.

Prudence, however, saved his head from the ignominy of being broken by a stone, and the eventful night passed off without casualty to speak of. The 9th is a day on which these amenities between townsmen and undergraduates are again renewed, arising, I don't know why, from the Prince of Wales's connexion with the place.

A few days after, Villars accompanied Rowley to the Trinity library to write his name in the college books, and remained for a short time, inspecting what he called 'the busts of old swells,' and the 'fine old crusted books,' which are to be seen there.

In the afternoon they went down to the river to see the last of the *scratch eights*.

'Scratch eights' means that a number of men enter their names for these races, and the crews are drawn at random from the lot. It often happens,

therefore, that five or six out of the boat may be very fair, and the other two or three, or the coxswain, shocking duffers. Such was the case with Rowley's boat, which had been steered judiciously into the bank at Ditton corner the day before, and lost all chance of winning—satisfactory result of a week's training—morning miles—beefsteak breakfasts in each other's rooms alternately—over the course in the afternoon—early to bed and early to rise, &c.

Russell's boat was the favourite now, and it was this that Charlie had come out to see. *Portitor ille Charon* ferried them across, and they proceeded along the towing-path on the other side under the railway-bridge, where Rowley explained that all the boats they saw drawn up void of their crews, had been left there so as not to get in the way on the course, the crews having gone down to the start.

They had hardly arrived at Ditton corner when the first gun fired, and were just about opposite to Grassy when the last went off, and was succeeded by a distant human roar. In a few moments the first boat appeared round the corner, accompanied on the towing-path by a moving mass of parti-coloured humanity, from which there rose an undistinguishable shout of encouragement issuing from the excited lungs of the supporters of different boats.

Villars and Rowley were soon in the middle of them, and even if they had not (at all events Villars) been infected by the surrounding enthusiasm, they would have been obliged to run with them to avoid

being knocked over by the eager friends of the various crews. As it was, Charlie had his shin most shamefully barked by a hobnail in front, and almost left his heel behind under a boot in the rear. One poor wretch whose eagerness ran away with his prudence, had chosen to run as close as possible to the water, and was jostled actually into the river. He was gaffed out of the mud by a boat-hook when the crowd had passed.

Villars found the rapidity of movement, the general excitement and shouting, productive of almost real interest in the races, and he soon found himself madly cheering on the first of two boats which were having an exciting race in his immediate neighbourhood. His sympathy was more particularly enlisted for the first of the two, as a most objectionable little voice was monotonously dinning into his ear encouragement for No. 2. It was with great satisfaction, therefore, and a triumphant glance at the objectionable little party by his side, that he saw No. 1 pass the post a few feet in advance of the other. His interest died away directly the small man disappeared in the crowd, and he turned to look for Rowley, from whom he had become separated.

Threading their way through the crowd of men who were getting into their boats again, they returned to Cambridge through Chesterton.

Russell's boat had won, and he himself caught them up as they were turning into Trinity. His elation was worthy of a more important victory, and

he appeared to feel already the gentle pressure of a crown of boating laurels, into which the first sprig had been now inwoven.

The stakes, divided among the crew, provided each with a pewter, on which the names of the eight and the occasion of the victory were engraved, to be handed down to remote posterity as a monument, *ære perennius*—if pewter answers to that description.

'Did you see Castleton last night?' asked Villars, as he walked with Rowley towards his rooms; 'I hear he made an awful row in the court.'

'No, I didn't see him, but I heard he was awfully screwed.'

'I believe he took the porter's hat and stuck it on the top of a lamp-post, and put his fist through the glass as he came down.'

'Somebody climbed up one night and put hats on the top of those statues,' said Rowley, pointing to the figures of the Muses on the Library.

'What a joke!'

'I'll send my bedmaker for some beer,' said Rowley, as they arrived at his rooms, and found the door open.

It is a curious thing that undergraduates' property hardly ever suffers from the risks to which it is constantly exposed. The doors of their lodgings are always open to the casual stranger, and often they forget to 'sport' their doors in college when they go out, so that there is nothing whatever to

prevent a respectably-dressed man from paying a round of visits in an afternoon, and filling his pockets with the most portable valuables. A bed-maker, or landlady, is so accustomed to see other undergraduates running in and out of the rooms when the owner is not there, that she would see no cause for suspicion if she did find a man lounging about the premises. There have been one or two general robberies, but the wonder is that they are not more frequent. Perhaps it is that the ordinary undergraduate doesn't keep a large assortment of valuable jewelry, sufficient to tempt an expert thief.

'This is a nuisance,' said Rowley, taking up a notice of rehearsal at the A. D. C., which he found on his table. 'I wanted to go to the concert at the Town Hall to-night.' Rowley had been a distinguished member of the Musical Society at Harrow, and his voice promised to be an acquisition to a similar society at Cambridge and to the A.D.C.

'I wonder if I have to go,' said Charlie, who thought rehearsal would be much more interesting than the concert.

'Can't you get off,' he continued, as Rowley contemplated the necessity of giving up his concert.

'By Jove,' he added, 'that's a bore, too—I was going to dine with Exmoor.'

'I suppose we shall have to go,' said Rowley; 'but I forgot the beer.—Mrs. Dutton!'

A perspiring old lady answered the summons from the staircase, and was despatched to the butteries. Mrs. D. was looking much better in point of size since the beginning of the term. As Rowley seldom had any meal but breakfast at home, his bedmaker throve upon his commons, his breads and butters, and frequent remains of beers, and a more blooming appearance was the natural result.

The contents of the pewter were discussed, and Rowley went to hall, while Villars proceeded to his room to see if his attendance was required in the evening.

CHAPTER XII.

'*Under Prom.* Sir, the scene is set, and everything is ready to begin, if you please.
'*Puff.* Egad, then we'll lose no time.'—*The Critic.*

Most of the new members of the A.D.C. were put down as 'supers' in the burlesque which was to form the chief attraction of the performances this term; and at eight o'clock, punctual to the minute, they came trooping in, afraid of being a moment late. They had not yet found out that punctuality is not a Cambridge virtue, and that even the fines for non-attendance (much less those for being late) were seldom enforced at the A.D.C. *Tout cela est changé*, I am told, under a more vigorous rule; but influential members, generally, I fancy, elude them.

The chief piece for the term was a burlesque which had a good many minor parts, suitable for bringing out native talent. All the chief parts were taken by old men who came down for the occasion, and who certainly gave more entertainment than any native talent could pretend to do. Douglas was stage-manager, and was hurrying about

collecting the supers on to the stage, as they were all to appear in the opening scene.

'For God's sake come on, Egerton,' he said; 'we shall never begin.'

'All right, old boy, I'm ready,' said Egerton, and went on talking in the room to his friends.

'We'd better go on and begin,' said Lowry, after a time; 'all the supers are on.'

They went through accordingly on to the stage where Douglas and Fenton, the assistant stage-manager, were explaining to the supers what they were to do.

'Now then, Baillie, strike up,' cried the former to the professional at the piano, which had been moved in from the next room for the occasion.

Whereupon Baillie played a few bars of an adapted chorus from some opera which nearly every one had heard before.

'Are you all ready? Here, Rowley, look over my book,' said Douglas, and they began.

Some of the supers were rather shy of hearing their own voices, and others had no idea of singing, so that the first attempt was a lamentable failure.

'Hang it all, do sing in tune,' exclaimed Egerton, in the middle of it, and the music stopped for a time to enable defective ears to pick up some notion of the tune from the reiteration of one or two bars.

After twenty minutes or so of this, Douglas told the supers they would not be wanted again that night, as they were only going to rehearse the first act; and proceeded with the dialogue following the opening chorus.

'Here you are, Jupiter—enter left—cross the stage—and meet Minerva coming in right. Minerva—who's Minerva?—Egerton—Confound the fellow! he's gone away just when his part comes on;' and Douglas jumped off the stage and ran into the next room in search of him.

'I wish you'd stop till your part's over, Egerton—It is such a nuisance fellows going off in this way.'

'But I thought I'd done.'

'No; of course you haven't—you come in again at the end of the first act.'

'Now then,' continued Douglas, on the stage; 'come in again, Lowry, will you—here, this entrance. Minerva, here;' looking at his book, and showing Egerton where to go.

Lowry comes forward, gives a start, 'It can't! It must! Ah! ha! it *is* Minerva.'

'What do I say?' asked Egerton, 'let's have a look, Douglas;' and in this desultory kind of way they finished the first act.

'Same time to-morrow night,' said the stage manager, as he put up a notice to that effect in the next room, and told every one to write to Lacy's for a book.

'Will you take Betsy, in the "Scrumptious

Girl?"' asked Fenton, who managed the farces, of Egerton.

'What kind of a part is it?'

'It's a very good part, you've lots to say; and you're got up as a neat housemaid.'

'All right, I'll take it, only I don't know that I can do the other one as well.'

'Which?'

'Belinda, in the other farce.'

'Oh! but you haven't anything to learn there, only to sit still and look pretty.'

'Well, I'll see what Betsy's like.'

The performances were to begin on that day fortnight, so that after the first week the rehearsals came thick enough one after the other, and any one who was acting in the farces as well as the burlesque was rehearsing pretty well all day long.

'What a nuisance Carter is!' said Douglas, coming into the room on the Thursday before the performances; 'he's gone and thrown up his part at the last minute, and there's no one else that I can see to take it.'

'Why won't he act?'

'He says he hasn't time, the Huntingdon Steeplechases come off next week, and he'd have very likely to cut them; and a lot of bosh about training his horse, just as if he couldn't do that at some other time.'

'When are the steeplechases?'

'On Tuesday and Wednesday.'

'They say Vivian's rather a good actor,' said

Fenton, from the writing-table, where he was despatching a letter to Nathan about dresses.

'But he couldn't get up the part in the time,' said Douglas.

'Somebody must, if Carter positively won't act.'

'Do you know where Vivian keeps?'

'I know,' said Villars, who happened to come into the room at the moment; 'in the New Court. M— I think it is.'

Vivian, having acted once or twice before with some *éclat* in private, easily managed to get up the part, and looked the woman all over.

There was a rehearsal of the whole burlesque on Saturday night with a full band, when Mr. Sippel was enjoined by some wag to mind his *cues* if he wished for any *peace*, and underwent a good deal of strong language whenever he forgot himself. The chorus sometimes now sang a note together, and all but the scenery was in fair preparation. There are always a few finishing touches to be given to the scenery, however long a time there has been beforehand. All the scenes at the A. D. C. are devised, painted, and arranged by members of the club, who give up their time most liberally (old members especially) for the benefit of the club. For some days before the performance week, the painting members take possession of the audience-room, and live in canvas trousers and paint during the greater part of the day. They mix their own colours, make their own designs, and, with the help of a

carpenter, set their own scenes. Of the result, only those who have seen it can judge; but they will tell you, gentle reader, that it cuts out the majority of the London theatres in finish and good taste.

CHAPTER XIII.

'*Dangle.* Well, we'll meet in the green room.'—*The Critic*, Act i.

'*Puff.* Now, Mr. Sippel, please to play a few bars of something, just to prepare the audience for the rising of the curtain.'—*Ibid.* Act ii.

TICKETS for the performances of the A.D.C. are obtained from any member of the club on payment of five shillings, or half-a-guinea on the ladies' nights.

Many innocent persons are under the impression that the tickets for the ladies' nights are to be had from members they are acquainted with, merely as a favour; so that the unlucky man who provides a family with tickets, and has not the face to say that they are half-a-guinea a-piece, has to make good the money himself with a smiling face. This is most unsatisfactory, as the party obliged is quite ignorant of the extent of his or her obligation, and doesn't scruple to ask for any number of tickets.

'You belong to the A.D.C., don't you?' said Charlton, meeting Villars on Monday morning.

'Yes—do you want some tickets?'

'Which are the best nights?'

'Oh! they're all very good, you'd better come every night.'

'Not I; I only want to see what it's like. Have you got one for to-night? Five bob, isn't it? Here you are,' paying up his two half-crowns on receiving the ticket. 'Confound it!' he ejaculated, as the recollection suddenly flashed across him, 'I'm gated at ten.'

'What for?' asked Villars.

'For being out after twelve. I shall go into lodgings next term; you can come in when you like there.'

'But they always put down the time you come in.'

'I know a trick worth two of that, though,' said Charlton: 'if you square your landlord, he'll return you before twelve. Travers tells me he never comes in till one, and they always make it all right at his shop.'

'But they get their license taken away if they don't return you properly.'

'That's their look-out.'

'Well, I shouldn't like to ask a man to do it.'

'Oh, you're so d—d particular.'

'Perhaps I am,' said Villars, moving on.

A metamorphosis was taking place all day in the audience-room of the A.D.C. Hangings were being taken down, statues and gilding uncovered, chairs being introduced and arranged, scraps of

scenery collected, dust and paint swept away and carpets laid down; while various members of the club hurried back and forwards, making 'confusion worse confounded.' The green-room was being fitted up with partitions, into which Nathan (the costumier) was stowing the dresses of the several parts, according to the names affixed.

The performance was to begin at half-past seven with a light piece as a *lever de rideau*, and before that time the green-room was filled with a motley crowd in every stage of *deshabille* and *coiffure*. There was

> 'An universal hubbub wild
> Of stunning sounds, and voices all confused;'

in the centre of which, Clarkson (the perruquier), calm and undisturbed, was wigging, painting, or rouging one applicant after another. On one side, a hoary-headed sinner was clamouring to be wrinkled, and on the other a fiercely-painted bravo was calling for his *chevelure;* while, in the middle, the last touches were being given to the eyebrows of some dainty fair; and all around a curious crowd of faces in every kind of half dress were waiting to be finished. Many a promising whisker had fallen a victim to the necessities of the stage, and had been replaced by a delicate tinge of rouge or powder. The downy moustache, the corky streak, in which the youth of nineteen so prides himself, had often made way for a gummy substitute, or plastered monstrosity of similar propensities; or else had left the lips free play for the 'wreathéd smiles' of the

coquette. Juno might be seen, in all the pomp of royal dignity, fortifying herself on a basket with brandy and soda, whilst her ladies, with their legs hanging over the banisters, were discussing a pint of shandy-gaff, and conversing on familiar terms with a 'boots,' or a private soldier redolent of beer. A most ordinary slavey might be seen chatting with Jupiter; Minerva forgetting her dignity, and cracking most unclassical jokes near by. Gods and goddesses chased each other round the room, and non-acting members sauntered among them, taking liberties with the female attire. A medley of cries assailed the ear. 'My crinoline, Nathan;' 'Am I right?' 'Doesn't he look scrumptious?' 'Where the deuce are my garters?' 'I *must* be done next, Clarkson;' 'One minute, sir;' 'Hart, my plaits;' 'Hang it! I've forgotten my stomach;' &c. &c. were the scraps which might be caught amid the general confusion.

'Supers on!' at last cried Douglas, putting his head through the stage-door; and the supers, talking and laughing at each other in their strange costumes, hurry on to the stage to be arranged in their places before the curtain is drawn up.

The scenery arrangements hung rather on the first night; and the first piece having been over some time, the audience are getting impatient. The chorus are hurried into their places, and Douglas retires behind the wings.

'You remember your cue, Egerton?' he asks,

before telling the prompter to ring the bell.—'All right, ring away!'

The prompter tinkles his 'tintinnabular appendage;' the machinery manager draws up the curtain; orchestra strikes up, and the opening chorus of the burlesque commences. Singing members who are not 'on' at the time, stand behind, and help out the voices on the stage: other characters come on, and the chorus retires.

'Awfully bad house!' said Fenton, undressing in the green-room; 'they don't half applaud.'

'Come round to the front and make a row,' suggested somebody else; and a number of members took up their places on the sofas at the side, or in the front row, and instilled a little spirit into the audience by clapping or laughing loudly at all the points.

It is dispiriting acting before an apathetic audience; there is no satisfaction in emphasising a vile pun if the house doesn't appreciate your effort to amuse them.

'How is it going?' asked Villars,—having put off the goddess, and put on the language of the theatre,—as he took his seat by Egerton on one of the sofas.

It's rather amusing to hear men rushing about with their mouths full of stage expressions about 'business' and 'gag,' and a host of others that I don't remember. It gives a serious and business-like air to the performance, which is a little comical to the uninterested observer.

Dance, blue fire, and appeal to the feelings of the audience, brought the piece to a close. Green curtain, and general move into the reading-room, or Jesus Lane for fresh air, till the 'screaming farce' began.

Rowley's singing (though it sadly wanted life), and Vivian's acting, were the general theme of admiration, and the green-room was ringing with their praises.

'You're coming to Huntingdon to-morrow,' said Rochfort to Villars, whom he found vainly endeavouring to unpaint himself.

'Yes, I suppose so,' replied Villars, out of a towel. 'If I can get away. I shall have to be back early; the burlesque comes on first to-morrow.'

'Oh! cut the burlesque; steeplechasing is much better fun than acting.'

'I daresay I can get back in time—I suppose they're over by five o'clock?'

'Heaps of time, if you don't want to be back here before half-past seven. Send some luncheon to French's to-morrow morning.'

Marston came up as Rochfort moved on, and Charlie persuaded him to drive over with him in the morning. After the farce was over, they rushed off to the latter's room for a mouthful of food before the clock struck. Supper was laid out, waiting, and Marston made the best of his few minutes, agreeing with Charlie, between mouthfuls, that the A. D. C. was 'the best fun out.'

'You 'll be here at half-past ten to-morrow,' said

Villars as twelve o'clock began to strike, and Marston caught up his cap and gown to go.

'Can't possibly cut second lecture; I had a notice last week from Brown, and I shall be gated if I do.'

'Oh! never mind, chance it; we shall miss the first race if we don't start before eleven.'

'All right,' returned Marston, after a moment's consideration, 'I shall be there;' imitating the pronunciation of a distinguished actor. 'Good night, old boy;' and the little stair had seldom felt a hastier step.*

* It has been suggested that the last line of 'Enoch Arden' was added by an undertaker, so that a parody is pardonable.

CHAPTER XIV.

ἤλαυνε δ' ἴσχατος μὲν . . .
. . . τῷ τέλει πίστιν φέρων.*—SOPHOCLES, *Elec.*

'Every one who has left the University for a few years looks back with special interest upon some of the pet amusements of the little set to which he belonged.'—*Sketches from Cambridge.*

AT half-past ten the next morning one of Pratt's dog-carts was at Charlie's door; with the noble animal 'Hemperor,' as the man Snowy called him, in the shafts.

Cambridge was soon left behind, and Hemperor pulling hard along the Huntingdon Road, in company with many other vehicles and riders, with here and there a tandem, and here and there a pair.

The road was beguiled with conversation upon topics of mutual University interest. Villars speculating on the probable winner of the whip, and Marston on the result of the sculls, for which, he said, he had entered just for fun, not having a ghost of a chance of winning.

'Did you subscribe to the steeplechases?' he

* He was keeping him for the finish.

asked. 'I was let in for a sov. by that beggar Lowry.'

'You're well out of it then,' rejoined Villars; 'I gave them a fiver.'

'Ah, but you ride.'

'I don't run horses, though.'

'No; but still if you ride you ought to uphold anything connected with it. Just as I should anything connected with boating.'

'Well, perhaps one ought.—Huntingdon, two miles,' he continued presently, as they drove through Godmanchester, 'we haven't been long coming.'

'You've been here before, I suppose?'

'Once. I rode the drag here the other day—splendid drag—all grass nearly—and good fences.'

The steeple-chase course was about a mile the other side of the town, and as they turned off the road into the course, Lowry cantered up to them on a pony. 'Any sportsman a card? Card of the race or pencil, Captain?'

Marston was rather surprised to find that he knew none of the owners of the horses on the card, 'Who's Mr. Greville?' he asked, pointing to Lawton's *alias*. 'Why, I don't know any of these fellows' names, I thought they were all University men riding.'

'So they are,' said Villars, 'only they don't ride in their own names, because steeple-chasing isn't allowed.'

Although steeple-chasing and races are forbidden

by the statutes of the University, they have till recently been winked at by the authorities; having been carried on at a respectable distance from Cambridge, and with an attempt at secrecy. Not long ago, however, it was proposed to hold the meeting at Cottenham under the very noses of the dons, and this was too much for the dignity of one or two members of the Senate, who got wind of the affair, and called upon the Vice-Chancellor to exercise his prerogative. A message was sent at the same time to the proctors to the effect that Mr. So-and-So expected every man to do his duty, and the proctors replied that it was beyond their jurisdiction. But Mr. So-and-So was not to be snubbed; the Vice-Chancellor threatened rustication, and the steeplechases had to be given up for the time being. The affair of course made the Senate-house rather hot for the Vice-Chancellor for some time. He was told that riding in colours was prohibited, when he appeared in his scarlet robes; and asked if he was waiting to be weighed, while he was preparing to take his seat in his chair of office. He was also indebted for many other facetious indignities to this busy Mr. So-and-So. The position of the University with regard to such a person always reminds me of the 'man in the tree' of the Book of Nonsense.

> 'Who was horribly bored by a bee;
> When they asked, "Does it buzz?"
> He replied, "Yes it does,
> It's a regular brute of a bee."'

The last, or at least the best, of the indignities which were entailed upon the unfortunate Vice, is worth printing *in extenso*.

The following graces of the Senate were despatched from London the day before a congregation for the conferring of degrees, on a fly-sheet of paper, addressed without a stamp to all the heads of houses and principal members of the Senate, including the Vice-Chancellor himself. The amusement they provoked has not, I believe, tempted the author to reveal himself.

College Lodge, April 1st, 186—.

'At the congregation on Thursday, April 4th, at two o'clock p.m., the following graces, having received the sanction of the Council, will be offered to the Senate.

'1. Placeat vobis, Undergraduati, ut Dominum Procancellarium non plus quam naturâ jamdudum est ludibrio habeatis.

'2. Placeat vobis ut Dominus Procancellarius, Mag^{r}.—Coll. Trin., Mag^{r}.—e Coll. Sid. Suss., Mag^{r}.—e Coll. Div. Joh., Mag^{r}.—e Coll. Gonv. et Cai., Mag^{r}.—e Coll. Corp. Christ., et Mag^{r}.—e Coll. Div. Mar. Magd., Syndici vestri constituantur, qui de turricularum venatione commodius per Academiam vestram propagandâ deliberent, et ad vos referant ante finem proximi termini Paschalis.

'3. Placeat vobis ut non ut antea, voce exili et macrâ, sed omnes unâ voce, capite operto, iis quos

Academia vestra præcipue honoribus cumulet clamores vestros in Curiâ attollatis.

'4. Placeat vobis ut summa £25 in singulos annos in Leucocephalum e communi cistâ erogetur, qui Dominum Procancellarium in Curiam venientem musicis honoribus excipiat.

'Quibus concessis, Dominus Procancellarius in mente habet ad finem Curiæ, vestibus circumcinctis, tripudium saltare cui nomen Perfecta Cura.'

'1. May it please you, Undergraduates, not to make the Vice-Chancellor appear a more ridiculous figure than nature has already made him.

'2. May it please you, to appoint the Vice-Chancellor, &c., &c., &c.,* as your syndics to take measures for the more convenient furtherance of steeple-chasing through your University, and report to you before the end of the Easter Term.

'3. May it please you, not as heretofore, with poor and thin applause, but all together with one voice and covered head, to raise your shouts for those whom your University delights to honour in the Senate-house. †

'4. May it please you that there be appointed a yearly sum of £25 to Whiteheaded Bob from the University chest, to receive the Vice-Chancellor on

* These names are happily selected to uphold steeple-chasing.

† Excessive noise in the galleries had been recently forbidden.

his entrance into the Senate-house, with musical honours.*

'When these have been granted, the Vice-Chancellor at the end of the congregation contemplates girding up his robes and dancing the movement which is called the Perfect Cure.'

There were a couple of races and a match or two before 'the whip,' on the card, and, when these were over, every one turned their attention to luncheon before giving their whole energy and interest to the race of the day.

The 'Whip' is a challenge whip, presented to the University, and subject to the usual conditions of challenge cups, &c. Winning it is supposed to denote the best rider in the University, but the horse very often has a great deal more to do with it than the rider.

Villars had given his trap to a Roundchurch cad to take care of (the Roundchurch is a *point d'appui* of loafers, who thence derive their name), and was on his way to the Athenæum luncheon behind the tent, Marston having found some Eton friends in another direction.

'Do you want to back Black Eagle?' asked Charlton, of the former, as he passed. This was Lawton's horse, and the race was supposed to lie between him and Carter's Dairymaid.

'I 'm not betting,' replied Villars.

'I can lay you six to four—a point over the odds.'

* Itinerant musicians had been lately discommuned.

'Don't care about it,—thanks. I suppose you're backing Dairymaid?'

'I've just taken twenty to ten from that fellow,' said Charlton, pointing to Spot Sanderson, the Cambridge bookmaker, who had just laid him ten to five. 'Have some grub?' he continued, 'there's lots of fiz over there,' indicating a trap where Cunningham, Travers, &c., were having a noisy luncheon.

'I'm on my way,—thanks,' said Villars, moving on in the direction of the tent.

Egerton, Lowry, Grey, and a host of others were there, engaged in making egg-sandwiches, chickens, pheasants, &c. disappear under the lubricating influence of champagne. Old men there were too, who had come down for the day, and a few of the neighbouring country gentlemen who hunted with the Fitzwilliam.

'Carter thinks he's cock sure of winning,' said Manners, holding out a tumbler for more champagne, which his servant was carrying round.

'Two to one he don't,' said Lowry, from a plateful of pie, 'any one back him?'

'I'll take six to two, for a hedge, if you like,' said Egerton.

'Not from me, old boy.'

'What about Dairymaid, Spot?' shouted Egerton to Sanderson, who was hanging about with his confederate Rich.

'Six pounds to four,' returned Spot, with an air of determination.

'Why, I can get two to one here,' said Egerton, pointing to Lowry.

'What are you laying against Black Eagle?' inquired Rochfort.

'Full against him, my lord,' said Sanderson, with a knowing look.

The saddling-bell rings, and hacks are again in requisition. Charlie had not sent one over, and now felt his error, when he saw how independent the riders were. Rejoining Marston at their trap, they hurried down to the brook to see them come over. The brook was not much of a brook—a broadish ditch merely, with a hurdle and some bushes on the take-off side. The majority of the spectators, notwithstanding, congregated here—it is always so pleasant to have the chance of seeing somebody wet and uncomfortable; or, perhaps, delightful thought! a broken leg; or, better, a horse killed, or rolling upon his rider.

The second bell rings, and after one false start the flag is lowered.

All clear the first fence, and Carter's orange-and-black colours are first to the brook. Dairymaid almost takes it in her stride. The next two are over, and then Castleton, or 'the Earl,' as Rochfort had named him, comes up looking pale and flurried. The novelty and excitement of riding in colours for the first time has unsettled his nerve, and he doesn't seem to know exactly what he 's doing. Anyhow, he checks his horse, which takes the hint to revive an old habit of refusing, and turns short round,

causing Lawton to go sideways at the brook, and drop his hind-legs on the other side. Black Eagle recovers himself at once, and is after the rest in a moment, chafing at being kept behind; Lawton pulling double, saving him for the finish.

Carter knows that if he can make the pace hot enough, he'll win, and keeps it up in the hope that Lawton will stick to him.

They cross the road, and all the Cossacks follow them, scurrying in a confused and jostling multitude down to a gate leading into a field where they can view some of the fences on the way home. The horses are now streaming across the plough, up the hill—(Carter still leading, and making the running at a hot pace)—round the crest, and over the rail at the top. Here Egerton comes to frightful grief; his horse, tired from the heavy plough, touches the top rail, and comes down heavily on his head the other side; and Egerton is pitched forward, getting off with the loss of his wind. They begin to tail coming down the hill,

'He tires betimes who spurs too fast betimes.'

The pace through the heavy ground has begun to tell, and Lawton begins to creep up. The next fence, as they come into the flat again, is a teaser for tired horses; a double post and rail with a grip on either side. Carter still leads and steadies his horse till within twenty yards of it, and then puts him at it with a rush, and clears it beautifully. Lowry follows, but his horse isn't up to it, and

refuses. Cunningham goes at it higher up and smashes through the far rail, coming down on the other side. Lawton and one other only clear it, and leave one horse and his rider apparently *hors de combat* behind them.

Now comes the struggle. The road has to be crossed again, and then there's only the brook at another place, and one more stiffish fence, before the straight run in. Lawton begins to put the steam on. Only Dairymaid and another are before him now, and Cunningham, who has had the wind knocked out of him at the last fence, he doesn't fear. They're over the brook again, and Cunningham is dropping behind. Lawton comes up hand over hand. 'Dairymaid wins'—'Black Eagle'—'Let him have it, Lawton'—and amid the shouts of the crowd, Lawton and the outsider clear the last fence almost abreast, Carter still having a slight lead. Here judicious riding in the early part of the race begins to tell, and Lawton brings out his horse, passes the other easily, and gains upon Dairymaid. Carter hears him coming up behind, and strains every nerve to keep in front; but, as they pass the tent, they're racing neck and neck, and Black Eagle, staying the longest, wins by a head one of the best races ever run for the whip.

'Splendidly ridden'—'Well done, old boy'—'I'm awfully glad,' &c., greeted Lawton as he returned back to the weighing-room.

'I'm afraid you made the running too hot at first, old chap;'—'You did your best at the finish

wife with money, who died soon after their marriage, leaving him unencumbered with children. During the season he lived in London, and the rest of the year at the houses of his friends, or at his shooting lodge in Scotland. Any one might have told that he he was Mr. Villars' brother from his look and manner and conversation, which was that of a gentleman, and a man of the world. Arthur, the third brother, had been a captain and lieutenant-colonel in the Guards; was two or three years younger than Henry, and very different from either of his brothers. He was somewhat uncouth to look at, and negligent in his dress; his sole idea was sport, and in pursuit of sport he had wandered over the greater part of the world. He had shot tigers in the jungles of India, made great bags of woodcocks in Albania, lain in wait for lions in Africa, killed snipe in Ireland, when the shooting was very different from what it is now; brought down buffaloes in America, and would probably have brought down the moon and hung up her horns if he could have found any means of stalking her. He was a very good fellow in his way, bluff and hearty as you please; but the great drawback to the enjoyment of his society was that he was always trying to make you get in his way, which out of politeness you were obliged very often to do, and submit to be lionised through his hunting quarters from one end of the globe to the other.

Rowley and Grey turned up the next day with several other visitors; among whom was Colonel Monk, a man whom everybody knows, one of the best

shots in England, and generally to be seen at all the great battues. It was whispered that he had made his reputation as a shot by having his name put down heavily weighted for the great Pigeon Handicaps at the Red House; and that he had gradually come in for so much shooting in consequence that he had really turned out now a first-rate shot. However this may be, he was an amusing man and a great acquisition in a country house. He always had a good story to tell, which was not led up to; or a joke to fire off, without having been previously primed.

There were also Lord and Lady Dufton, a handsome middle-aged couple. The former had been a contemporary of Mr. Villars at Cambridge, and on leaving college had sown a very abundant crop of wild oats; which had completely exhausted his lands, and obliged him to sell a large portion of his property. Some of this he afterwards bought back on marrying Lady Dufton, who bought her coronet with a hundred thousand pounds. Her husband was a jovial, reckless kind of man, hardly yet tamed, and would even now run into any kind of monstrous extravagance. For that matter, Lady Dufton herself was not economical in her expenditure, if one might judge by her dress.

There was old Lady Templeton, too, with her pair of plain daughters that she had tried so hard to marry. A good, amiable, hard-working woman, deserving of a better fate. It was melancholy quite to watch that poor old creature's face as she sat

sometimes with a look of resignation at the wall of a ball-room; seeing her poor girls whirling round the room with eldest sons who she knew from experience would only deposit them again when the dance was over, and think no more about them. Poor chaperons! the labours of Hercules were nothing to what you have to endure.

The next morning was bright and clear after a sharp frost; too hard for hunting, and most enjoyable for standing at the corner of a covert with the hoar-frost still sparkling on the shady side, and all nature grinning in the fresh clear air. Soon after breakfast the eight gentlemen started for the other side of the park, where the beaters were to meet them, and in half-an-hour the fusilade began. Bang, bang, bang,—bang, bang, till luncheon-time, when the ladies joined them in a summer-house, and hot luncheon was discussed; and the game counted. Three hundred and fifty head, mostly made up of pheasants. One woodcock had been seen, and had been missed by Charlie, who suffered severely from his uncle Arthur in consequence. 'Easiest bird going to shoot; 'pon my soul, I can't understand how any one can miss them. Why in Albania before breakfast I had twenty brace in the bag before you could turn round almost. It's a fact. You know exactly how they fly, and you ought never to make a mistake.'

It was nearly the first woodcock Charlie had ever seen, so he could hardly be expected to be as well up in the habits of the creature as a man who had shot,

or said he had shot, his twenty brace before breakfast.

The ladies, at least, some of the young ones, under Lady Dufton's chaperonage, remained for a time after the shooting recommenced, and caused many a miss from the younger guns who were trying to shoot their best for their benefit.

'It's very nice to see you here, Miss Charlemont,' said Villars, after firing half-a-dozen shots without bringing down a bird, 'but I can't shoot a bit while you're looking on, so you mustn't expect to see me kill anything.'

A cock pheasant came rocketting over as he finished—bang, bang—and a tail feather fluttered to the ground, near Miss Charlemont's feet.

'You have brought *something* down, at all events,' she said, picking it up and sticking it into her hat, 'it's so nice picking up your game.'

'Just look at my heap of empty cartridges, here,' said Charlie, pointing to the green cases which strewed the ground, 'and nothing to show for them. Ah! that's better,' he continued, after bringing down a right and left, 'fancy if uncle Arthur sees these, I shall never hear the end of it.'

'Shall we take them away for you, Mr. Villars,' asked Lady Gertrude, one of Lady Templeton's daughters, who was standing by.

'Oh! no, thanks,' he answered, laughing, 'please don't take so much trouble; of course I shall say it was your fault. It was impossible to think of shooting when you were so near.'

'What a charming compliment!' laughed Emily. 'You haven't been to Cambridge for nothing, I see, Mr. Villars.'

Charlie jerked out between another double shot that he couldn't help paying *her* compliments, and then deliberately missed a hare that was taking across the park from the covert.

I firmly believe that his complimentary vein and bad shooting were to be attributed to an extra glass of sherry at luncheon.

The beaters were drawing nearer and nearer to the corner, and the shooting getting hotter and hotter, so that the ladies had retired to a respectful distance—and not a bit too soon—for, a few minutes after they had left, the greater part of a charge of shot came whistling through the edge of the covert, past the place where they had been standing.

'Hallo! hi! look out where you're shooting over there,' cried Charlie, who had been unpleasantly near to the last shot from that quarter.

'Oh! you're there, are you?' laughed Colonel Monk from the other side, 'that last shot ought to have tickled you, eh?'

Charlie didn't half like the jocular way in which he took it, and proceeded to take up a safer position out of his reach. He didn't know that the gallant Colonel had more than once peppered men in the legs when his charge was in pursuit of a rabbit or hare; and laughed pleasantly as if it was a good joke, or sworn at the man for getting in the way.

Like the distinguished cricketer who broke the leg of an umpire, with a splendid hit to square leg, and then d—d him for stopping a good hit.

The shooting continued till it began to grow dusk, and the party then returned to the house; the total head of game being something over six hundred, which was about the average number of every day's shooting at Mottistone.

The gentlemen changed their shooting clothes and joined the ladies at tea, went to the smoking-room, or played billiards, according to their tastes, until it was time to dress for dinner.

A few of the neighbouring residents came to dine in the evening; among them Grey's father, who seldom left his house to stay, and cared little about shooting. He was accompanied by Lady Harward and Miss Grey, who, like her brother, was clever,—but uninteresting. She was what I believe is called 'blue'—learned in abstruse subjects, and with a far greater knowledge of metaphysics and such-like reading than her brother. Young ladies of this nature are seldom interesting in society, they despise the ordinary small talk which forms the basis of most conversation, and if they do thaw at all, probably startle one with some fearful question about the formation of the earth, or the probabilities of the moon being inhabited, or some other such thing which no fellow can understand.

Dinner at Mottistone was, as dinner always should be everywhere, punctual to the minute; and

some four-and-twenty people marched in solemn procession to take their places under the eyes of the family ancestors.

How charming a country dinner-party is, compared with a London one! as, in fact, every kind of country society is preferable to the horrible burlesque of social enjoyment which is to be found in London.

In the country nearly every one at the table knows his neighbours right and left, and *vis-à-vis*. It is not necessary to fish about for subjects with which to victimize your neighbour's attention. You know her tastes and friends, and most likely something about her ideas on things in general, and so can interest her and yourself without trouble,—always supposing that she is not a creature of *no* ideas. What a position this is! to be seated next to a young person whose head is an empty void,—an ornamental vacuity,—with your neighbour on the other side engaged through dinner in conversation with somebody on the far side, who is too interesting to leave for you.

Mrs. Charlemont was a very disagreeable person of an opposite kind to sit next to at dinner. She hardly ate anything herself, and made you burn your throat with the soup, trying to swallow a spoonful in time to answer her before she rattled on to something else. She did all she knew to fix a fish-bone in your windpipe. You were not allowed to eat your *entrée* in peace; politeness obliged you to make some show of attention, and in the

meantime you found you were left alone with your cutlet;—like Sir John Moore with his glory,—and you had to lay down your fork with a sigh, and reserve yourself for the next dish. Still she went on, and you were obliged to swallow a large piece of meat whole to answer a question she fired point blank at you, and then found that when you had sacrificed your digestion for her gratification, she was already off upon some other tack, without waiting for your reply. You lost the delicate flavour of that cream. The soufflet might have been as heavy as lead instead of light as air, for all the satisfaction you derived from it. Cheese you resignedly refused; nightmare must inevitably follow upon small squares of cheese swallowed in a hurry.

Grey was rather partial to a good dinner, and had the misfortune to have Mrs. Charlemont on one side; she found him, too, such a good listener, that she confined her conversation to him throughout the dinner. Hearing Mr. Villars say, in allusion to some remark, that Grey (looking towards him) was going to do great things at Cambridge, Mrs. Charlemont immediately started off on education:—

'And so you're very clever, Mr. Grey; ah! I thought you must be; and you read a good deal of Greek, and Latin, and Hebrew, I suppose;—dreadful things! and so useless too; what a pity it is young men should throw away their time as they do upon such things, instead of learning something they might turn to advantage!'

Grey managed to get in a word in defence of classics, but he was soon stopped again.

'Ah! of course you won't agree with me, that there isn't any use in them; but there isn't: I'm sure of it;—there's my nephew now, as clever a young man as ever lived! he can do anything; so amusing. Dear! how he makes me laugh sometimes; but he knows no more about Latin or Greek, or any of those fine languages, than I do.'

And so the old lady went on with a continuous stream of chatter, which Grey was not relieved from till the ladies left the room.

'I think I heard you trying to defend a classical education with that delightful old chatterbox,' said Mr. Henry Villars (who was a man of some reading and information), bringing his chair nearer to Grey's when the gentlemen were left to themselves, 'I've never been able to discover what practical advantages are to be gained by it.'

'Why, as to practical advantages,' replied Grey, 'what do you mean exactly?'

'Well, for instance, what use are Greek and Latin to a man going into the army?'

'Directly, none perhaps,' answered Grey, after a moment's thought; 'but indirectly, a great deal. They don't help him to be a soldier, but they do make him a more intelligent gentleman. Every one seems to forget that there cannot be a general system of education to suit individuals. My idea of the advantages of a classical education, is that it trains and exercises the mind so as to fit it for more

easily acquiring that particular branch of knowledge to which it is to be devoted in after-life.'

'But why shouldn't the cultivation of such languages as French, and Italian, and German, answer the same purpose? And they are certainly more generally useful.'

'Why, in the first place, Greek and Latin (Greek particularly) are more specially adapted, from the intricacy of their structure and variety of idiom, for the exercise and training of the mind. I 'm not well enough up in the subject to tell you all the mental qualities which are improved and strengthened by the hard-working and close application required to make out some Greek and Latin authors. But if you read Goldsmith's "Essays on Taste," you 'll find a good many reasons to show why the study of classics is desirable. Then, modern languages are so much more easy to learn, that they may be picked up at any time; whereas how often does one hear some clever man lamenting that he neglected giving more time to Greek or Latin when he was young. It takes half a lifetime to get a thorough knowledge of either of these; and if you don't begin when you're young, you never can expect, without twice the labour, to get them up late in life. So, you see, that while you are educating the mind generally, you are acquiring knowledge, the neglect of which you may in after-life regret, when it's no longer within your reach. Then, again,' continued Grey, smiling at his own prolixity, 'I don't admit that these modern languages

are more generally useful. What use are French and German to a country curate or a lawyer, or to anybody who isn't a soldier, or a diplomat, or a traveller?'

'Ah, of course, I agree that classics are necessary for the learned professions.'

'Well, but if you want to have modern languages substituted for the benefit of the particular professions they are required for, you do the same injustice to those who don't require them, as you say the former now suffer by the present system; and, besides, you don't give their minds an equally good general training.'

'I daresay you may be right about the dead languages being better adapted for training the mind; but one doesn't see any effects of this in half the men who have spent all their early years in making Latin and Greek verses, and who forget all about them by the time they are five-and-twenty.'

'No, one doesn't notice the effect, perhaps; but you would observe a deficiency of intelligence, and a more general want of vigour of mind if this early training was done away with.'

'But, surely, a man would be a much more useful and interesting member of society if he were to study the history and literature of his own country a little more in preference to that of Greece and Rome.'

'But so every one ought to study the literature of his own country when they have acquired a thorough knowledge of ancient languages and ancient history. They ought to come back (if they

don't carry on their modern reading at the same time) to their own literature and the languages of the present day, which they will find mere child's play after the close application which the others have required, and by which the mind has gained a power of concentration and strength which will greatly facilitate the learning of the other subjects.'

'But you see men don't do so; they waste the years which are devoted to education upon subjects which in a short time they retain no recollection of, and so are left without any knowledge at all.'

'Yes, I see they don't; but I'm only saying what the theory is, which there is nothing to prevent any one from putting in practice.

'Video meliora proboque
Deteriora sequor.'

Or, as Byron says,—

'Just skilled to know the right, yet chose the wrong.'

And I don't suppose if modern history and modern languages were the basis of education at schools, boys would take any more kindly to them than they do to classics. They would just as soon forget them if they learn them under compulsion, and take just the same dislike to them as they do to all other kinds of education to which they are *compelled* to give their attention. Then there's another argument that I had very nearly forgotten—Arnold's, I believe, it was. He said that if the cultivation of

classics was given up, our information and interest would all be narrowed into the last few centuries, and we should lose all concern about the glorious history and literature of past ages, which is anything but

'a consummation
Devoutly to be wished.'

'Like Felix,' said Mr. Henry Villars, who had listened attentively to Grey's zealous support of his favourite studies, 'I am almost persuaded to be a follower. It certainly does not seem easy to devise a general system which shall be of practical advantage to each individual. But I still think that modern languages and modern literature ought to be more attended to in public schools.'

'Oh! I quite agree with you there,' replied Grey; 'I think they ought to run alongside of the others, but not to be put before them, when they can always be thoroughly acquired afterwards, if it is necessary. For that matter, I think children ought to be taught French at least before they leave their governesses, just as much as geography and the elements of history.'

'Well, I 'm glad to have heard your arguments,' said Mr. Henry Villars, as he rose with the rest of the party to return to the drawing-room.

'Grey has been pointing out to me the advantages of a classical education,' he said to Mr. Villars, as they left the room together.

'Ah! he 's a clever fellow, I believe. Harward's very proud of him,' returned his brother.

Blanche came up to Charlie when the gentlemen entered the room, and told him that the young ladies were all anxious for a game of billiards.

'Very well,' he said, 'I suppose the table's lighted;' and accordingly after coffee had been handed round, the younger members of the party adjourned to the hall, in the centre of which was the billiard-table. Mr. Henry Villars sat down to play piquet with Mrs. Charlemont; and Lord Dufton, Colonel Monk, and two of the elder ladies, made up a rubber of whist in the adjoining room; while Lady Mary chatted with one or two others by the fire, and Lord Harward sat by Lady Templeton on a sofa, lamenting the change which had come over society since they were young.

'We have nothing like Almack's now,' he said, 'where you used to meet every one you knew or cared to see. If I go into a London drawing-room now, I'm half stifled with the heat at the very door, and don't know one-third of the people in the room.'

'Yes, indeed,' replied Lady Templeton, with a sigh, 'there is a great change. Society has increased so immensely, and one's circle of acquaintance is necessarily so large, it is impossible to avoid the discomforts one has to undergo.'

'Why, in our day coming to London was too great a business for people of small means to afford, but now every one must have their season, or, at least, a part of it, in London. The consequence is, that there is not room to turn.'

'Ah! if I could but get my daughters well married,' said Lady Templeton, 'how gladly I should give up the wear and tear of the season! You can have no idea, Lord Harward, of the anxiety I go through on their account. Year after year, and no further on. It is very hopeless work.'

'Indeed, Lady Templeton, I pity you,' said Lord Harward. 'Fortunately for Lady Harward, my daughter is disinclined for gaiety and ball-going, and I'm not sorry for it. The frivolities and pleasure-hunting of London life can do a girl no good.'

'And then people are so selfish and so inconsiderate. You may worry your life out for them, and they are never satisfied. I'm sure it's bad enough to be obliged to take one's own daughters about without introducing other people's. But they have no conscience; you wouldn't believe the number of applications I receive to get invitations to this ball, or that party, or anything else they may wish done. Last year, when I gave a ball at my own house, I assure you I had a hundred and fifty letters asking for cards for friends and people I had no acquaintance with.'

'It's just that kind of thing,' replied Lord Harward, 'that unconscionable pushing, that makes all society in London so unpleasant. Where does one see now those charming *réunions* there used to be at Holland House,—where you used to meet all that was most distinguished of its kind—wit, beauty, talent, and all that made society pleasant; where you could walk about at your ease without having

your coat torn off your back, and listen to the conversation of your friends in comfort?—Ichabod, Ichabod—the glory of the house is departed.'

'That would be impossible nowadays,' returned Lady Templeton, 'the wealth of the country has increased so immensely, and is still so much increasing, that we shall be more overrun by *parvenus* and *nouveaux riches* every year.'

Lord Harward's carriage was here announced to him, and he rose to go in search of Lady Harward, whom he found with Mr. Villars looking on at the game of pool, from which merry voices and laughter had from time to time made their way into the drawing-room.

'Nothing like a billiard-table in the country,' as Colonel Monk said, laying down his cards and waiting for somebody to lead.

'The best thing out,' said Lord Dufton; 'no country house ought to be without one—it's your lead, Lady D.,' he continued to his wife, who was in happy innocence of the interesting nature of her position.

The dinner guests now began to take their leave, wine and water were brought in, and the ladies soon after retired, laughing, as they defiled up the broad staircase, over some joke with which Colonel Monk had lit their candles.

The gentlemen lingered for a few minutes about the billiard-table, and then, after changing their coats, adjourned to the smoking-room, with the exception of Mr. Henry Villars and Grey, who were

not smokers, and who went to bed early with a view to the next day's shooting

'I wonder you don't turn out more pheasants, Charlie,' said Lord Dufton, addressing Mr. Villars as they sat over their cigars; 'it's just as easy to breed twice the number.'

'But I'm quite contented with five or six hundred head,' was the reply; 'there's no enjoyment in shooting your head away, as you do at places where you get your couple of thousand in the day. I'm not an advocate for those gigantic slaughter parties.'

'Well, nor was I,' returned Lord Dufton, 'till I'd tried them once or twice. There's a deuced lot of excitement in that quick firing, even if it does give you a headache.'

'You ought to turn out some buffaloes into the park here,' said Colonel Villars, who didn't care much about such tame sport as pheasant-shooting; 'one of them would be worth all the pheasants in the place.'

'And how do you think my neighbours would like having wild beasts in such close proximity?'

'Oh! rail them off, they wouldn't do anybody any harm; look at ——, and ——,' and he mentioned one or two places where beasts of the kind were to be seen.

Mr. Villars, however, was not persuaded, and turned the subject by asking Colonel Monk if he wouldn't have something in the way of soda-water or seltzer. The Colonel was much too busily engaged entertaining Charlie and Rowley with a story

of his young days at Oxford, when he was found playing the fiddle on the top of the Corn Exchange at four o'clock in the morning, to attend at present to anything of the kind. Colonel Villars soon got upon his hobby of hunting wild animals, and rode the poor beast almost to death, to the utter exhaustion of his brother and Lord Dufton, who were compelled to follow him. They were glad enough, therefore, when their cigars were finished, and a general move was made towards bed.

Charlie stayed for a moment or two in Rowley's room talking about Cambridge, and then wished him good night; and was soon in dreamland with Emily Charlemont, surrounded by a thriving brood of young—pheasants.

The next day, and the next, they worried the coverts, and on Saturday some of the party left.

Rowley stayed over Sunday, and left early in the following week without having lost his heart to Blanche's charms. Even her attractions and the interest she showed for him as Charlie's friend were unable to stir his lethargic emotions. There could hardly be conceived a less susceptible nature than his. How he was ever to form a *grande passion*, such as to induce him to marry, none of his friends could conjecture.

Mrs. Charlemont had been persuaded to prolong her stay also into the next week; and, to tell the truth, she was nothing loth to acquiesce; for, frivolous as she was, she was sharp enough to see that Charlie Villars was rapidly losing his

heart a second time to Emily. And, like a prudent mamma, she thought it right to further her daughter's interests to the best of her power.

Charlie, of course, was rather young at present, but she knew that boyish fancies were sometimes productive of firm attachments; and although he was not at present a *bon parti*, yet, as the expectant possessor of Mottistone, he was not to be despised. And so she stayed on, and took a very cordial and voluble leave of him when she left. Of course he would come and see them when her nephew was there—he *must* become acquainted with her nephew, and so on.

Charlie was the least thing disconsolate for a day or two after Emily's departure, and thought the succeeding visitors very uninteresting after the last. But he soon recovered his spirits, and hunted and shot in the neighbourhood and about the country till the time drew near to return to Cambridge again.

One night he stayed in London on his way, did the play that every one was talking about, and went to the Shoreditch station for the five o'clock train, next day. Here he found a multitude of returning friends, and made the sixth in a carriage where Egerton, Exmoor, and Rochfort were already seated.

CHAPTER XVIII.

. . . . . Ἐν χρόνῳ δ' ἀποφθινεῖ
τὸ τάρβος ἀνθρώποισιν.—ÆSCH. *Agam.*

AFTER the usual rush for conveyances and shuffling of the pack at the Cambridge station, the several cards found themselves arranged, according to the principle of natural selection, by their suits in different flys. Rochfort had his servant waiting with one for him, and gave his carriage companions a lift down. There was another full of third Trinity men; Travers, Carter, and Co. in another; and omnibuses filled with the *ignobile vulgus* of the small colleges.

'I'll be at Litchfield's in half-an-hour,' said Egerton, as he left the fly in the Market-place; and the others promising to be there, went on to their respective destinations.

Villars left his luggage at his rooms to be unpacked, and hurried off to the Athenæum, where he found Castleton, Grey, Lowry, and a few

* Men's shyness wears off with time.

others who had come up from the country in the afternoon.

'Well, Charlie, how's every one in Gloucestershire?' said Grey, who had been away from home during the latter part of the vacation.

'Rather dull at your being away. We had an awfully good run last Thursday; you ought to have been out—three-quarters of an hour without a check, very fast, and killed after another twenty minutes in the open.'

'Glad to hear it,' answered Grey; 'I've been having some fair sport in Leicestershire, Harry mounted me two days with Tailby, and we had a good run each day.'

'I suppose Tom won't be up this term,' said Lowry; 'he took his degree before he went down, didn't he?'

'He's gone to Rome,' said Grey; 'I heard from him a few days ago.'

Some fresh arrivals now burst into the room, and they all went off in a body to Litchfield's, where Mrs. L. shook hands with them most graciously, Egerton and Lowry almost falling into her arms.

The occupants of the tables in the inner room were rather disgusted at this influx of swells, and one or two who had been noisily recounting their adventures in the vacation, became subdued immediately, finished their dinners and left.

'Send to my rooms for a couple of bottles of

champagne, Ted,' cried Egerton to the younger Litchfield.

'And to mine for some sherry,' cried another.

'Ted, will you kindly insinuate to your young man that I require two bottles of champagne wine from French's at once?' said Lowry, solemnly.

'Yes, sir.'

'And, here! Also, I should like him to mention that in half-an-hour or so we shall go down there to drink claret. These, with haste, to Harty.'

'Yes, sir.'

'You can send dessert down presently.'

After dinner they adjourned to French's, where nearly every one who was up dropped in during the course of the evening, and they talked over the vacation, their hunting, the men who had gone down, the term in prospect, &c.; and Villars, who now no longer felt the incubus of his freshness weighing upon him, joined freely in the conversation and felt more than ever the enjoyment of University life. Two or three of the most prominent men of last term had taken their degrees and gone down, so that the freshmen, although these men were the best fellows in the world, felt a sort of relief in associating only with men who were more nearly their own standing.

Egerton, and three or four more, were second-

year men; as, probably speaking, were Lowry and Rochfort; but these latter prefixing respectively 'Honourable' and 'Lord' to their names, counted as third-year. Grey might have taken his degree the term before, this being his eighth; but as he was going in for honours, he had to wait another year and a half. Lawton had put off taking his degree till June, that he might ride in the Oxford and Cambridge steeplechase at Easter.

Villars left shortly before eleven to get into College before the clock struck, and pay a visit to Rowley; but found his door sported; and Marston's was afterwards tried with the same success.

Rowley was on his own staircase all the time in the room of one Wilson, a man of sporting tendencies, who was master of the foot-drag and had kept the beagles at Eton. There were three or four other men of the same propensities in the room, who were all occupied in talking over the bags they had made in the vacation; recounting pursuits of solitary woodcocks, or incidents of lying in wait for wild fowl on the East Coast, to which most of them belonged.

Marston was at Brooke's rooms in Jesus Lane, where there was a goodly gathering of boating men intent upon the prospects of the University boat in the coming race against Oxford. Villars retired, therefore, to his own room, and occupied himself before going to bed in setting in order the little details of furniture and ornament which give an inhabited look to a room.

Every one next morning paid their tutors a short visit in their respective lecture-rooms; where the lectures for the term, and arrangements connected with private tutors and so forth, were settled.

CHAPTER XIX.

'Mille hominum species, et rerum discolor usus
Velle suum cuique est, nec voto vivitur uno.'*—PERSIUS.

'Then he that sharp'd
And pocketed a prize by fraud obtained,
Was mark'd, and shunn'd as odious.'—COWPER.

IMMEDIATELY on the commencement of the term, Brooke, who was captain of the University Boat-club, picked out a crew from the two trial eights, which had rowed at Ely the end of the term before, and took them down the river. Gordon and Marston were both tried at first, but the latter after a day or two made way for a Johnian, who had more muscle, and looked like doing more work.

There were various changes in the boat for a fortnight or three weeks, during which time they went down every day to learn to put it on at the beginning, and to pull that short quick stroke that has so often lost the race at Putney. When Brooke steered, Gordon was once or twice tried as stroke; but the Eton stroke didn't please the Cambridge eye, and he was taken off.

* There are many kinds of men, and each has his own peculiar fancy.

'I think there's the makings of a good crew, don't you?' said Thornton one day to Brooke as they returned from running alongside the boat.

'Yes, there are one or two good men. Gordon ought to turn out a good oar.'

'Has Henderson decided yet whether he's going to row?' asked Thornton, alluding to a small college man.

'The beggar won't tell one for certain. He says he isn't sure whether his father will let him. It does rile me so, men making a favour of rowing. I sometimes think I shall cut the whole concern, and let some one else get up a crew.'

'You couldn't well do that; but it *is* very bad form. Of course he can row well enough if he likes.'

Marston came up at the moment, and was violently indignant at the idea of any one being so wanting in patriotism as to refuse to uphold the honour of his University when called upon. His indignation was suddenly checked by a twinge from a favourite corn caused by the inequalities of Ram Yard paving-stones.

As they emerged into Bridge Street, a party of mud-bespattered individuals met them returning from the foot-drag; Wilson, in all the pride of whip and horn, at their head, and Rowley in the midst.

'I didn't know you went out with the beagles,' said Marston, addressing the latter; 'did you find a hare?'

'Yes, we had two pretty good runs, and killed one hare.'

'The beagles used to be rare fun at Eton, but I haven't ever been able to go out with them here, I'm always rowing.'

'I wish we'd had something of the sort at Harrow,' replied Rowley, 'paper chases were allowed for a time, and then the farmers kicked up such a row about them, that they were stopped. I saw Charlie Villars riding the drag,' he continued, 'they passed us out beyond the turnpike.'

Marston didn't evince much interest in Charlie, and proceeded to his rooms in the Old Court, leaving Rowley in conversation with a Musical-Society friend on the hall-steps, who was reminding him of his engagement to practise in the evening at his rooms.

He found three or four others there besides himself at eight o'clock, who sang duets together, or played the piano or violin after they had done tea, till they were tired of music, when some sat down to play whist, and one of the others induced Rowley (who seldom refused to do anything he was asked) to go with him to Brown's.

There was a languid pool going on, as usual at this time of the evening, and the medley of remarks that met the ear on entering was rather curious.

'Red on white—Green's your player—Tizzy with you, marker—Down, all the way—Ball up—Player in hand—Star one, sir?—Jigger, marker—D— my luck, that's the second time this evening.'

The latter remark came from Charlton, who had just been fluked into a pocket. He was generally to be seen in the pool-room in the evenings, and was supposed to have some chance of the Cue, which is played for in the Lent Term.

The ties had not yet been drawn, so that Charlton never played up to his game in the public room, hoping to get a little money on before his real form became known. *Facilis descensus Averno*, and Charlton was going down-hill rapidly. He was not vicious by nature, and might, a year ago, have thought twice about playing dark, or having recourse to those little artifices which men who like to get six to four the best of their friends don't scruple to resort to.

But he was becoming habituated to small underhand dealings of the kind from the unfortunate example of the men with whom he lived—

> 'Tis thus, that on the choice of friends
> Our good or evil name depends.'

It is a great misfortune to Cambridge being so near Newmarket. Many of the undergraduates whose tastes incline towards racing and such-like amusements, think it quite the thing to ape the trickery and false dealing which distinguishes the turf at the present day. Like the Spartan boy, they seem to think discovery alone is to be avoided, and that as long as they can practise cunning deceptions upon their friends and the public, and profit by them, it is a perfectly harmless proceeding, and

their cleverness rather to be applauded than otherwise. Till the aspect of the turf and the example of their older models materially change for the better, there will always be a race of budding swindlers at Cambridge (and at Oxford too), who only await the less confined air of the world to expand into full-blown blackguards. It is the fashion among some people to consider the ungentlemanlike proceedings of the turf as pardonable, because every one does the same. But the few bright exceptions to the general immorality would hardly like to be accused of these pardonable peccadilloes. Certainly the unprejudiced spectator turns away with loathing and disgust from such hideous roguery, and begins to cry down a sport which, harmless in itself, is the means of fostering such disregard of principle among men who call themselves *gentlemen.*

CHAPTER XX.

'And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.'—GOLDSMITH.

. . . . . 'Odora canum vis.'*—VIRGIL.

'The Cam and the Isis are to him (the don) better than all the waters of Damascus.'—C. LAMB.

VILLARS brought Rowley up into his room a few days after, to show him a small cur which he had just bought for twice its value from Laxton, the street dogmonger. Rowley, having lived lately with men of doggish propensities, knew all about the dogmen of Cambridge, Laxton amongst the number, and smiled when Charlie told him of his purchase. 'He'll only steal him again,' he said, 'and make you give him another half-sov. for finding him.'

'He's a jolly little beast, though—isn't he?' said Villars, fondling a smooth terrier cur, to which he had given the name of 'Toddy.'

'Doesn't your landlady object to your keeping him in your room?' asked Rowley.

* Hounds.

'She hasn't said anything about it yet. Let's take him out for a walk. I want to go to Death's to order a horse for the Fitzwilliam; will you come?'

'Talking of nothing else,' said Charlie, as they walked down Jesus Lane, 'had you a list of bills over five pounds sent in to your father?'

'No,' replied Rowley; 'I paid nearly all my bills at the end of the term.'

'Well, I had; all my riding-bills, and one or two others, a list of them. My father was horribly disgusted, and sat upon me awfully. It seems that there's some rule that every tradesman is obliged to send in a list to the tutor of any bills of his pupils over five pounds that are unpaid, and they forward them to each fellow's father, that he may see how his son's getting on. It's an awful nuisance; I didn't want my father to see my riding-bills at all. He lectured me for being extravagant, and paid them all, which was very jolly of him, I think.'

They had reached Death's by this time, and Tom Hills, the head ostler, replied to Charlie's inquiry for a horse, that he had a nice mare that hunted reg-lar with the Fitzwilliam. 'She's a first-rate fencer,' he said; 'the Honourable Grey rode her with the drag yester-day, and there ain't no faster mare in Cambridge across country—that there ain't; I'm not telling you no lie, Mr. Villars, she's a right good mare, she is. Mr. Carter he rode her with the Cambridgeshire hounds a Saturday last, and he says

when he come home, he says, 'Hills, that's a right good mare,' he says, 'and takes her fences splendidly,' he says. And I'm not a-goin' to deceive you, Mr. Villars,' continued Hills, as though he had been accused of telling a falsehood, 'as being a good customer, I wouldn't go for to put you upon a horse as I knowed wouldn't give satisfaction. There's Lord Rochfort, he wanted to ride her with the drag a Thursday, but I says, my lord, though you're an old customer, I says, I'm not a-goin' to let my horses out no more with the drag; it don't pay Mr. Death havin' his 'orses ridden as Lord Rochfort rides 'em. No more it don't, Mr. Villars; and it's a shame, it is, to go for to knock about a mare like this, I says, that's fit to hunt in Leicestershire, so she is.'

During Hills' oration Charlie had inspected the mare, and, finding her good-looking and up to his weight, engaged her.

'She'll go on the night before, I suppose,' he said, as they left the yard.

'She shall go, Mr. Villars,' answered Hills. 'The Honourable Grey, and the Honourable Lowry, and the Hearl of Castleton, has ordered 'orses to be taken on, and she'll go with them.' Hills here touched his hat suggestively. 'There was a little job a Saturday, Mr. Villars, with the drag.'

Charlie produced the expected gratuity, and they strolled back towards Trinity Street discussing the impropriety of extra tips to ostlers and grooms, who ought to be paid by their employers, instead

of continually boring their master's customers for fees.

Not many days after his recent purchase, Toddy began to show symptoms of incipient mange, and had to be taken to Callaby's, and left to be cured. Villars was highly indignant with Laxton for selling an animal to him which he must have known was going to be taken ill. But Laxton strongly asserted his innocence, and backed his oath with such confident offers to prove that the creature was in the enjoyment of perfect health when it left his hands, that it was impossible to get any satisfaction from him; and at Callaby's therefore Toddy remained.

Callaby's is a curious establishment, a sort of menagerie, or happy family (I have some doubts about their happiness), where the occupant of every cage is a moving tale of hungry melancholy. Piteous cries from every variety of vermin rend the noisome air. Owls, badgers, cats, ravens, curs, moribund rats, bulldogs, pigeons, guinea-pigs, and every species of dog or beast which can in any way minister to the amusement of the undergraduate mind, is to be found there. A harmless rabbit among other creatures, which is taken out periodically to be hunted by a dog, which has been trained not to kill it. As Callaby charged so much per hunt, he was rather disgusted one day when the dog's unruly passions got the better of his careful bringing-up, and he made an end of the rabbit. Callaby himself has seen better days,

and is now a perfect type of dog-vending honesty.

Pigeon-shooting he has, too, in his yard. The bird is tied to a string and potted at with bullets. There's a gentle excitement about the sport which the birds seem to enjoy, as their life is never in much danger, and they probably know that every bullet pays its way.

Callaby's is a great resort for doggy men on wet days; and here Villars met Cunningham and Travers one afternoon, when he had gone to inquire after his cur. He had not seen much of Travers since their first *rencontre* on his arrival. He never liked the man, and the mutual dislike of the sets they were in had widened the gulf which nature had already placed between them. Callaby had that instinctive perception of the gentleman, which men of his stamp usually do possess, and left his rats for a minute to show Villars how Toddy was going on.

'Rare sport here,' said Travers, as Charlie passed him, 'she's a rum un at rats;' pointing to a hideous white female bull-dog, 'kills 'em like a beauty.' Suddenly observing that her nose was bleeding, he lifted her out of the pit, and proceeded to give vent to various choice expressions in reference to those d—d vermin, as he washed her mouth.

More rats were brought out and put into the pit; Cunningham threw in his dog, and in a few seconds he had shaken their life out and stood quietly waiting for more.

Travers now proposed to go and draw the badger, giving a young rat to the owl on his way, and watching its prolonged death agony with much enjoyment.

Charlie didn't care for this kind of amusement, and left them.

In the evening, after some difficulty, he persuaded his tutor to give him an *absit* to sleep at Huntingdon that night, and drove over there after dinner in a fly with Egerton, Castleton, and Grey. The others were going to ride over in the morning. But as Barnwell Wold was about thirteen miles the other side of Huntingdon, and Huntingdon sixteen from Cambridge, these four preferred doing it comfortably, and riding on fresh the next day.

They had breakfast ready for eight or ten at the 'George,' and before nine o'clock the others came dropping in, some riding and some driving, there being no morning train to suit the Fitzwilliam. Most of them were in pink and high spirits, so that breakfast was a lively meal, and galloping to cover in a heap afterwards had a warming effect on body and soul.

The Cambridge contingent mustered pretty strong to-day, much to the discontent of the members of the hunt, who don't much care about the random style of riding that Cambridge men are given to.

A fox was found almost immediately in Barn-

well Wold, and after galloping up and down the rides for a quarter of an hour they got away. A good ring, and back again to the same covert, where they got upon a fresh fox, and had a hunting run of a couple of hours in the contrary direction to Huntingdon, and eventually lost. Other coverts were drawn blank, and at half-past three, when the hounds went home, the Cambridge party found themselves nineteen miles from Huntingdon, and nine or ten from their hacks. Villars had not been riding very much this term and was pretty tired when he got back to Huntingdon; and thankful enough that he had a fly waiting there and had not to ride to Cambridge.

Lowry, Lawton, and two or three more, although they had ridden from Cambridge in the morning, were going to ride all the way back; and didn't appear the least done with their day. They had ridden, taking the hunting at ten and twelve, about eighty miles in the day, and most of it fast going. Such is hunting with the Fitzwilliam. The nearest meet is twenty miles from Cambridge, and that a bad one.

The want of hunting is a great drawback to the enjoyment of men who care for riding. Oxford is a long way ahead in this respect. Men who hunt at any cost find it comes very expensive too, having to go so far to meets. What with hacks, and traps, and groom's expenses, and so forth, unless a man rides his own horses, a day with

the Fitzwilliam comes to five or six pounds of good money.

The trains don't run to suit the hunting public, and Selby Lowndes doesn't often come within reach of the 8.10 train.

The Oakley sometimes have sport; but you may miss the last train from Bedford at five o'clock, and then where are you?—at Bedford for the night without an *absit*—unpleasant situation!

The Cambridgeshire, unfortunately, cannot show any sport. They occasionally have a fine burst over a ploughed field and then lose their fox. (Things may have altered since the time of which I write.)

Flack's hariers have a run sometimes, but Mr. Flack is shy of having his meets known to University men, as the scum of the riding crew go out and ride over his hounds, and drive the unfortunate master wild with their ungentlemanlike behaviour.

There is, I believe, a railway open now to the Pytchley, but it's a long way to go for a middling country.

Racing men, or rather would-be racing men, would hardly care to give up Newmarket in exchange for a little better and more convenient hunting; but Oxford is certainly to be congratulated on having so many packs of hounds, and no Newmarket.

When Villars arrived at his rooms again about seven o'clock, he found an invitation to the Lodge for the next evening, which he wrote to accept.

Egerton and some others were also asked, and Castleton was going to dine.

'I've never been asked to dine,' said Grey, as the Lodge was being discussed; 'so I never go to stand-ups.'

'I was asked to go in the evening, last term,' said Lowry, 'and I didn't go; and then I was asked to dinner.'

Charlie went in with Egerton next night, and found a crowd of other undergraduates standing about the door talking to one another. There had been a dinner-party before, and the people who had been dining were sitting about the rooms talking, with others who had come in afterwards. But no undergraduate was sitting, and only one or two mixing with the rest of the company. It is not etiquette for undergraduates to sit when the Lodge condescends to extend his hospitality into that lower region in which they are supposed to live; and so they stand about the door, and sometimes the Master or his wife graciously speaks to one or two of them, and sometimes does not. After a time they slink out again, delighted with the evening's entertainment; and not having a much higher opinion of dons and dons' wives, who look with the greatest contempt upon the undergraduate—some of them probably with reason, having their own small colleges to judge from—unless he is a noble lord, or titled in some way.

From being accustomed to be made much of in his own small sphere, the don grows daily in his own

conceit, and forms the most extravagant ideas of his own importance, which he can air with satisfactory results in the presence of undergraduates; but which he finds is entirely unappreciated as soon as he leaves the colleges of his University behind.

I once heard a don tell an undergraduate to make way for him on the pavement, because he was an M. A. All dons are not so absurdly silly as this poor creature was: but their prevailing idea, I believe, is their immense superiority over the rest of the world, which they take to consist of undergraduates.

The younger don is often of a more genial and less contracted turn of mind. It is only from constant intercourse with the narrowing influences of the society in which he lives, that he grows in donnish propensities; and as he ascends step by step to be head of a house, develops that grand contempt for the world below which characterizes his condescending intercourse with it. The don who is a man of the world is looked upon with suspicion by his fellow-dons, while at the same time he often excites their admiration for social qualities, which to their limited experience are comparatively unknown.

On the whole, though there are many very pleasant exceptions, who are dons in name only, they are a *gens inimica mihi.*

Perhaps, after all, it is as well for the discipline of the University that there should always be war between the two parties. I don't suppose till the

lion lies down with the lamb we shall find the real don making his bed with the undergraduate. *Procul, o procul este, profani,* has long been their motto, and will probably long continue to be so.

CHAPTER XXI.

'Seu lentum ceroma teris, tepidumve trigona,
Sive harpasta manu pulverulenta rapis;
Plumea seu laxi partiris pondera follis;
Sive levem cursu vincere quæris Athan.'

MARTIAL.

'De gustibus non est disputandum.'

'I BET you don't guess what I've been doing to-day, Charlie,' said Rowley one night at rehearsal in the A.D.C.

'I don't know, I'm sure,' answered Villars. 'Running with the drag?'

'Snipe-shooting.'

'Where?' asked Charlie in astonishment.

'In the fens. I went over with Wilson. We cut second lecture, and started at ten o'clock; wandered about all day, and saw one jack snipe, which we got at last, after firing about a dozen shots at him.'

'Do you mean to say that's all you got?'

'We shot a lot of larks, and a hare. The man said the moon wasn't right for the snipe to be in the fen.'

'It doesn't sound very lively.—There's Douglas

calling you,' and Rowley started up to take his part in the next room.

'Why are you not acting this term, Harry?' asked Villars, turning to Egerton, who was always known by his Christian name.

'I haven't time. I'm in for my Little Go. I believe I shall be ploughed as it is. The Snipe's an awful duffer to take a part. Little Brown says he won't get through if he does.'

'The Snipe' was a *sobriquet* of Neville's; a small, sharp-featured, but good-looking boy; who was made a plaything of by his friends. 'Little Brown' was the name by which a popular coach was known.

'When do the University sports come off, Maxwell?' asked Egerton presently of one of the chief athletes, who was reading a newspaper on one of the sofas.

'Next Wednesday,' said Maxwell, looking up. 'What are you going to run in?'

'I don't think you'll catch me undressing for the benefit of the public,' returned Egerton, laughing. 'I suppose you're going to win everything?'

'I wish I was.'

'Isn't Turner rather a swell?' asked Villars; 'he won a lot of things in the third Trinity sports last term.'

'Yes, but he had no one to run against. He may win the two miles. He hasn't pace enough for the shorter distances.'

'Supers on,' cried Douglas, coming into the room,

and the new members of that term and last were herded on to the stage to learn their uninteresting part.

Next day Neville persuaded Charlie to come and take a lesson in tennis at the old court. The latter had no idea of the game, and looked on for some time at Neville playing with the marker; and despaired of ever mastering the intricate problems of chases, grilles, and winning galleries.

However, after a time he fancied that he had picked up something. He observed that frequently the ball struck a projecting buttress in the far court, and that very often when it did so, Henry (the marker) called 'Vantage!' so he decided that this buttress was called from some reason or other 'vantage.' He was puzzled, though, to understand why, on making what appeared to be a good stroke, he should come out with a good hearty 'deuce;' and more puzzled when he found that he forgot himself in this way impartially, whether the stroke was a good or bad one. A more intimate acquaintance with the marking of the game afterwards showed him that the buttress was not 'vantage,' and that Henry was not put out when he called 'deuce,' these being merely figures by which the game was called. Neville tried to explain the unaccustomed terms while they watched some others playing; but tennis is not learned in a day, and he recommended Villars to come and practise with the marker in the morning; which he occasionally did during the rest of the term.

As there were rehearsals at seven in the evening, Charlie went to hall at half-past five. He met Marston on his way, who saluted him with,—

'You don't mean to say you're going to hall?'

'Why not?'

'I thought you were much too great a swell for that.'

Villars looked rather annoyed; and Marston continued,—

'I haven't seen you there this term.'

'I go now and then. You've cut our end of the table, or else you'd have seen me.'

Marston, Gordon, and their Eton friends, usually occupied a different corner of the table to that where he used to sit the term before with Villars, Russell, and Rowley.

Villars was welcomed as an unusual guest by his friends at his particular corner, and Russell made way for him at the end.

'I haven't seen you for a long time,' he said. 'I suppose you're riding all day. By-the-bye,' he continued, 'will you go in for the Harrow scratch fours? they're rowed next week.'

'Training would be such a bore,' said Villars.

'Oh! but you don't train at all. It's more for a joke than anything else. Half the men who go in have never rowed before.'

Charlie said he might put his name down if he liked, and Russell promised to let him know when the crews were drawn. 'Some beer, Lord Palmer-

ston,' to a gyp who was dignified with that name, 'and please to draw it mild.'

'Did you hear of Charlton getting proctorised for driving on Sunday?' asked Rowley.

'No; was he?' exclaimed the others.

'The proctor met him coming back from Newmarket with some other men in a dog-cart, and sent for him next day.'

'How did he know he was a University man?'

'I fancy he's pretty well known, he told me the other day that he'd had a regular scrimmage with one of the bulldogs a few days before. He bolted from the proctor, and tripped up and came to grief in a gutter, and they caught him. He cheeked the proctor, and wouldn't give him his name.'

'Rather bad form,' said Villars. 'I was proctorised the other night,' he added, 'I walked down a proctor's throat round a corner. He was very civil, took off his cap, and asked why I was going about without a cap and gown, and told me to go to my room to get them.'

'Weren't you fined then?'

'Yes, of course; I had to give him my name and college, and the bulldog came next morning for six-and-eightpence.'

'I don't think I've met a proctor this term,' said Rowley.

'Nor I, till that evening; it was rather hard lines.'

'Some man once sent the proctor a cheque for his six-and-eightpence,' said Russell.

'Another fellow I believe sent it to him in coppers, and said he knew the benevolence of the proctor's heart, and sent him the money in the form best adapted for charitable purposes.'

'I should reply "Walker," to that story,' said Russell. 'Besides, the fines don't go to the proctor.'

'Don't they?' returned Villars. 'I don't know —I believe the story to be a fact, though.'

After hall they adjourned to Rowley's rooms,

'To laugh, and chaff, and quaff brown sherry,'

until it was time to go to rehearsal.

'I suppose you're reading hard, Russell?' said Villars, when there was a pause in the conversation.

'Yes, pretty well.'

'You'll get a first in your May, won't you?—I shall have to begin to read soon.'

'You'll have to put on a spurt next term,' said Russell, 'as you haven't read for the last two.'

'Do you read, Rowley?' asked Villars, turning to him.

'I go to my coach three times a-week,' was the reply, 'and do papers for him sometimes; but I can't read by myself, I go to sleep.'

'You'll be playing cricket next term, too?' said Russell.

'Rather; they're going to begin cricket next week on the Trinity ground.'

'In the middle of March?—cold work.'

'They've been playing on Parker's piece for a

long time. I got a fellow to give me a few balls there the other day. I long for cricket to begin again,' continued Rowley, 'there's nothing like it.

'Rowing beats it,' said Russell.

'Does it!' returned Rowley, standing up in defence of his favourite pursuit; 'rowing's nothing but hard grind up and down the same water every day—it's not half as fine a sport as cricket.'

'It's much finer exercise, and requires much more endurance, and pluck, and self-denial, than cricket.'

'Yes, I daresay you want a good deal of pluck to row in a race, but cricket requires all sorts of other qualities—like patience, judgment, coolness, eye, and a lot of others.'

'You don't call "eye" a quality?'

'Perhaps it isn't a quality, but quickness of eye can be cultivated by practice and perseverance, just as you can get up your muscle by hard rowing.'

'Well, I'd sooner row in the 'Varsity boat than play at Lord's any day.'

'I wouldn't. You ruin your constitution, and what use is rowing to you after you've left here?'

'I don't see why you should ruin your constitution; lots of men who have rowed in the University crew are as healthy as you like, and a man who has rowed against Oxford is a much greater swell than ——'

'I'm blowed if he is!' said Rowley, breaking in. 'You can't mention any rowing-man who's as well known generally as Smith.'

'Yes, I can,—Jones.'

'Fellows up here know, of course, who he is; but I bet you no one from here, except rowing-men, know him.'

'Well, none but cricketing-men know Smith.'

'Don't they? everybody's heard of *him*.'

'So they have of Jones.'

Charlie, who had been listening with some amusement to the discussion, thought it would be judicious to turn the conversation at this point, and suggested that it was time to go to the A. D. C. Rowley's warmth immediately subsided, and he laughed with Russell over his own eagerness as they walked across the court to the gate, both agreeing to differ for the present on the respective merits of their pursuits.

Russell turned off towards Pratt's to look in at the pool-room, and Villars and Rowley continued their way to the A. D. C.

CHAPTER XXII.

'Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.'*—HORACE.

THE afternoon was a fine one towards the end of March, and Fenner's (cricket-ground) was gay with female dons, tradesmen and their families, and the *élite* of the Cambridge fashionable world, who had come out for to see men clothed in light raiment contending for athletic honours.

There were eight or ten events on the card, but the first heat only of some of the races was to be run that day.

'Putting the weight' was the first amusement, if such it can be called, and the Queen's man, who won, received the mental thanks of the spectators for bringing it to an end.

The hurdle-race followed, in which Rowley had been persuaded by Fellowes to run; but the greater height of the hurdles, and the short distances between them, compared with what he had been used to at Harrow, brought him to grief at the third or

* Consistent in every character.

fourth. He had been a very fair runner at Harrow, had won his house hurdle-race, and run second for the school, but had not gone in for athletics since he came up to Cambridge; and was not, therefore, in training or practice for running against men who spent their afternoons in going over the course. The bell rang again for the quarter of a mile, in which Turner and Maxwell were to meet; there were four other entries, but the race lay between the two former. Maxwell started off at a tremendous pace, hoping to make it too hot for Turner, and went up the hill in fine style; but Turner keeping his head, in obedience to the advice of his friends, who ran along with him, lay behind till they passed the old pavilion, when the pace began to tell upon Maxwell, and he gradually drew back. Turner picked up step by step, and when they passed the gate, put on a splendid spurt, and got within a yard of him in front of the pavilion—caught him up within five yards of the post—and managed to get in half a yard before him, amid tremendous cheering.

His victory was due more particularly to the judicious advice of his trainers, and the tremendous running Maxwell had made up the hill. So much, indeed, had the latter taken out of himself that he had to be helped into the pavilion to recover from his exhaustion—'quatit æger anhelitus artus.'

There was some form shown in the High Jump which followed.

'Five feet four looks well for us against Oxford,'

said Maxwell to Egerton, who was standing with Villars at the door of the pavilion.

'When *are* the sports between Oxford and Cambridge?' asked the latter.

'Saturday week—we go to Oxford. I advise you to come; you're sure to meet a lot of Oxford men you know.'

The walking-race followed, and was rather a tedious concern. The winner did his six miles within the hour, and didn't look happy at the end of it. Seven miles in the hour has been done at Cambridge, which is pretty tall walking for a short man.

Pole-jumping and throwing the hammer were included in this day's card, and the five-mile race brought the proceedings to a close. The man who won this race was in the habit of running the same distance round Fenner's, and sometimes further, every day of the term. If there had been a ten-mile race he would have won it, without being a bit more distressed, and would, to all appearance, have gone on with that steady, swinging action all day, if required.

There was a general move to the gate after this race, and Egerton and Villars got into their pony-trap, which was waiting, and drove down to have a look at the University boat, which went down at half-past four this afternoon in consideration of the sports.

The crew when in training are obliged to forego the delicate dishes of their College hall at the appe-

tising hour of half-past four, and dine early on good substantial food.

The pony-trap made its way through Barnewell, up the Newmarket Road, and down the lane to the Plough; where they had not long to wait before the boat came past at a swinging pace. The crew had settled down into their places by this time and rowed well together, putting it on well at the beginning, but always with that short quick stroke which even a long series of defeats has not induced them to alter. The crew was a strong and heavy one, with three of last year's oars, so that the fancy were sanguine of winning. There was not much chance of any further change before the race, unless some one was knocked up by the training, which is a severe test of endurance. Hard work every day for five weeks. Beefsteaks, limited beer, and early hours, are healthy enough; it is the hard training in the boat which tries the strength.

'The 'Varsity,' as boating men delight to call it, having passed, Egerton and Villars returned to Cambridge discussing its form; a subject about which they knew very little.

The former proceeded to his coach, and Villars looked in at the A. D. C., where a farce was being rehearsed.

There is no performance in the Lent term now; the Trinity dons, who consider it their privilege to order all University arrangements, thinking that as there were so many men reading for their Little Go, or degree, or May examination, in this term, their

getting through would be greatly facilitated by removing the distractions of the A. D. C. This was a more or less sensible plea; but the other which they advanced, founded on religious scruples, that it was not right to have theatricals in Lent, savoured rather of the precise piety of elderly spinsters.

Early in the ensuing week the Harrow fours were rowed. There were five or six boats entered, composed of crews out of which one or two at least had seldom or never rowed before. The consequence of course was a most delightful confusion, which generally ended in one or more boats being swamped.

The victims on the present occasion were Villars' crew. Two of his boat were good oars, but the coxswain had never steered before, and No. 2 had never rowed before; so that soon after starting he caught the inevitable crab, and trying to right himself upset the boat. No accident happened further than this, as the boatmen on the bank hauled them out with boat-hooks, or otherwise assisted them to land.

Villars struck work after this, and vowed he wouldn't go down again. The others, too, were not over-keen about it, as it was hopeless to expect to win with such an undoubted duffer in the boat.

Charlie was considerably chaffed by his non-rowing friends in the evening at the A. D. C., and made up his mind that this should be his last appearance on the river.

There was a fuller attendance every night this term at the performances, which were growing in

favour and repute in the University. Vivian's get-ups were particularly good; he had laid his sisters under contribution to furnish his head-dresses, and some of his other garments, and the result was a decided success. The ladies were delighted at seeing a man looking so like one of themselves, and praised the management of his petticoats deservedly.

No one could have suspected that male legs walked so gracefully beneath that floating mass of tulle, and he never was guilty of the enormity of crossing his legs before the audience, as other male females have been seen to do.

The end of March was now approaching, and the weather was unusually mild for the season. The cricket element therefore was already busy at work on the Trinity ground. Not that mildness of weather is required to bring it out. Infatuated men have been seen to play in snow and east winds; indifferent to the fact that they are spoiling the ground for the real cricket season by playing on it when it is wet and soft. Rowley had been made a member of the T. C. C., and induced Villars, though not yet elected, to practise with him one cold afternoon after they had attended a congregation in the Senate-house. The Classical Tripos list had come out on the previous day, and most of the men who had been in took their degrees at this congregation. The galleries were filled with the usual mob of undergraduates, who made the usual inane remarks; told the Public Orator that he really *must* speak up, applauded the Vice-Chancellor for having 'well sat

down,' when he took his seat to confer the degrees; and cheered the popular tutors; giving a chorus occasionally of 'He's a jolly good fellow.'

Neither Villars nor Rowley had been up into the gallery on one of these occasions before. They were rather amused, therefore, with the proceedings, but disappointed with the undergraduate wit, which is supposed to flash from these Senate-house galleries with dazzling brilliancy. The small college men are generally the medium through which the thin stream filters; but they fail to keep up in the Senate-house the repute which they doubtless enjoy among the appreciating intellects of their own small spheres.

The Trinity ground was brilliant with the varied colours of the early cricketer, a long line of practising wickets all filled, and balls flying in all directions in dangerous proximity to bowlers' heads. How is it that so few people are killed or damaged at cricket? at practising more particularly; where there are hard hitters all round doing their best to cut one off from every side.

Villars thought it rather cheek his taking a wicket when he wasn't a member. But Rowley assured him that his name being down it wouldn't matter, and continued to bowl to him till Charlie was tired of seeing his stumps go down after every straight ball, and Rowley went in.

Egerton came up presently with Neville fresh from their Little Go examination, and bowled to Rowley for exercise.

'How did you get on?' asked Villars.

'Ploughed to a certainty,' was the reply, 'I don't believe I did three questions right. Brown says I'm through, but I don't believe it. Beautiful!' he exclaimed, as Rowley's leg bail succumbed to a break-back, which Egerton was perfectly innocent of intending. 'I'll have a ball or two,' he added, as Rowley asked if he wouldn't go in. 'Now, Charlie, see if I don't cut you about,' he said, as he took Rowley's bat.

The ground soon began to clear, as it was getting near hall time; and Egerton and Neville, as they were reading, hurried away to dine.

'You're coming to supper with me to-morrow night, of course?' said Villars, as he walked with Rowley up the Trinity Avenue.

Rowley had no other engagement and would be delighted. He inquired presently how it was they asked fellows to other men's rooms that they didn't know.

'Oh! you put up a notice in the room,' replied Villars, 'of tea at your place, on such a night; and then every body comes and brings any one else—I've asked Charlton,' he continued, 'I thought I ought to.'

'He paid me a visit the other morning,' said Rowley: 'I don't know why.—But he sat in my room for about twenty minutes, spitting on the floor, and dropping his cigar-ashes all over the place.'

'I do think that is such a beastly habit,' said

Villars. 'Why should one's room be treated like a pot-house parlour?'

They had arrived at Rowley's rooms by this time and Villars went up for a moment.

'Charlton told me among other things,' said Rowley, 'that Roeper's man—you know the fellow I mean—came to him with patterns or something of the kind, and wouldn't leave the room; so he took him by the scruff of the neck, and kicked him down stairs.'

'I don't believe it.'

'I believe it's a fact. The man was laid up for a week, and Charlton had to pay his expenses.'

Rowley here dived into his gyp-room in the vain hope of finding some beer which he had left in the morning. Dante's motto 'Abandon hope, all ye who enter here,' might be inscribed over gyp-room doors; for if any one ever hopes to find anything left within, that has once come into the hands of his bedmaker, he must be of a very sanguine disposition —of course there was no beer.

'You don't mean to say you keep accounts,' said Charlie, seeing an important-looking account-book lying on the table.

'Yes, I do. I put down everything I spend.'

'I tried it once, but I couldn't keep it up. I never could get them to come right, and it used to irritate me finding a few pence wrong. I used generally to make them right by putting down what was wrong to "benevolence;" "charitable purposes—a

penny;" "relief of the poor—fourpence;" it filled up very well.'

'Satisfactory way of keeping accounts,' said Rowley, laughing.

'I don't see the use of it, after all; you know what money you have; and when it's gone, you know you haven't got it any longer; so that it is no use bothering yourself to be sure that it's gone.'

'I think it's satisfactory to know how it goes, though,' said Rowley. 'I'm going to hall,' he continued, taking up his cap and gown. 'You're not coming?'

'No; don't forget to-morrow night.'

To-morrow night went off very well; Villars' landlord superintending the arrangements of cups and glasses, and so forth. The supper was as good as suppers from the kitchens usually are, and the champagne was not of Cambridge growth.

The next week was to see the end of the term. The University crew had already gone to Putney, and some of the smaller colleges had gone down. General meetings were being held of clubs for the election of new committees, and Little Go men were more than half through their labours. The last preliminaries had been settled for the Oxford and Cambridge steeplechase at Aylesbury, and the riding element were in as much excitement about this as the boating men were about the boat-race. The inter-University steeplechase, one may say, concerns individuals only, and many men are unconscious of

its existence, while the boat-race is a national event, and as interesting to the general world as the result of the Derby.

There was an examination on Tuesday and Wednesday before the *exeats* were signed, and on Thursday most men went down. Many stay up altogether during the Easter vacation, to read for various examinations—Scholarships—the May—poll degree in June, or the Voluntary—so that if the weather is fine, and cricket feasible, the three weeks may be made to pass quickly enough. Talking of the Voluntary, which is an examination for men going into the Church, called 'the Voluntary' on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, because it is more or less compulsory—it is curious to notice the kind of life some men lead who are going afterwards to take orders. If you see a man plunged in the lowest kind of debauchery and dissipation, betting, racing, swearing, and doing everything that a clergyman ought not to do, you may be almost sure that he is going into the Church. It may be that they are making hay while the sun shines, that they know they haven't much time for what they consider the enjoyment of life, and are therefore making the most of it; but it's a fact, that the fastest men of Cambridge of late years either are, or will be some day, *ornaments* of the Church. Livings, perhaps, are in waiting for some; others have had their line in life chalked out for them by inexorable parents, who don't take the trouble to consider their fitness for the profession assigned, and the consequence is, that

they enter upon it with the fumes of debauchery still hanging thickly around them.

> 'Well may the church wage unsuccessful war
> With such artillery arm'd.'

Such men would not be able to understand the scruples of George Morley; their turf-training would have taught them that it would be egregious folly to refuse a good thing; and looking upon their profession merely as a means of increasing their income, they often don't consider it necessary to alter much their course of life, when they have actually entered the Church. There are occasionally signal instances of a complete change of habits and putting off of the old man, but they are few and far between; and the edification to be obtained from the sermon of a man whom you have known as notorious for his bad language and bad habits can never be very great, even if he has the capacity to string a certain number of moral sentences together.

There is very little chance of Cowper's model clergyman being made out of such materials:

> 'Decent, solemn, chaste
> And natural in gesture; much impress'd
> Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
> And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
> May feel it too.'

It would be better that there should be a still greater scarcity of candidates than there is, rather

than that the list should be swelled by men who are so egregiously unfit—or careless of fitness, for a calling for which the qualifications are something more than mere freedom from vicious tastes.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ΦΕ. Φίλων, ἀδικεῖς· ἴλαυνε τὸν σαυτοῦ δρόμον.*
ARISTOPHANES.

'*Green.* Heaven save your majesty! and well met, gentlemen.'—*Richard II.*, Act ii. Scene 2.

THE Oxford steeplechases at Aylesbury were to be on Wednesday and Thursday, the inter-University race on the latter day. Lawton, Carter, and Lowry were to ride for Cambridge, and if it was agreed to start four a side, Castleton was to be the fourth. Lawton and Carter were to ride their own horses, and Lowry a second one of Lawton's. The latter being a noble lord, had persuaded the Dean to let him go down on Wednesday, and had ridden in one of the open races on that day. He could therefore give the others the benefit of his experience of the course when they walked over it on Thursday.

Villars and Egerton, and several more, took Aylesbury on their way to town, and arrived there in time for the second race.

They were laying a slight shade of odds on

* Philo, I shall lodge an objection, you're crossing me.

Cambridge, and Lawton, having won a race the day before and shown some good riding, was a hot favourite.

A few minutes before three o'clock the saddling bell rang, and the six riders were soon mounted, three in light blue jackets and caps and three in dark blue.

They're off! All in a heap to the first fence, where Lawton gets shut out, and has to pull up and go at it again, getting left considerably in the rear in consequence. He picks up a little before the next fence, where one of the Oxford men comes a regular 'howler,' and is out of the race. They all clear the brook, come round the Stand, and keep away to the right front, Lawton still some way behind—the other four pretty well together.

After a couple more fences, an Oxford and a Cambridge horse cannon, and both are knocked out of time. Cambridge is up again first, and after the leading horses, which Lawton is gradually drawing up to. And now they are turning for home, Oxford leading by a couple of lengths, followed by three light blues; Carter a few lengths a-head of Lawton. They come over the last fence in the same order, and the Cambridge riding tells in the straight; the Oxford man can't finish, and is passed by Carter first, and then by Lawton, who brings up his horse *à la Custance*, and wins by half a length; Carter second, Oxford man third.

There was some talk of an objection being lodged against Lowry for cannoning against the

second Oxford horse, but as one was quite as much in fault as the other it was withdrawn; and Cambridge in the person of Lawton carried off the Cup which had been subscribed for by the two Universities.

Charlie started off with Egerton after the race was over, to catch the next train for London; the latter going to his own house, and Villars staying at the Euston Hotel for the couple of nights he was to be in town.

They dined at Francatelli's, and went to the play together, and afterwards to Evans's, which was crowded with University men, discussing the prospects of their respective boats.

On Friday night it was infinitely more crowded. It was rumoured that Royalty occupied one of the boxes above. Nearly all the University men in London turned up there between eleven and one o'clock, and the row and confusion of tongues was deafening.

There were loud calls at twelve o'clock for Sidney, who was enthusiastically applauded on appearing, and sang his song on the 'Signs of the Times and your A. B. C.' amid repeated interruptions,—half the room joining in the chorus.

Charlton was standing on one of the tables with his betting-book in his hand, and a drunken expression about his face, offering to take the odds about Cambridge as often as anybody liked, but could not come to terms with any one. He had backed Oxford some time before at even money, and

now wanted six to four to a small amount as a hedge, the last accounts from Putney being favourable to Cambridge.

'Are you going down to the boat-race?' asked Rowley, coming up to Villars.

'I promised to go down with Egerton yesterday, but I didn't know it was going to be at eight o'clock. One would have to get up about half-past six.'

'I shall go, if it doesn't go on raining like it is now.'

'Egerton said he'd meet me here. Have you seen him?'

'No,' answered Rowley; 'but I see he's through his Little Go.'

'How do you know?' asked Villars, eagerly.

'That's the list over there,' said Rowley, pointing to the mirror near the door.

'Is it? let's go and look at it. Well done, Harry,' Charlie exclaimed, when he found his name. 'First-class!—I'm awfully glad.—Here is the beggar,' he added, catching sight of Egerton at the door.

'Am I through?' asked Egerton, hurrying up.

'First-class.'

'Hurrah! I thought I was certain to be ploughed. Who else is through? I heard the Snipe had gone a mucker. Hard lines after grinding for such a time. I shall have something to drink,' he continued, 'on the strength of this. Waiter,—sherry and seltzer, and a lump of ice.'

'What about the boat-race?' said Villars; 'it's going to be at eight o'clock.'

'Yes, I know. I think it's too early; besides, it's raining hard now, and it'd be so infernally uncomfortable.'

So they agreed to give it up for this year, and were very glad afterwards that they had, as it was a horrible morning, and a hollow race.

Charlie met Marston next day, who told him that he was well out of it; he (Marston) had been on the umpire's boat, and had got almost wet through. Oxford had rowed away from Cambridge the whole distance, and there wasn't anything like a race at any point of the course. 'Crowds of people,' he said, 'banks lined with umbrellas, and four or five steamers rolling about full of men, trying hard to swamp the boats. I'm glad I went down all the same, now it's over, though it was deuced uncomfortable.'

London was swarming with undergraduates, many of them parading the streets with rosettes of dark or light blue, or with their colours somewhere about their persons. There were ladies in blue, cabmen in blue, horses in blue, and everybody looking blue, from the nature of the weather. Every young man was set down by every old man as an undergraduate, much to the discontent of some, who flattered themselves they did not smack so distinctly of the University.

The billiard-matches were played in the afternoon—at least one of them, the double match, which

Cambridge won. But winning a billiard-match is a poor consolation for losing a boat-race.

In the afternoon of Saturday Charlie went home for a fortnight, and came in for the last of the hunting, returning to town with his family for a few days before going to Cambridge.

London was beginning to fill, the Easter recess was over, and many Cambridge men were to be seen in the Park in the morning, or what Charlton called 'doing the Burlington,' late in the afternoon.

'That's the sort of man I can't stand,' said Egerton one morning to Charlie, as they were riding in Rotten Row, the conversation having turned upon Charlton and creatures of a similar nature.

'They think they're doing the correct thing by sauntering up and down the Burlington Arcade or the Park, staring at every woman they meet. I wonder you talk to that fellow Charlton; he must be an awful cad.'

'I can't well cut him,' replied Villars; 'he was in my house at Harrow.'

'He dresses in such an awful way. Bright blue coat, flaring satin scarf, light bags, and yellow gloves.'

'He thinks he's no end of a swell,' said Villars.

'He may be that,' returned Egerton, 'but he doesn't look like a gentleman. Isn't that Lawton?' he added, pointing to a man riding a black horse in front.

'It looks like his seat,' said Charlie, and they cantered up to him, and found that it was his seat. He had returned the day before from a steeplechase meeting at Bedford.

'Won my race,' he said; 'walked away from them. I was offered a couple of hundred for Black Eagle.'

'Did you take it?'

'Not I; he's worth a good deal more than that. You're not coming back to Cambridge this afternoon, I suppose?'

The other two denied any consciousness of such intentions, and Lawton continued, 'I want to go down once or twice next term, and I've lost two, so I have to go up early to keep it.'

'You'll find one or two fellows up there for professor's certificates,' said Egerton.

'What a nuisance!' exclaimed Lawton, suddenly reminded that he ought to have been in for this examination too; 'I forgot all about this confounded professor, and I don't believe there are any lectures next term.'

'You'll have to come up in the October term.'

A certificate of having passed the examination of one of the University professors (who lecture once a week in certain terms on different subjects) is required before a degree can be conferred. But it is possible to attend a set of these lectures, and get a certificate, after passing the ordinary degree examition. Men going in for honours are not required to attend professors' lectures, but very often do so from

choice; as the professors are always distinguished men in their particular lines, and much information is to be picked up from them in the weekly hour which they devote to the University.

On the following Monday Charlie returned to Cambridge, and found many men already there. There is not much to do in the Easter vacation; hunting is beginning to be out of season; there is no shooting; and fishing only in favoured localities; London is dull and empty, and there is more amusement to be found, and there are more friends to be met, at Cambridge than elsewhere; so that many return before the time.

CHAPTER XXIV.

'They boated, and they cricketed; they talked
At wine, in clubs, of art and politics;
They lost their weeks; they vext the soul of deans;
They rode, they betted, made a hundred friends,
And caught the blossom of the flying terms.'

TENNYSON.

LIVES there a Cambridge man who does not look back with pleasurable emotions upon his first May term, with its bathing, canoeing up to Granchester, cricket, boat-races, Newmarket, lounging at the college-backs or eating ices at Litchfield's; its sherry-cobblers and iced lemonade, and the hundred-and-one other mild delights amid which he dreamed the happy hours away? The only drawback to the complete enjoyment of the freshman's May term is the sense of an impending examination looming in the future, which must be read for, and for which he is obliged to give up cricket-matches in the country, and other seductive pleasures which are more in harmony with the sunny weather than the sombre atmosphere of a coach's back room.

Villars had not given much time as yet to his May subjects, and although he had been pretty regular at lectures, he had not gained any great amount of information from them.

Well-meaning dons as a rule lecture over the heads of their lecturees, who consequently pay little attention to what is going on, and as they are seldom asked to construe, they seldom prepare the subject beforehand. Accordingly, when the May examination approaches, the whole of the ground they have to go over is almost new to them.

When the system of education is laid down for the many, it seems a great mistake to lecture to the esoteric few. Not one man in ten is the least concerned about the variations in the reading of any particular line, and is utterly indifferent to the respective merits of the several manuscripts which are quoted. The consequence is that they never get interested in what they are doing; for if at any time the subject becomes amusing, the thread of their interest is rudely broken off by a dry and learned disquisition on a particle, and the impropriety of the author's placing it in such a position; an enormity which the astute lecturer implies that he never would have been guilty of himself, with his more intimate knowledge of the author's language. Similarly in mathematics, the lecturer generally takes too much knowledge for granted, and proceeds to work out his problems for the enlightened half dozen, while the majority of the lecture-room see

the result, but cannot tell whence it came or whither he may go next. So they give up in despair the attempt to follow, and learn nothing.

Villars' coach had had an easy time of it, as far as he was concerned, for the last two terms; but he now impressed upon him that if he wished to pass creditably he must attend more regularly during the next six weeks before the examination.

Charlie was a fair enough performer at mathematics, and still cherished hopes of going in for honours. He could read these subjects therefore—Trigonometry, Algebra, and Euclid, by himself, and put on a coach for the classical part.

It was very hard to give up the mornings always to reading, instead of lounging about the backs of the colleges in the warm sunshine, or lying under the shade of the weeping willows watching the current glide lazily by. It was harder still for Rowley, who was devoted to cricket, to give up matches in the country, and content himself with Fenner's and the Trinity ground; though he had cricket enough there to keep him from doing much reading. He had become a member of Fenner's, and had played in the eighteen freshmen on his reputation from Harrow; without however distinguishing himself, few freshmen do in their first match. However, the captain of the eleven was a Harrow man, and Rowley was played again soon after against Norfolk, with better success.

Charlie, at his instigation, had been made a

member of Fenner's also, but seldom practised there, thinking himself not good enough to play with all the swells of the University. He used therefore to indulge his taste for mild cricket on the Trinity ground, with Egerton and Neville generally, who were a little better than himself.

The second week after the term began the Newmarket 1st Spring Meeting was held, and Villars turned out with the rest of the world to see the Two Thousand. *Docet experientia*—this time he had a hack sent on to ride on the course, and drove over in a fly with Egerton and luncheon.

The road from Cambridge was like the Derby-day road to Epsom, on a small scale. Every variety of machine, from the stately drag to the lowly pony-trap, might be seen defiling through the turnpike; while the smooth grass along the roadside was being indented with many a hoof of hack.

At Bottisham, Egerton had the satisfaction of hearing that Gamester, the favourite, on which he had pinned his faith and his money, was at a shorter price; and Charlie, having drawn the same horse in the lottery, could sympathize in his satisfaction.

The Athenæum lottery was not much to win. Fifteen or twenty members at a sovereign each didn't make a great total; but twenty pounds is not always to be sneezed at.

Villars never betted; he had wisely followed the advice which an old stager had given him before

going up to Cambridge, never to bet with gentlemen; and many men had told him since, that it never paid in the long run.

Egerton dabbled a little in racing, and declared that when he ought to have won on the Derby of the last year, he had really lost considerably owing to men going down and forgetting to settle their debts; and others being hard up and unable to pay, and so forth.

Bookmakers, on the other hand, are obliged to have the money forthcoming, or they lose their character for solvency; and, besides, there is no occasion to scruple about asking them to pay; a proceeding which gentlemen like to avoid if possible between themselves.

The heath at Newmarket presented a very different appearance from the last time Charlie had been there, on the Cambridgeshire day. Everything, even the bare heath, looked bright and cheerful, with crowds of horsemen and pedestrians moving about it, and long lines of carriages which had taken up their positions for the great race—a great contrast to the gloom of a murky afternoon at the end of October. Their postilion conducted them down to the back of the Stand, and took out his horses under the hedge; while Rochfort's servant, who had shared the box-seat with the luncheon hampers, proceeded to unpack them.

Egerton had his own hack, which one of Death's men had brought over with Charlie's, and was walking up and down when they arrived.

'Are you coming into the betting-ring?' he said, as they mounted.

'I may as well if you're going,' said Villars; 'I'm not going to bet though.'

'It's hardly worth while then, you have to pay half a sov.'

Charlie, accordingly, took up his position outside the wire fencing amongst a lot of other horses and carriages, while Egerton gave his horse to a man to hold and went into the enclosure.

The numbers were just up for the second race, and the shouting of the bookmakers had begun. 'Two ponies to one I'll lay;' 'Here's ten pound to five on the field;' 'Some of these outsiders I'll bet against;' 'I'll lay two fifties;' and other ejaculations of a like nature were issuing from the stentorian lungs of the leviathans who took their pastime therein.

The horses were seen in the distance going down to the post, and in a few minutes the ring and enclosure were cleared; riders, carriages, and pedestrians, all scurrying across to the winning-post, or to some place near the ropes.

'I've backed the favourite for a trifle,' said Egerton, as he galloped across with Charlie to the other side of the course, where all the riders were collected.

They had hardly edged themselves in, when the flag fell, and in a minute afterwards the leading horses are at the ropes, past them like a flash, and the favourite beaten.

The next race was run with a similar result as regarded the favourite, and Egerton again selected the wrong one, but bore his losses apparently with perfect indifference.

After the next race they went to luncheon, where they found a crowd of other men, past or present, sitting or standing about the fly, in every stage of sandwich and cold food.

Egerton and one or two others scrambled through their luncheon and started off to the ring, where the numbers were just going up for the Two Thousand.

'Gamester's a hot favourite,' cried the former, meeting Charlie as he came out shortly after, 'I've just put another fiver on, and if he doesn't win I shall swear. Come up and look at the horses.'

Away they galloped to the crown of the hill, where the horses were making their way to the starting-post amongst a crowd of critics, who watched them take their preliminary canter, and then galloped back at speed to put a little more money on their favourite, if they liked his going.

Villars and Egerton looked them over as they gathered towards the starting-post, and then hurried back to take their places at the ropes, well pleased with Gamester's appearance. Not that they were judges, but they thought they knew something about it, and it was a harmless satisfaction.

The ring was empty again, the bookmakers had mounted their traps and were now ranged alongside the ropes standing on the roofs or box-seats, or wherever they could get their heads up; shouting

the odds to the last minute, and making frantic and perspiring exertions to write down the horses they were not yet full against.

Two to three horses were restive at the post, and it was a good half-hour before the white flag at the top of the hill went down. A dreadful half-hour it was for some, and even the bookmakers became gradually subdued as the time wore on and increased the nervous excitement of backers.

At last the flag is lowered, and in a second or two they are seen round the corner, Woodman making the running for Gamester at a rattling pace, a hundred yards in front of the rest. Down the hill they come, and Woodman draws back to his horses; and at the Bushes, drops behind with one or two others that are out of the race. Gamester lies over on the far-side, slightly behind Marksman and Fairplay, the only others it seems that he has to fear now. The pace has been severe and the rest of the field tail off, these three coming well to the front. Gamester creeps up along the ropes, and Marksman's jockey thinks he has Fairplay safe, and doesn't observe Gamester till they are within some dozen lengths of the winning-post. Till then he had not moved on his horse, but now he gets his whip out, and a vigorous set-to they have in the next few lengths.

The excitement is tremendous. The people near the ropes hold their breath as they race past neck and neck. Both jockeys are doing all they know, and it 's anybody's race till within a couple of

lengths of the post, when Custance comes with one of his splendid rushes, and lands Gamester the winner by a neck.

'Hurrah! old boy,' cried Villars, as Gamester's number went up, slapping Egerton on the back to let out his delight.

Egerton had been standing up in his stirrups while they were racing past, shouting 'Gamester wins!'—'Gamester!' in the most excited tones, and now the flush of excitement had died away and given place to a quiet look of satisfaction, which augured ill for the bookmakers.

'The Earl must have dropped a good lot,' he said, as they rode up to look at the horses returning to the paddock. 'I know he backed Marksman rather heavily.'

Castleton used to back his fancy in the most reckless way, and bid fair to run through his property almost before he came into it:—

'In squandering wealth was his peculiar art.'

He met them shortly after, and said carelessly that he had lost 'a little;' which 'little' represented a larger sum than he cared to name.

The races following the Two Thousand were not interesting, small fields of platers and a walk over, so that Charlie was not sorry when Egerton said that he didn't care about staying for the last race.

'You've won on the day, haven't you?' he asked when they had cleared the Heath.

'I'm just trying to see how I stand,' replied Egerton, looking over his book. 'Pretty well. I wish I'd backed Gamester for more, he was a certainty. I should have done very well if I hadn't lost on all the small races. As it is, I win forty on the day.'

Charlie thought he ought to be very well satisfied. But the betting man never is satisfied; he always ought to have done something which he did not do, or not done something which he did do; or he had hard lines in not being able to get on some horse that won; or was the victim of some other adverse circumstances, which made a considerable difference in his account.

Egerton would have thought last year that forty pounds was a good day's work, when he was taking sevens to four and fives to two. But increasing confidence brought a proportionate rise in the amount of his speculations, and it is not easy to say what he would have considered a good day now.

Many men went over to Newmarket every day, sometimes getting leave from hall, and sometimes coming back in time.

Villars, not being a betting man, contented himself with going over on the Thursday again for the One Thousand.

Charlton came up to him as he was riding back with Grey on this day, and asked him to dine with him the following night. Taken aback for the moment, he promised to do so, and repented of his

rashness the next minute. The prospect of meeting Charlton's friends was not a pleasant one; but there was no help for it now. Charlton informed him that he won four hundred over the Two Thousand; but as he was in the habit of considerably exaggerating his winnings that they might redound to his credit for acuteness, Charlie divided the amount in his own mind by four; and even then the result exceeded by some pounds the real sum that he had won.

He was not long troubled with Charlton's companionship, for Travers and Cunningham came by soon after, and he joined them; bucketing his wretched horse home to Cambridge, regardless of its remonstrances and flagging pace, which were a natural consequence of galloping to Newmarket in the morning and about the course all day.

It is true that the Cambridge hack fleeth because he is a hireling; but there is no reason why he should be ridden to death because he is a hireling. His powers of endurance may be put to any reasonable test on this plea, but cruelty to animals cannot be defended by such an argument, and spurring into a gallop a jaded beast that can hardly walk, when there is no necessity for it, comes decidedly under that head; and is by no means of unfrequent occurrence at Cambridge.

It is natural that no one should have respect for any hack's legs, or the contingency of their not lasting their allotted time, when the use of them is being heavily paid for, and they are not the

property of the rider. But then while the rider is amusing himself by going at a good pace along a hard road, he is not hurting the animal directly. The latter probably likes to hear the clatter of its own hoofs underneath, and does not see a long period of decrepitude and premature decay in a cab awaiting him in the future; any more than the schoolboy, who chumps his daily quantum of horrible sugar-plums, has visions of a toothless old age and grinning gums.

CHAPTER XXV.

πάντ' ὄσδιν θέρεος.*
THEOCRITUS.

'*Host.* Here, boys, here, here! Shall we wag?
'*Page.* Have with you;—I had rather hear them scold than fight.'—*Merry Wives of Windsor.*

In the summer term, any member of the College who prefers to dine in hall at two o'clock, instead of at half-past four, can do so by leaving his name at the Butteries. The majority of the undergraduates avail themselves of this privilege, two o'clock being a convenient time for luncheon, and chops, cold meat, and jellies a natural food for that time of the day.

Egerton had migrated from the second-year men's quarters, and taken his place with Villars and one or two more at the freshmen's table, in spite of the marker's objections; and after hall on Friday, having given up Newmarket for that day, and retired on his winnings, he proposed to show Charlie the way up to Granchester in a canoe.

The latter accordingly, after depositing his cap and gown at his rooms, and releasing Toddy (who

* All nature was bathed in summer fragrance.

was now reinstated in his lodgings), called for Egerton in the Market-place, and they proceeded down Trinity Lane to the boats at the bridge; choosing the uneven walking of Trinity Lane in deference to Toddy's feelings, which ran the risk of being outraged by the New Court porter if he was seen passing through college.

It was a charming afternoon, not a cloud upon the great blue vault overhead—the bridges and willows mirrored in the glassy surface of the river—the white walls and fretted roof of King's glistening in the afternoon sun—and the hum of insects and song of birds floating lightly on the breathless atmosphere, as they passed the clustering elms upon the bank. Even the dead wall of Queen's looked less dead in the general brightness; and the dark, Cocytus-like stream that flows beneath its brickwork, tried to sparkle in the occasional sunlight which broke through the foliage overhead upon the dripping oars.

The colleges were soon left behind, and the boats hauled up over the lock into the stream above; and they glide along past the boat-house and overhanging trees, into the open fields. Here they come upon the town bathing-place, where they have to run the gauntlet of a shower of small clods from the refuse of the slums. Condign punishment is out of the question, for if pursued these small fiends (being in a state of nature) fly into the water.

Egerton, having been touched upon the head by a hardish morsel, was only prevented by Charlie's

superior prudence from landing and giving chase. As it was, like the knight of old, he swore and he rowed away, 'chewing the cud of bitter fancy,' till after pulling a short distance further, 'under the shade of melancholy. boughs,' they arrived round a corner at the bathing-sheds.

These sheds are a rude erection of timber, constructed for the purpose of screening the bathers from public view behind. Here, on summer afternoons and evenings, crowds of naked undergraduates may be seen enjoying the doubtful pleasure of plunging about in a narrow and muddy stream; going head-foremost at intervals through a coating of horrible-looking scum; an accumulation of unclean matter, which the sluggish current has not energy enough to carry away.

'This doesn't look much better than Ducker,' said Charlie to Russell, as he passed him in the water. (Ducker, or Duck-puddle, is the name of the Harrow bathing-place).

'It isn't always as bad as this,' gasped Russell; 'there's no wind to-day, and not much current to take on the weeds and beastliness.'

He swam up alongside of Charlie's boat until he was brought up by weeds, which, when the water is low, even light boats pass with difficulty. Egerton and Villars threaded their way through them, and on

> 'By many a field and fallow
> And many a fairy foreland set,
> With willow weed and mallow,'

up to the mill, where they got out and hauled their boats across the road, and continued up to Byron's Pool, about a quarter of mile further on.

This romantic spot, as from the name one would suppose it to be, is used for washing sheep, and is not a clear and glassy mirror where 'each drooping tree, each fairy flower,' is 'reflected in the crystal pool;' where you undress on a velvet sward distinct with violet and primrose. Its chief recommendation is, that being at a greater distance from Cambridge than the bathing-sheds, it is less frequented. Having come so far, the two canoes undressed, and disported themselves for a time in the water, and then hurried back to Cambridge to be in time for chapel, which in the May term is at six o'clock instead of half-past.

Toddy was sent home by Trinity Lane, and his master accompanied Egerton to the Butteries for some beer before going to chapel.

Beer may always be had at the Butteries during the day, when they are open. Deluded persons sometimes fancy that, according to a good old custom of the college, beer is provided for all comers gratis. A great mistake—it always appears in the Buttery bill, at the end of the week, along with the various extortions for waiters, letters, chapel-fines, &c. One halfpenny used to be charged for every letter which any member of the College received, the produce of which tax went towards paying the porters. This has now been removed.

It may be hoped that it is the beginning of other salutary reforms of a similar nature.

Egerton, while they were on the spot, took the opportunity of putting down his name for several dozen of audit-ale, which may be bespoke in this way (it has, of course, to be paid for). Audit is strong college ale, which will keep for many years, and is supposed to improve by age. I never came across any, young or old, that was not sour and unpalatable. Tastes, however, differ, and prestige goes a long way.

Chapel was full this evening; it always is on Friday and Saturday, as many men put off keeping their three chapels till the last three days of the week.

There is a little matter connected with chapels which may be mentioned by the way. It is supposed that every undergraduate is to keep every chapel; and though only three in the week, and two on Sunday, are required from him by the Dean, yet he is fined a penny for every one he does not keep. It is unnecessary to point out to the intelligent reader the absurdity which rests upon the face of such an arrangement.

Villars took his seat next to Rowley, who had just come from a match on the Johnian Ground, where he said his blistered hands had prevented him getting any runs.

'Are you going to dine with Charlton?' asked Villars.

'No; are you?'

'Yes, I couldn't well get out of it. Exmoor's going, so I thought you might be, too.'

'He hasn't asked me; I never see much of him now.'

The deans came up the aisle, and conversation ceased.

Charlton had good first-floor rooms in Trinity Street, decorated with sporting pictures, or prints of voluptuous women; a tandem whip reposing on a rack, and a pair of boxing-gloves in a corner; boxes of cigars on a side-table, and sporting publications lying about in different directions.

The table was laid for twenty, most of whom were men of Charlton's own particular set. Carter and Travers were there of course, and Cunningham and many others, with Davies and Walker, two men of the same year as Villars and Exmoor, whom they had met occasionally riding the drag—gentlemen of tight trousers and broad satin scarves, with elaborate cigar-cases, and particular friends of Charlton's, having run along the road to notoriety in company with him since their first term. Dogs there were, too, of hideous aspect, who picked up the occasional crumbs which fell from their masters' table, and quarrelled at intervals over a bone.

Villars and Exmoor sat together near to Charlton, who was rather proud of having a couple of Athenæum men at his table; and Exmoor soon grew as loud as any of the party. Travers was at the foot of the table, and had secured a bottle of champagne, which he kept underneath his chair, re-

filling his glass from it after each successive bumper.

'A glass of wine with you, Villars,' he shouted from the other end of the table.

'I shall be charmed,' said Villars, and nodded with great appearance of cordiality to the man he despised more than any other in the room.

'Bumpers?' cried Travers.

'No, thanks,' said Charlie; 'I never drink bumpers.'

'D— it; bumpers, I say!' bawled Travers, who was getting rapidly the worse for the series he had already swallowed.

'Very well,' said Villars, to avoid a row, turning up his glass to show that there were no heel-taps, while Travers turned his attention to some one else. Finding his bottle empty, he threw it behind his back, and shouted to one of the gyps for another.

The fun grew fast and furious, and before the claret was put upon the table every one was more or less disguised in liquor.

Exmoor had become rather quarrelsome, and swore that Carter, who was sitting opposite, meant to insult him by some remark he had made; while Carter, who was not so far gone as Exmoor, maliciously drew him out, and was gradually irritating him to a pitch of fury, when, by a happy chance, a gyp caught him rather sharply on the head with a dish, and diverted his attention.

He proceeded to fire off a volley of oaths against the offender, while Charlie endeavoured to pacify

Exmoor. When he was in his cups, Exmoor's dignity weighed heavily upon him, and he continued for some time to vent his feelings in mutterings of 'D—d impudence,'—'What the deuce does he mean by insulting me?' and so forth.

The conversation, while it could be called such, was exclusively on racing topics, the Newmarket week just over, and the chances of the Two Thousand winner for the Derby, the Valley races which were soon coming on, and the respective merits of the livery-stable horses.

Charlie, very naturally, was bored. He cared but little about the Derby, and had no direct interest in the Valley races. These latter are conducted by undergraduates, and come off at Fulbourn Valley (about eight miles from Cambridge), every May term. Of late they have been discontinued, owing to the course having been ploughed up.

Exmoor was soon engaged in an angry altercation with Cunningham, who wanted to back his horse against Exmoor's for the Great Eastern Handicap; the latter sticking up for the superiority of his animal, but refusing to bet.

From the other end of the table Travers' voice was heard above the occasional crash of glass, asserting, with the choicest oaths, that a bet Davies had made with him was a *bonâ fide* one.

'D— him!' he shouted, 'he laid me a hundred to ten,—and I've booked it too,' he added, bringing his hand down heavily upon his betting-book, which lay beside him.

The horse referred to was at five to one, a fact which Davies was not aware of until after the bet was made. Travers, however, had no idea of letting a good thing slip out of his hands, and stuck to it like a man, (a very low kind of man).

One or two now got up and lit their cigars, and Charlton sent for a box which he passed round. Every one then left the table, knocking down glasses and chairs, swearing, maudlin, or quarrelsome; all making, as best they could, for Davies' room upstairs, where coffee was waiting.

Villars was almost the only one who cared to drink it, and even he was in rather an excited state from the heat and noise, and the quantity of wine he had been obliged to drink.

'I'll cut any one for a fiver,' cried Cunningham, taking up a pack of cards from the table.

'So you shall,' said Carter, bringing out a choice expression as Cunningham turned up the queen to his ace.

'Double or quits,' he thickly added. Another oath as he lost again.

'That's a tenner to you,' he said; 'd— it. I'll go you again.'

'Double or quits for the tenner?' asked Cunningham.

'Yes, cut.'

'That's twenty,' said Cunningham, turning up a king; and Carter reeled away disgusted with his luck, and broke his shins over a sofa.

'Loo, loo,' cried Charlton, throwing some more cards on to the table.

'You play loo, Villars? Come on, Dick,' he continued to Travers. 'Carter, loo; you're not going to lie there all night, are you?'

'I think he be transformed into a beast,
For I can nowhere find him like a man.'

Carter looked up vacantly from the floor, and proceeded to pick himself up and take a chair at the table.

Villars played for a time, till Charlton proposed they should change the game to lansquenet; there wasn't enough excitement about loo, he said.

'Positis loculis nunc luditur arcâ,'

—paper now takes the place of ready money,—and Charlie accordingly retired from the table, which was streaming from the overflow or upsetting of brandies and sodas, and tried to persuade Exmoor to come away.

Exmoor was a regular loo-player, but had refused obstinately to play to-night, and had become quiet and pale in a corner under the influence of unwonted tobacco. He couldn't be persuaded to move, and Villars therefore looked on for a few minutes at the lansquenet, till he was tired of the noise and quarrelling over the bits of paper on which winnings and losings were being jotted down.

'To hear
Such wrangling is a joy for vulgar minds.'

He then went quietly away after saying good-night to Charlton.

It was only half-past eleven, and the clear fresh air was delightful to inhale after the atmosphere he had just left. He turned, therefore, towards Egerton's rooms, and finding them dark continued his walk up the Parade towards King's, which was standing out in bold relief against the moonlit sky. The quarter struck, and he turned back home to bed, his opinion of Charlton and his friends not not having been much raised by the evening's experience.

Boisterous orgies garnished with coarse jokes and foul language have an unsavoury relish for the palate of a gentleman.

CHAPTER XXVI.

'Most sweet monster.'—*The Tempest.*

'En quid agis?' *—PERSIUS.

'GOOD dinner last night, Charlie?' asked Egerton next morning when they met at breakfast.

'No, rather not,' replied Villars; 'there was a fearful row and nearly every one was beastly drunk. Have you seen Boots this morning? he was rather "on."'

'I'm fit enough to-day, though,' said Exmoor, who had just entered the room; 'the wine must have been pretty good.'

After breakfast Charlie paid a visit to his coach, and in the afternoon drove up with Egerton to Fenner's, where there was a match going on.

'Ah! Egerton, *comment ça va?*' cried a tall effeminate-looking man out of another pony-trap, as they pulled up; 'isn't this too charming? it's really quite the nicest thing I know, sitting here and looking at those men getting hot over there.'

'Yes, it's very jolly,' replied Egerton, 'if you care about cricket.'

* Get up, you lazy hound.

'I didn't know you ever went in for cricket, Damer,' said Villars.

'I don't, *mon cher;* but then one sees every one up here one knows, and it's too delightful.'

'It's very good of you to come up too,' said Egerton, 'you're so ornamental.'

'Oh! of course,' said Damer, putting his head on one side and looking pretty. 'Do you play at cricket, you two? of course you play together. You're like the Siamese twins—it's quite interesting to watch you.'

'I'm glad we amuse you,' returned Egerton; 'why don't you try and get a twin? you'd find it *so* nice,' he added, mimicking Damer's manner.

'Shall we go and lie down under the trees there, Charlie?' he continued, turning to Villars.

'Oh! don't go,' exclaimed Damer; 'you're just getting pleasant, and as for *ce charmant* Villars, I could look at him for ever, he *is* so lovely.'

'Another Adonis in fact,' returned Villars, '"or something more exquisite still." You shall have another look some other time. Good-bye, pretty creature.'

Egerton gave the pony to a man to hold, and they crossed over in front of the pavilion to the trees where the majority of the undergraduates were sitting or lying about.

'Fancy that fellow calling himself a man and a brother,' said Egerton, when they were out of ear-shot.

'He's come in for the wrong sex by mistake,' said Charlie; 'he must have been intended for a woman.'

'I believe he spends the day dressing and looking at himself in the glass. I'd take odds about his carrying a small looking-glass in his pocket.'

'I think freaks of nature are rather interesting,' said Charlie; 'there used to be a creature near Harrow they called the snake-child, that fellows used to go and see—a most repulsive-looking object. I believe the mother had been frightened by a reptile of some kind before the creature was born, and this prodigy was the result.'

'Damer's mother must have been frightened by a man then,' said Egerton; and they both laughed gaily at the absurdity of the notion. Certainly, one might very well have said of Damer, 'The best thing about him is his complexion.'

Rowley's Perambulator form extended upon the ground attracted Charlie's attention, as his laughter died away into a faint bronchial chuckle.

'I didn't know you were playing,' he said, touching him up with his foot.

'Didn't you?' said Rowley, looking up for a moment, and then turning to Singleton, the captain of the eleven, who was lying beside him. 'Wasn't that a splendid cut? hard lines it being stopped.'

Charlie walked on with Egerton.

'I don't think Rowley quite likes your going about with me so much,' said the latter. 'I fancy he doesn't seem very cordial when I'm with you.'

'Oh! it's only his manner,' answered Villars; 'he's never very gushing; and he thinks of nothing

but cricket now, so I don't suppose he takes it very much to heart.'

'Will he be in the eleven?'

'I don't know. He hasn't made any runs in any good match. Isn't that Castleton and ——' the remainder of the sentence was interrupted by a drive from the further wicket, which sent the ball spinning between them to the palings.

'On the roller you mean?' said Egerton, when the ball had been fielded; 'with Murray. Let's stroll round that way.'

Charlie rose from the grass, and they proceeded leisurely round the ground, talking to small knots of friends on the way.

'Murray was rather disgusted at not being asked to play to-day,' said Egerton as they approached the roller.

'He never practises, does he?'

The individual in question had been in the Eton eleven, and might have been in the University eleven the previous year, if he had taken the trouble to exert himself for it. He was a dark handsome man, with a pleasant enough expression when he pleased, but forbidding and cold as ice to those he disliked. His friends were enthusiastic in his praise, and gave him credit for a fascination of manner, which was reserved, I suppose, for *tête-à-têtes*, as the general world never came under its influence.

He used to form sudden and violent friendships, which were as short-lived as they were ardent; he

had great powers of sarcasm, and had made to himself thereby more than one enemy, as he had sacrificed to his friendship the peace of mind of more than one friend. Castleton was his latest fancy, and they were now to be seen invariably together. Castleton's was not a nature to form great friendships, he was too impulsive, thoughtless, and volatile; but he succumbed to a certain extent like every one else, to the mysterious influence of Murray's somewhat importunate attachment.

Egerton proposed, after they had looked on for some time at two steady bats, who promised to last without hitting, that they should go and practise on the Trinity ground. The idea of playing cricket was ridiculed by Castleton. He was going to ride, he said, and couldn't be persuaded that cricket was better than riding on a hot afternoon.

Murray was not going to ride, and made a third with the other two in the pony trap.

The pony seemed to think it was all right, and rattled them up Trumpington Street, along the College backs, under the shade of the elms, to the gate leading to the Johnian racquet-court; which Egerton made him open without stopping, and managed to get through without serious damage to the wheels. Up the lane, and down the field to the gate of the Trinity ground, where they found a wicket vacant far off, and providentially a professional bowler near by.

Him they secured and played on till the wickets

were all emptied for hall, and the last of the slogging 1st Trinity men had disappeared.

Dangerous men these, who hit wildly about, and call one 'sir' *ad nauseam.*

Murray suggested bathing when they were tired of cricket; but the others had to keep their last chapel, and they accordingly drank shandy-gaff instead in the pavilion till chapel time.

The next morning, Sunday, Villars and Egerton went to early chapel at eight o'clock, in order that they might have the morning to lounge about the backs while the others were at eleven o'clock chapel.

'Let's go and draw Boots,' said the latter, as they came out; 'he's safe to be in bed.'

They crossed the court to his rooms, and found him, as they supposed, snoring. He was roused by the noise of their entrance, and after a few seconds awoke to the full horror of his position. Being in the habit of lying late in bed, he frequently received early visits of this nature, and knew therefore but too well what was coming.

It is a fearful moment to the awakening sleeper, to behold before his lately opened eye the form or forms of early friends, whose fell purpose in paying this morning call he is at no loss to divine. Like Agag, he approaches them delicately in conversation; exhausts his ingenuity in the invention of devices to keep off the dreaded moment; and makes ghastly attempts to be funny. His tormentors play

him for a time, enjoying the sport, and then a casual hand is inserted at the bottom of the bed; the victim grasps the bedclothes inside, and feels that the moment has arrived. One short struggle, and all is over—and he stands a miserable, bare-legged object in the middle of the floor. Even so, after a little preliminary torture, Exmoor was turned out in his night-shirt, and was rapidly making for the water-jug; while Egerton and Villars scrambled down the staircase, and just escaped the cold douche which he sent after them.

When one or two more doors had been tried, and found fastened to provide against contingencies of this nature, they adjourned to breakfast; and while eleven o'clock chapel was going on, basked upon the bank of the river with their cigars.

Smoking is not allowed inside the precincts of the College, but during chapel time there is generally no itinerant porter to object.

When the mob of undergraduates began to swarm out to the bridge, they strolled round by King's, and looked in at Castleton's rooms, where luncheon and champagne-cup were in preparation for all comers. After luncheon a general walk; and after walk, hall; which they of the high table are obliged to attend on Sundays. Fellow-commoners cannot be on any day marked by merely showing at the door like pensioners. They are obliged to sit through the whole dinner till grace is said, if it is to count. Any one coming in after the quarter is fined a bottle of wine.

Papers, smoke, or wine, from hall till a quarter-past six, and then chapel for every one.

As nearly all the College dines in hall on Sunday, chapel in summer-time on Sunday evenings is rather trying.

The dons and their guests, who are generally other dons, adjourn, when they have well eaten, to Combination-room, and there imbibe much generous liquor. The consequence is a hot and bloated appearance on the faces of most when they appear in chapel. This is the case also with a good many of the undergraduates. And when five hundred or more bodies are compressed into a limited space, it is impossible that there should not be a considerable amount of heat generated. Shy men, therefore, who are susceptible of faintness, and have not courage enough to leave the chapel, pass a very unpleasant time.

As the surplice hides any irregularity of costume underneath, it is quite possible to obtain a modicum of comfort by leaving one's coat behind.

After chapel the world adjourned to the backs, or to Trumpington Street, and walked up and down with his wife; sat upon the railings, or loitered on the bridges till the dews of evening began to fall. The bell for shutting the gates rang, the crowd disappeared, and the undergraduates went to tea with their friends, according to their respective plumage.

CHAPTER XXVII.

'Methought it was the sound
Of riot, and ill-managed merriment.'—*Comus.*

. . . πᾶς ἀνὴρ κώπης ἄναξ
Ἐς ναῦν ἰχώρει.—ÆSCH. *Pers.*

THERE was great excitement in Volunteer circles during the early part of the next week, caused by the approaching visit of the Oxford corps.

Russell, who had been made an officer of his company, was in great force, and was up betimes on Friday morning to get a certain amount of reading done before going out at twelve to join the others on Parker's piece.

The Oxford men were to meet them there, and the two University corps were to be reviewed together by the Inspector of Volunteers. There were many more members of the corps at that time than there are now. The edge of its novelty has worn off, and the uniform ceased to appear attractive to the undergraduate eye, so that the numbers have

* The crews were making for their boats.

dwindled down to a very shabby few; and even these the inspiriting strains of the Town Band hardly succeed in bringing out on parade-days.

The Oxford men mustered in some force, and between the two there was a very respectable show of gaiters.

The town of Cambridge turned out to see them perform a series of complicated manœuvres, which equally of course were performed to the entire satisfaction of the Inspector. Were they ever otherwise? It must be the fear of damping the noble ardour of the gaiters which produces that invariable satisfaction in the inspecting mind after a Volunteer review. No one, I suppose, would be rude enough to suggest that his thoughts were not privy to his words—

ἡ γλῶσσ' ὀμώμοχ', ἡ δὲ φρὴν οὐκ ὄμοσεν.

The Inspector, on the present occasion, received in due course the hearty cheers which all the handsome things he had said so well deserved; and the imposing array of gaitered warriors marched down into the town, where they broke up, till it was time for dinner, and the Oxford men dispersed to look up their friends.

Trinity, and one or two other colleges, had undertaken to feed the united corps, and gave them a good dinner and some dull speeches.

At Trinity, the gallery overlooking the hall was filled with undergraduates, who amused themselves in watching the effects of the mounting

champagne upon the British Volunteer. One gallant gentleman, who was an officer of his corps, considering that the occasion called for some expression of his sentiments, mounted the table, and, after an unsteady flourish of his sword, commenced a very flowery oration; which was brought to an untimely end by the exertions of a judicious friend, who laid violent hands upon the orator's tunic-tails. The gallant officer finished his speech in a sitting posture, hard held.

There were cheers for the various toasts, which were renewed again and again by solitary individuals, whose enthusiasm carried them beyond the prescribed 'one more,' and who testified their devotion to the interests of their country by solos in distant corners. Occasionally some lethargic corpse would awake to the patriotic nature of the sentiment which had lately been cheered, and a smile would break across his countenance as he contributed his little quantum to the applause of which the echoes had long since died away. The speeches of the big-wigs at the high table were delivered with variations in other parts of the room, with great power of gesticulation, and little knots of cheers in different corners kept up the interest of the proceedings throughout. When the last speech was over, there was a rush to the doors, through which one or two had already disappeared; and till half-past seven the town and backs of the colleges were overrun by an excited multitude. Some attempting to row got inevitably upset, and carried back with

them to Oxford a lively remembrance of the Cambridge Styx. Several members of either corps continued on the bridges the speeches which they had not had time to finish; and one somewhat broad-shouldered private of the Cambridge R. V. C. was heard to express great satisfaction at the admiration which the Oxford men entertained 'for our backs.'

At half-past seven the members of the different companies were to fall in at different points, and meet at St. Mary's, to march together to the station. Falling in, however, was hopeless, where many could scarcely keep from falling down. The officers, therefore, were obliged to get their men as they could to St. Mary's, and marched them from there, jumbled up with undergraduates and townspeople, up Trumpington Street. There they received an ovation from the fair occupants of the several windows on the line of progression (it can hardly be called 'march') to the station.

The platform was crowded with every kind of undergraduate in every stage of wild excitement—some rushing up and down arm-in-arm clearing the course; and the railway officials were in despair of ever getting the train off except over a heap of mangled corpses. The carriages were at last filled, every available knee having its man (the arms of the first-class carriages being looked upon as luxuries), and the train began to move. One or two individuals who had been in the refreshment-room rushed out, and one was poked in through a

window; and the train moved off amid cheers from the men they left behind them. Some of them were Oxford men, who could not be made alive to the necessity of returning that night, and one or two who arrived just as the last carriage cleared the platform. Then came a rush for the narrow outlet, and many a one left the station a sadder and a wiser man; his knuckles barked against the wall, and his hat—Providence only knew where.

Villars had gone with an Oxford friend to the station, and had got out without much damage. He found Castleton on the box of a fly, which he was driving to Cambridge, and took his seat with one or two others on the roof, there being five already inside.

So passed off the Volunteer Review, to the satisfaction of all parties (except, perhaps, a few old dons), and left the May races to the undivided interest of the University.

These, the races of the year *par excellence*, were to commence on the following Wednesday, and the excitement about them was beginning to extend itself even to non-boating men. The respective merits of Third Trinity and the Hall (Trinity Hall) were the general topic of conversation, and the chance of Third making its bump the first night, was a question of all-absorbing interest among rowing men.

No other boat had any chance of being head of the river, except, perhaps, First Trinity, and theirs was thought amongst the faculty to be a poor one.

The interest therefore of the year centred in these two, and the energetic individuals who made books on the races found great difficulty in persuading even infatuated and patriotic small college men to back their boats at long odds.

The long-expected Wednesday came at last, and after chapel in the evening, loaded drags, dog-carts, and pony-traps, poured down Jesus Lane on their way to the Plough, or Grassy.

Villars, Egerton, Lawton, and two or three more, had their horses waiting outside the Athenæum, and rode down to the latter place; which is a green field at a bend of the river, where the best view is to be had of the boats early in the race.

Cambridge is always gay with visitors in the May term, and about the time of the boat-races sisters and cousins turn up at all points, so that if the weather is fine, Grassy is crowded with a brilliant assemblage of vehicles and dresses. Barnewell turns out, and (*cela va sans dire*) adds to the gaudy gaiety of the scene.

The weather this year was as it ought to be, and Grassy in full bloom.

The first gun has fired, and the crews of the different boats are collecting towards their own. Marston and Gordon are walking together up the towing-path, neither in much trepidation, having rowed in more than one race before.

It is when the second gun has fired, and they are waiting with oars on the water, pushed off from

the bank, that the nervous excitement makes itself felt.

The coxswain holds the rope in his hand, and a friend on the shore keeps the seconds by his watch. Ten, five, four, three, two, one—and the third gun fires. Every oar dips at the sound, and the boats shoot forward. Trinity Hall keeps its lead up to Grassy, and then Third Trinity begins gradually to creep up inch by inch. The ladies wave their handkerchiefs, the men on the bank shout encouragement, and the crew put fresh vigour into their stroke. On they go, past the Plough and past Ditton corner, where they decrease their distance by judicious steering; and the shouting becomes fainter and fainter to the crowd at Grassy, till it dies upon the evening breeze, and the initiated know by the absence of any unusual enthusiasm that the bump has not been made in the Long Reach.

The boats which had made their bumps row past with flags displayed in their sterns, and the multitude at Grassy and the Plough scurry back along the lane to Cambridge.

The next night Charlie went down in a pony-trap with Egerton to see Russell's boat (First Trinity, second), which was sixth on the river—make their bump. This bump, Russell had assured him, must come off, they had been so close the night before.

They didn't, however, time it to suit the Grassy people, though it did come off in the Long Reach.

There also, Third Trinity rowed into the Hall, and kept their lead to the end of the races.

Egerton's pony had been fidgeting for some time, and immediately they got into the road he let him go, and raced home with Castleton, who was in another trap with Murray. Over the ruts—across the grass—they went, Egerton leading—through the turnpike — down the road to the railway bridge, where Castleton came up and tried to pass; but Egerton, standing up, gave his pony a few cuts with the whip, which sent him along at an unapproachable pace. Through Barnewell, frightening all the curs of the place,—past Midsummer common they rattled, both standing up now like charioteers of old,—up Jesus Lane—every one making way for them, and past Death's, where Castleton made a final effort, and got his head in front; but trying to pass between Egerton and a waggon, caught his wheel and rolled the carriage and pony in the dust, *ἀρράβησε δὲ τεύχε ἐπ' αὐτῷ*. Death's men ran out to pick up the pieces, and Death himself came after, delighted to find that it was not one of his traps. Egerton had been nearly upset by the smash, but escaped with a bruised wheel. He pulled up to make kind inquiries after Castleton, who looked a miserable object, covered with dust, and with bleeding hands, though otherwise unhurt. The pony was led home to Cox's not much damaged. (Mr. Cox thought differently, and sent in a heavy bill of costs to back his opinion.)

'What a madman you are, Castleton!' said Mur-

ray, when he had finished cleaning the dust off his clothes, 'you might have seen there wasn't room to pass there.'

'Lots of room, my dear fellow,' said Castleton, laughing; 'if the beggar hadn't swerved. I'm awfully sorry though, old boy; I hope you're not hurt.'

'I'm not hurt,' growled Murray; 'but in a confounded mess.'

'We should have beaten you, Harry, if we hadn't come to grief,' said Castleton.

'Not you,' returned Egerton; 'my pony was only just getting well into her stride.'

'I wonder what Cox'll say,' laughed Castleton, as he contemplated the ruins—like Nero on the *débris* of Rome.

'Oh! hang Cox!' said Murray, 'come to dinner, we're half-an-hour late already;' and to dinner they accordingly went.

Next night it rained hard; and the next, Saturday, was the Beef-steak Anniversary.

In the May term every year, the anniversary of the founding of this club is celebrated.

The date of its foundation is unknown. Torn leaves, or dates blotted with port in the club-book, have prevented its being known to the men of this generation.

It is the custom for the members of the club (which is limited to eleven, and generally consists of seven or eight), to ask to the anniversary all their friends and the best known men in the University,

so that on these occasions forty or fifty generally sit down to dinner. Ordinary strangers dine in evening dress; members of either of the other dining clubs in the costume of their club.

White-headed Bob, the itinerant musician of Cambridge rooms, attends with his band, and plays a selection of music during dinner; and the tunes which it has been customary to attach to each particular toast after dinner.

The table on the present occasion was not as long as usual, owing to a few boating-men, or others interested in the boats, being absent.

However, forty odd sat down, including several old men who came down to renew the associations of their youth in the convivial debauch.

Beer and soda-water mixed (*horresco referens*) is the only other liquid besides port which it is allowed to drink at this festive entertainment, water excepted; and the mixture of port and beer soon tells upon the unaccustomed brain. Before the middle of dinner therefore, the din and shouting became deafening; every one asking every one to drink wine, and bawling from one end of the table to the other with frantic gesticulations. Some made a point of drinking wine with every one round the table, and their fate was consequently soon decided, unless their heads were made of iron.

Charlie had secured a place next to Egerton, with Murray, who was a moderately quiet fellow, on the other side of him; hoping thereby to escape drinking bumpers to all the toasts after dinner.

When the various dishes of beef in every variety of form had been exhausted, and the great silver bull's-head of ale had gone round, the dessert was placed upon the table, and Lowry, the president, rose to sing the customary song—'Draw the Cork' —which precedes the toasts. Then came the first toast, which was received with enthusiasm by Cunningham and Co. and other upholders of the fine old customs of our grandfathers. Likewise the next but one; after which there was an interval, while the president rushed wildly about the room, trying to prevail on excited men to keep their seats till the toasts were over. The vice-president was also running madly about on the same errand, arm-in-arm with Castleton, increasing the confusion.

Extravagant bursts of laughter, mingled with the crashing of glass, battering of spoons or knives, and shouting, produced a deafening row, which the president made vain attempts to quiet by rapping violently on the table; in order to give the remainder of the toasts, 'Past and Present,' 'Auld Lang Syne,' and 'The Guests.' After these were over, there was a general stampede. Every one left his chair and careered about the room, his rate of progression varying inversely with his intoxication. Characters came out in new lights, as they are wont,

'Condita quum verax aperit præcordia Liber,'*

* When truth-loving Bacchus opens the secrets of the heart.

The reserved man became confidential—the silent man talkative,

'Fecundi calices quem non fecere disertum ?' *

the stern man maudlin and affectionate. Some choked with laughter, others fought with their dearest friends, and some who had never been known before to be guilty of a joke became the fathers of many. Rowley ran up to Villars, fell upon his neck and kissed him, and breathed sweet porty odours into his ear, while Egerton looked on with kindling eye. Murray and Castleton coursed up and down the room knocking down every chair or obstacle that came in their way. Charlton employed himself in picking a quarrel with Exmoor, who could hardly keep on his legs; and Damer might be seen lying on the sofa in the most extravagant attitude, asking everybody who passed, whether it wasn't 'too nice.' There were a few moderately sober men who had got rid of their bumpers under the table, and looked on with considerable amusement at the mad freaks of the rest.

After some semblance of order had been restored, the health of the guests was drunk with musical honours by the members of the club, standing on their chairs. 'Tom Peel' was then given with much expression by Lowry, and the chorus sung in

* Who has not become eloquent under plentiful potations ?

various tunes by the rest of the room; and after 'the Guests' had been responded to, and devilled biscuits had promoted a desire for cooling liquor, the vice-president proposed the president's health with the usual honours. He then proceeded to walk up the table to the president, accompanied by five or six others; scattering destruction among the glasses, ice-plates, and decanters as they went. The contents of the flower-pots had long ago been utilized, and were now adorning the heads or other parts of the persons of the more exhilarated diners; the earth scattered about the table and floor. The vice-president's health followed (after which Exmoor threw the remainder of his glass into Charlton's face, and the latter immediately threw his own empty glass at Exmoor's head); and then the tables were cleared to one side, the broken glass and plates swept up, and the carpet rolled into a corner by the waiters—at the risk of their bones from men scouring up and down the room, and tripping up whoever they came across. Bob strikes up a valse, every one seizes on a partner,—smaller or bigger than himself, it doesn't matter,—and whirls up and down the room. Couples madly pursue each other till a collision brings them both to the ground; and others after a few turns retire to suffer the inevitable consequences of such rapid movement after much wine. Here and there one might be seen performing an unsteady *pas seul* in the middle of the room, until some superior body comes within the radius of his revolution, and he collapses; while one or two, in

their shirt-sleeves, keep up a most persistent reel, till it dawns upon them that twelve o'clock is striking, and that every one is going, or gone. They catch up any cap or gown they find left, join the rest outside, and scour the Market-place with hideous yells; stop to have a shot at *Nulli Secundus*' lamp in Rose Crescent, and gradually make their way with snatches of songs, and shouting, and baiting of policemen, to Trinity Gate. The porter suffers such indignities as are usual, and the righteous soul of deans is vexed by the uproar which is kept up in the Old Court far into the morning.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

'But save me from the gaiety of those
Whose headaches nail them to a noonday bed.'—COWPER.

'Chacun à son goût.'—*French Proverb.*

MANY a breakfast remained untasted the next morning, and many a head retained painful but confused recollections of the previous night's debauch.

A few hard-headed individuals went to eight o'clock chapel and paid visits of condolence to their friends afterwards,—miserable objects some of them were. The tossed bed-clothes and heavy eyes showed how comfortable a night they had passed; and sometimes the feet on the pillow, or in some other direction where they had no business to be, bore witness to the confusion of the owner's brains the night before. A ghastly smile was all the answer they could return to the rallying of their friends, who ordered tea for them, and congratulated themselves on the superior resisting power of their own brains.

Those who had only heard of the anniversary and had not been favoured with an invitation,

amused themselves in watching the appearance of the different faces as they passed up chapel at eleven o'clock.

'Rowley looks rather gummy, doesn't he?' said Marston to his neighbour.

'Look at Charlton, though,' said the latter.

He certainly did look a pitiable object. He had been found by the porter with his legs over the chapel railings* lying on the flower-beds, with a large cigar in his mouth, fancying that he was in bed.

'Villars don't look much the worse,' said Marston, nodding to him across the aisle.

Castleton came up soon after with a large piece of black plaster across his eye, which had been damaged by the corner of a broken chair. Exmoor had not been able to go to breakfast at the Lion, where the members of the Steak meet on Sunday morning, but he walked into chapel as if he was as happy as possible, and had to leave before the service was over.

Little knots of men were standing about the gate after chapel, discussing the events of the previous night, and chaffing each other about the various eccentricities of which they had been guilty. Some, who had been hopelessly drunk, vowing that they had never been more sober in their lives, and no one confessing to have been the worse, however much his looks belied him.

* These railings were then in existence.

'The last time I saw you, Lowry,' said Egerton, 'you were embracing a lamp-post, swearing it was the only woman you ever loved.'

'Did you see Vivian?' said another, 'gesticulating, like Romeo, to a woman at a window in the Market-place? shouting out,—"'Tis the east and Juliet is the sun."'

'Cunningham was the best fun, though; somebody knocked a peeler's hat over his eyes, and he seized on Cunningham. He got away somehow, and bolted like mad,—never stopped till he got into his room at Magdalene, and I heard him telling some one this morning that he had mauled a bobby severely.'

'One of them got out his truncheon. The Earl took his hat away and shied it over the railings into the churchyard—roused the British Lion.'

'Has any one seen Murray this morning?' asked Egerton; 'he was awfully bad last night.'

No one having heard of him, four or five of them went to look him up at his rooms in Jesus Lane, and a woeful spectacle he presented. A cup of hardly tasted tea stood by his bedside, and a piece of dry toast with a corner broken off. Misery the most abject was depicted on his face, while the 'glasses of his eye' reflected the utter prostration of his mind and body—the sort of condition when it seems a matter of perfect indifference whether one lives or dies—the latter, perhaps, for choice. The inability to wish, or think, or do anything but lie still and be miserable, and loathe all food and so-

ciety; the impossibility of exerting oneself to talk or utter a sound beyond a languid 'yes' or 'no;' the confused sense of desiring to be left alone, which nature has not energy enough to define—the heavy leaden eyelids, parched mouth, and throbbing temples, which each movement sends a pang through, like a knife—all combine to make up a most enviable situation, and one which it is marvellous that experience does not teach men to avoid.

Drinking is something like gambling. A man goes to dinner with the intention of drinking very little wine, as he sits down to play with the intention of playing in very little stakes. He gets heated and excited; reason's warnings are unheard amid the noise which surrounds him, and he goes on from sips to bumpers as from silver to gold, till in the one case he loses his head, and in the other his head, and probably his money.

Murray smiled a faint and sickly smile in answer to the inquiries after his feelings.

'Coppery, old boy; ain't you?' said one.

'Hardly the word for it, I should think,' said another.

'You'd better drink your tea, old man,' said Castleton.

'Can't,' was the feeble response.

'Try some soda-water and a lemon; that's the best thing.'

Egerton went into the sitting-room to look for a bottle of soda-water, and rang for a lemon,

which the landlady brought up, and broke into a warm lament over Murray's sufferings,—'Which he was that dreadful bad, I'm sure I thought he must have died. I undressed him myself, and got him into bed comfortable like, and, lord a mercy, he *were* ill! And he such a nice gentleman too. I felt quite sorry, sir, that I did. He won't touch no food, and he hain't drank his tea. He ain't never been so bad afore; though it ain't the first time I've had to get him to bed, that it ain't!'

Murray was persuaded to drink a little of the vivifying fluid prepared for him, and they left him alone with his misery, promising to look in again after luncheon.

Languid forms were dotted about the backs, trying to induce the return of appetite by plenty of fresh air; but there were still a few who refused their food at luncheon.

When the events of the last night had been pretty well exhausted, the attention of the horsey men reverted to the Derby, which was to be run on the following Wednesday; and to the Valley races, which were to come off on the Friday.

Egerton had a book on the Derby, and had still several outsiders to lay against, which no one seemed inclined to back; so he started off to Cunningham's rooms, where he knew he should find a knot of racing men (betting brings one into curious society sometimes!), and remained for some time discussing the chances of the different horses.

Lawton, Rochfort, and some others dropped in presently, when they all started off for a walk towards Chesterton.

'If Gamester doesn't win,' said Egerton, 'I shall retire to the Continent.'

'I shall skin the lamb if he does,' said Carter. ('Skinning the lamb' means winning a considerable sum.)

'I expect you'll see Marksman there or thereabouts,' said Rochfort, who didn't bet; 'if he hadn't waited so long, he'd have won the Two Thousand.'

'Of course he would,' said Castleton. 'I intend to back him for my shirt.'

'He hasn't a ghost of a chance,' said another; 'if Gamester had been brought up sooner he'd have won in a canter.'

'This hard ground won't suit his legs either,' said Egerton. 'There was a report yesterday that he'd broken down.'

'Will any one come to Newmarket to-morrow, and see Gamester gallop?' asked Lawton.

'You have to get up so confoundedly early,' said Egerton.

'Start about three; be back comfortably to breakfast; and see the whole string.'

'I'll go with you,' said Castleton, 'if I can get out of college.'

'You can't though, they don't let you out before six.'

'I can get out of Magdalene though; I'm game

to gallop over there, if you like,' said Cunningham.

And so it was arranged that he and Lawton and Lowry should meet at Death's at three o'clock A.M., and ride over together.

It was a fine morning, and they had not to wait long on the Heath before the string appeared, clothed and attended. There was a small crowd of critics and touts, ready to telegraph the slightest shortcomings, or evidences of doubtful wind, legs, or condition. Before these they took their gallop, and intelligence of their performance was despatched forthwith to various parts of England, and perhaps the world.

The Cambridge men galloped back through the fresh morning air, and arrived in time to give their opinions at an early breakfast.

On this Monday the County Match was commenced at Fenner's, and the cricketing and other world sauntered up in that direction after hall.

Villars had been lunching with a Harrow man to meet a common friend from that institution, and found Egerton on the ground in the centre of a mixed group of cricket and stable men, who managed somehow to fraternise on Fenner's.

They had just been applauding a magnificent piece of fielding of Rowley's, when Charlie joined them, and he was gratified to hear one or two men in authority speak well of his chance of the eleven.

'His fielding's his best point,' said one.

'I've seen him get runs too.'

'He plays back too much.'

'Singleton thinks a good deal of him,' said an old man, who had come down the week before to play in 'Past and Present.' 'By Jove, that's a good hit,' he exclaimed, as Carpenter made a rattling drive along the ground to the old pavilion.

'Our bowling's rather weak, isn't it?' asked Villars.

'It's our worst point. But Oxford's shamefully weak in batting.'

'They lay six to four though, as often as you like,' said one of the speculating crew; 'I've got a fellow there to take 'em all up.'

'You'll hedge, I suppose?'

'I shall stand to win either way; you can get five to four on Cambridge up here, if you like.'

'Well caught! splendid catch!' every one exclaimed; as Singleton held a hard hit to point in his left hand.

'You may lay six to four on our point if you like,' said Murray; 'if all our field were as good, it would be a certainty. Nothing so useful as good fielding.'

'The horse is a noble animal,' said Castleton, breaking in, tired of what he said was 'shop;' though where cricket was to be talked if not at Fenner's, he didn't explain.

'On the Derby I'll bet,' he continued; 'now then, Harry, what do you want to do?'

'I don't think you can accommodate me,' an-

swered Egerton; and as the conversation had been broken up, the group separated, and he and Charlie went off together to get a trap for Byron's Pool.

'We may as well go down and see the boats,' said Egerton, when they were returning from bathing, 'as we have a trap.'

'Very well; but it's rather early, isn't it?'

'Half-past six; yes. Let's go down to the A. D. C. then, for a few minutes. I want to see what time rehearsal is to-night.'

'I'm so thankful I haven't got to act this term.'

'It is rather hot work in the May term,' said Egerton; 'but it's very good fun.'

'The rehearsals cut up one's time so, I should never be able to read.'

'Oh! I'm all right for that, they're not half as particular about the second-year May.'

There was not much interest in this night's racing. Third Trinity still kept their lead, and seemed likely to do so, but the assemblage at Grassy was as large as ever, and the excitement of boating men just as great.

Next day, any one who could give a sufficiently good reason for going away, or produce, as some tutors required, a letter from an anxious parent requesting his attendance in London, got an *absit* for the night to go to the Derby. Those who did not want to go very sensibly stayed at Cambridge; and those who were eager, but unable to get *absits*, managed to do it in the day by leaving early on

Wednesday morning. There is some ancient statute not generally understood, which prohibits undergraduates from even quitting Cambridge for the day without leave; but as long as they get back before twelve at night, no notice is ever taken of their absence, which is probably not known.

It is only when accident has prevented their return at night that condign punishment ensues; so that if any one wishes to take 'a day's outing,' he will provide against mischance by asking for leave. I never heard, though, of any one who did, except in the case of the old Etonian foot-ball match, which the authorities, or rather one of them, has lately seen fit to prohibit, on the plea that it empties the college. If Downing were the college in question, there might be some reason in such an argument; but how eleven men can be said to empty Trinity, when they are only a thimbleful in the resident ocean, it is not easy to comprehend.

Charlie was nervous about coming out very low in his May; and thought that his father would not be very well pleased if he found him running up and down to Epsom instead of reading for it. He remained, therefore, at Cambridge, and heard on the Trinity Ground, at four o'clock, that Gamester had won.

Although he had no direct interest in the race himself, Egerton had, and Gamester was his horse, so that he was as pleased as if he had won himself.

Most of the men came back by the mail that

night, and Egerton ran up into Villars' room for a few minutes before twelve to be congratulated.

'They made him such a hot favourite before the race,' he said, 'I could only get on at three to two.'

'Well, I'm awfully glad you've won, old boy,' said Charlie; 'who else has won?'

'I believe Castleton has lost a goodish lot, he would stick to Marksman; I don't know whether he hedged on the course. Carter ought to have won a stake; but one never knows how much to believe of what he tells one, or Charlton either. He says he lost a little; but I expect he's got it rather hot. I hope he'll pay up, that's all. Is your clock right? I must be off. Good night, Charlie, old boy; see you after lectures to-morrow.'

He was off, and in Charlie's ear—

> 'So charming left his voice, that he awhile
> Thought him still speaking, still stood fixt to hear.'

Resuming his arm-chair, he gave himself up for some moments to the delicious reverie which occasionally steals over the sense after parting with a dearly-loved friend. Such a reverie as Boileau's lines so well express,—

> 'Un image confus se repand sur ma vue,
> Je n' entends plus, je tombe en de douces langueurs.'*

The witching hour of midnight, the mellow

* Translation, or rather, English rendering of an ode of Sappho.

light which the shaded lamp diffused through the room, the quiet of the streets, the soft warm air that floated in through the open window—all combined to exercise a soothing influence on his feelings; and he lay back dissolved in a dreamy ecstasy, in fancy's mirror still beholding the object of his thought, still listening to the echoes of his voice; dwelling on each look, each word, to which affection gave a charm of endearment:—

> 'Some thoughts there are to mortals given,
> With less of earth in them than heaven.'

But, unfortunately, the period of residence for mortals in the seventh heaven is limited, and after a few minutes Charlie returned, with a gentle sigh of regret, to his trigonometry.

CHAPTER XXIX.

'*Falstaff.* What is honour?—A word. What is that word honour?—Air. A trim reckoning! . . . I'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism.'—*Henry IV.*

'Now reigns
The moon full-orb'd, and with more pleasing light,
Shadowy, sets off the face of things.'—MILTON.

THE stewards of the Valley races were busy next day in making the necessary arrangements for Friday. The handicapping they had already settled, after a certain amount of squabbling, owing to the dislike of the several stewards (who were Lawton, Carter, Cunningham, Lowry, and Castleton), to have their own horses put in heavily.

It is a monstrous thing that the men who run horses should have the handicapping of them. Of course every one sticks up for his own interest, and each man says, 'If you put my horse in heavy, I shall do the same for you.' Possibly all this may be changed now. This is how it used to be a few years ago. One might have thought that good taste would have prevented a man from giving his opinion

when his own horse was discussed; but among men who run horses, or have anything to do with horse-racing, good taste and everything else is made second to interest.

'*Gain be my lord, for I will worship thee,*' might be their motto.

Charlie gave up his morning's reading on Friday, and took his place on the Athenæum drag, after lectures, with ten or eleven others.

Most of the men who had horses entered had ridden over early to see that they were all right, their grooms having walked them over in the morning with their clothing.

The Valley does not, or rather used not, to interest the general world of Cambridge much; its attraction only found favour in the sight of a limited number of the University, either men directly interested in their own horses, or betting men, or would-be sporting men, and the majority of the Athenæum—which being the centre of the riding interest, naturally followed the leaders of that department. Callaby was there with his tandem, Spot Sanderson, and a bookmaker from Newmarket; with one or two jockeys from the same place, who rode races for sovereigns between times; and a great many Roundchurch cads. There was a tent erected for weighing, and so forth; a winning-post and judge's chair, with an apology of a framework for the numbers of the horses.

It was very enjoyable, though the racing was but poor. There was always plenty of champagne

going, and everybody in high spirits, and the top of a drag is a pleasant place to stand upon.

The odds offered by the bookmakers present were ridiculously small; but even so, they seldom won, the University men knowing pretty well which horse was the best, and the fields being usually small. On one race, indeed, they landed their money, or ought to have done so, a most certain 'pot,' as the expression is, being 'upset.'

Cunningham's horse was a strong favourite; odds were laid on him; in fact, he was almost a certainty for the Great Eastern Handicap, and he led all the way to the top of the hill. Neville was next on one of Castleton's horses, being a light weight, and a good rider. Down the hill they came, Cunningham well to the front, and Spot Sanderson writing down Neville as often as the individuals on the drag below which he stood would back him. But Spot he saw another sight, as they neared the ropes, and Cunningham's lead decreased at every stride.

'The Snipe wins,' 'Go it, Snipe,' was vociferated from the top of the drag; and the Snipe did manage to get his head in front on the post, and won.

Sanderson paid up with a gloomy grin, and there were whispers about Cunningham's having taken the odds about his own horse to some amount. However, it was never proved against him.

There was a livery-stable Handicap worth about forty pounds, and a pony race, wherein some fine riding was displayed by one or two gentlemen who

had evidently never ridden a race before, and tried to finish with a loose rein and hands all over the place. They succeeded most effectually in checking their horses at every stride, and causing great annoyance to their mouths.

One or two horses had been procured from one of the racing stables at Newmarket for the occasion, and were supposed to be the *bonâ fide* property of their owners for the time being.

Questionable transactions these are, to say the least, and, except to the perpetrators of thom, exceedingly unsatisfactory. It would be much more interesting for the University spectator to see genuine racing between horses which were the every-day property of the men who entered them; instead of looking on at poor racing between second-rate platers, who either don't really belong to the men under whose names they run, or else have only been bought up for the occasion, to be sold back again when they have served their turn. The interest of University races lies in identifying the horse with the owner, and in seeing a competition between men and horses with which one is familiar, and to a certain extent interested in. When new horses are brought out for these occasions only, there are no associations connected with them, and one's interest is confined to the men who ride them instead of applying equally to horse and rider.

The day's racing is finished up with a Scurry sweepstakes, and unless there is a row about weights or horses being over age, or something of

the kind, the day's sport has given general satisfaction.

It not unfrequently happens that some screw of doubtful legs retires from the turf after the Valley, as none but moderately good ones can stand the steep hill, from the top of which some of the races commence, and down which nearly every course runs.

There is a tradition that in days gone by, the proctors smelt out the races and appeared in the middle of them on horseback. The principal promoters of the meeting started off across country, and soon pounded the proctors, but were rusticated in due course—*sic fama refert.* Since that day, till the course was ploughed up two years ago, the Valley has not been profaned by tread of proctor, and caps and jackets have been flaunted with impunity.

It may be as well to mention that the Valley is no soft velvet turf, extended at the foot of sloping hills. Cambridgeshire possesses no such features, excepting the 'Montes Hog Magog,' that may be seen marked in a curious old picture-book. It is the remains of a Roman line of fortification or ditching of some kind—(Mr. Kingsley probably knows what it was for)—and lying a little lower than the rest of the surrounding ground, has obtained the unwarranted name by which it is known.

Castleton had a large dinner in the evening, chiefly composed of riding men, and as the conver-

sation therefore was of the horse horsey, Charlie was glad enough when Egerton proposed to go and walk, instead of playing loo.

'What a comfort it is to get out of that heat!' he said, as they strolled through the Old Court, where the moon was casting dark shadows across the grass from the battlemented lodge, and the tower of the hall glistening like burnished silver in the cold clear light.

Emerging through the gate into the shade beyond, they sauntered up Trinity Street towards King's till Egerton suggested that they should turn down towards the river.

Trinity Lane, gloomy and noisome, led them to the bridge, where they halted and leaned over the the parapet, peering into the dark water beneath, where every star above and every overhanging tree—

> 'So true, so soft, the mirror gave,
> As if there lay beneath the wave,
> Secure from trouble, toil, and care,
> A world than earthly world more fair.'

The moonlight, splintered into arrowy shafts, made its way through the foliage above into the dark recesses of gloom beneath the banks, while all beyond—the drooping willows—the glistening bridge in the distance—the smooth green slopes—slept peacefully in the silver light which overspread them; and through the elms the lights of Trinity

gleamed fitfully from the windows. All sounds were hushed,

> 'Save where silence yields
> To the night warbling bird, that now awake
> Tunes sweetest his love-laboured song;'

trilling his rich notes in melodious cadence through the motionless air.

For some minutes neither spoke, till the 'solemn bird' of night paused in his melody, and Villars broke out, 'This is jolly, Harry; why haven't we ever come here before? Just fancy playing loo in that horrible atmosphere instead of enjoying this?'

'Yes, indeed,' answered Egerton, 'I wonder why one does it? Let's give up loo and walk instead —

> 'Now is the pleasant time
> The cool, the silent,'

somebody says.'

'I never heard you quote poetry before, Harry,' exclaimed Villars; 'inspired by the moonlight?'

'Picked it up out of some book I was reading this morning, — rather appropriate I think. This sort of thing,' continued Egerton, 'makes me feel quite sentimental. How jolly it would be to cut the world and go and live in some quiet place in the middle of charming scenery; without loo, and row, and bother, with some fellow one really cared about! Don't you think it'd be awfully jolly?'

Charlie smiled as he wound his arm affectionately

round him, and answered, 'Sounds jolly enough, old boy; but one couldn't always have moonlight or sun, and we should probably fight if we had wet weather, and get tired of each other.'

'I shouldn't,' said Egerton with energy. 'If I really like any one, I stick to him. I don't make a friend of a fellow for six weeks and then drop him again, like Murray.'

> 'He throws off his friends like a huntsman his pack,
> For he knows when he likes he can whistle them back,'

said Charlie.

Egerton might have returned,—

> 'But he who loves, unlov'd, again,
> Hath better store of love than brains:'

he only said, 'I think it's very bad form, that sort of thing.'

'Well, but you know, Harry, it's quite possible to see too much of one's friends; and to get tired of having no variety; though of course I should never feel so with you,' Charlie added, destroying his argument in his anxiety to leave no doubt of his friendship. 'Besides,' he continued, 'I'm not like Murray either; I think it's an awful shame making a fellow like you, and then dropping him for some one else, as he does.'

A thought of Charlie's quondam attachment to Rowley flitted across Egerton's mind, but it was not allowed to disturb his visions of Elysium. 'I don't

think he means to treat a fellow badly,' he said, in allusion to Murray's inconstancy.

'No, I don't think he does,—but it's rather hard lines being made to waste one's affections for nothing. Do you think I'm wasting mine upon you?' Villars added, turning with a smile to Egerton.

'Don't be absurd, Charlie,' was the rejoinder; 'you don't suppose I should ever cut you?'

After a pause Egerton continued, 'If you hadn't laughed at my last quotation I could have given you another now, only you'd say it was sentimental.'

'No, I shouldn't; I was only surprised at your quoting, because I've never seen you reading poetry, and didn't know you cared about it.'

'That's what fellows always think; because you ride, or play loo, or amuse yourself, that you can't care for anything of that sort.'

'Oh! but I don't think so. I ride and amuse myself, and I like poetry and reading too, only that one hasn't much time for them. So you needn't think I'm a Goth, old boy.'

'I didn't mean that you were,' said Egerton, laughing; 'you know a great deal more than I do. There goes the quarter,' he added, as the clock of St. Mary's rang out three-quarters after eleven.

'I hadn't an idea it was so late,' said Charlie, taking his arm. 'We'll come here again, and you shall quote poetry as much as you like.'

'You're coming to breakfast to-morrow,' said Egerton, as they separated at the corner of the Market-place.

'All right! half-past nine, I suppose,'—and saying 'good-night,' Charlie turned towards Green Street, and wandered dreamily back to his own rooms.

'At school,' Mr. Disraeli tells us in "Coningsby," 'friendship is a passion; it entrances the being, it tears the soul. All love of after-life can never bring its rapture, or its wretchedness; no bliss so absorbing, no pangs of jealousy or despair so crushing and so keen! What tenderness and what devotion, what illimitable confidence, infinite revelations of inmost thoughts; what ecstatic present, and romantic future; what bitter estrangements, and what melting reconciliations; what scenes of wild recrimination, agitating explanations, passionate correspondence; what insane sensitiveness, and what frantic sensibility; what earthquakes of the heart and whirlwinds of the soul are confined in that simple phrase,—a schoolboy's friendship.'

All this may be said with equal truth of many, perhaps not of most, University friendships. Half the so-called *men* of whom the undergraduate portion of the University consists are mere schoolboys in habit and thought. Place them again at the schools that most of them have but just left, and they would be as much boys in their feelings and passions as those they have left behind.

The sense of responsibility and independence which University life creates, does not necessarily deaden the life and damp the ardour of youth. There have been as yet no influences at work to

cramp the free play of their feelings, and hold in unnatural check the eager passage of the emotions. The chilling power of the world has not yet begun to do its work. Disappointment, anxiety, and care are as yet unknown, except to the unhappy few; and the youthful fire of affection once aroused, burns with as bright a flame as when first kindled in their happy schoolboy days. It burns, too, with a more constant flame. As the ripening judgment is slower to select, so the object, when selected, is held in a firmer grasp. Schoolboy friendships are evanescent, unless circumstances favour their continuance. College friendships, begun with all the ardour of which youth is capable, not unfrequently tone down into mutual attachments which last through life.

CHAPTER XXX.

'Spectatum admissi risum teneatis ?'*—HORACE.

ON Saturday evening the procession of boats came off. King's Lawn as usual was crowded with the rank and fashion of Cambridge, who listened to the gay strains of the Town Rifle Corps band, under the direction of Mr. Sippel, till the boats arrived.

About half-past seven there is a run upon the banks; the boats are coming; and Third Trinity, decorated with laurel wreaths, sweeps past, receiving the cheers of the assembled crowd. Trinity Hall followed, then First Trinity first boat, St. John's, and the others in the order of the last night's racing. They row a few strokes beyond King's Bridge, take a sniff of Queen's, and come back stimulated for claret-cup. This they drink for the benefit of the crowd opposite to King's, all the boats being drawn up side by side across the river.

'Επεὶ πόσιος, κ. τ. λ.—when they have drunk enough, they deliver themselves of several rounds of cheers,

* Could you keep from laughing if admitted to a private view ?

and then get them back to their boat-houses. One boat generally sacrificing itself to create a little excitement in the otherwise tame proceedings, and upsetting.

The several boat clubs, or some of them in particular,—third Trinity, Trinity Hall, &c.,—have boating suppers in the evening, or else on the night on which the races end. Here the men drink a good deal of wine, mixing it with punch, and cups of various and seductive composition; and having just gone out of training, and being unaccustomed to much liquor, inevitably get drunk.

The streets resemble a little hell upon earth on boat-supper nights; for nearly every one is uproariously not sober, and boating men understand better than any others how to make a noise.

The unfortunate tutors, or would-be somnolent dons, issue from their dens like avenging furies, foaming at the mouth, *ἐς τὸ πᾶν βδελύκτροποι*, horrible to behold; but to no purpose. There may be a lull for a time, but the noise breaks out with redoubled energy; and the infuriated don hides his diminished head under the bed-clothes, preferring not to brave indignity a second time, *ῥέγχουσι δ' οὐ πλατοῖσι φυσιάμασιν.*

Third Trinity have their supper at the Lion. Trinity Hall, by kind permission of the Master, in their College hall. This kind permission was refused on one occasion, and the row that followed would be 'an 'orrible tale' to tell. The verdict the University returned upon the case was, 'error of judgment,' against the Master.

Quiet people have no peace in the May term—orgy succeeds orgy in rapid succession.

The Monday following was the day of the True Blue anniversary, which is a repetition of the Beef Steak, in almost every thing, except that the True Blue dinner is turtle-soup and punch, with everything else to correspond; and the Beef Steak is ox-tail soup, with beef to follow.

Charlie had lately joined the True Blue, but had not yet dined, so that he had not undergone as yet the infliction of drinking his bottle of claret. He was allowed to put it off until after the anniversary, and got through it then with the usual unpleasant consequences. One can hardly imagine that at the present day a custom so barbarous should be maintained as that of drinking off a bottle of claret without taking the glass from the lips. But so it is, and every new member of the True Blue has to go through it.

Many men fought shy of the second anniversary, after their experience of the first; and many who did not, repented of it afterwards. Champagne and claret are pleasanter beverages than port and beer, and make up by their seductiveness for the greater intoxicating properties of the latter. By the time, therefore, that 'the Muffin-man' was to be sung, few were capable of even repeating the words correctly; singing, of course, being out of the question.

'The Muffin-man,' *par parenthèse*, is a being of doubtful origin, although every one in turn asserts his acquaintance with him, and also the *locale* of

his dwelling. The refrain is very simple. The president asks his neighbour harmonically, 'Oh! do you know the Muffin-man? Oh! do you know his name (*Da capo*, the former part), who lives in Crumpet Lane?'

His neighbour assures him (probably in recitative, if he has drunk a sufficient quantity of wine), 'Oh! yes; I know the Muffin-man. Oh! yes; I know his name,' &c. He then proceeds in his turn to propound the same important question to his neighbour; and when question and answer have gone the round of the table, all rise, and with great appearance of satisfaction, dance round the table, singing, 'Then we *all* know the Muffin-man; we *all* know his name,' &c.; till the chain of hands is broken by the velocity with which the bodies are moving, the table is most likely upset, and somebody pushed down among the broken glass, and the whole proceeding forms an excellent finale to an evening of intellectual entertainment. This custom is in vogue at all the dining clubs, and, I believe, not peculiar to Cambridge.

I took some trouble to knock out on the piano the tune to which the words go, for the benefit of any one who might wish to introduce it into the bosom of his family; but I find that it is so very similar to the air of 'There is nae luck about the house,' that it may easily be adapted from that.

When I said that 'the Muffin-man' was of doubtful origin, I did not mean to say that there was no clue to his birth or life.

There has been found (I believe among the archives of the Beef Steak) a document, of the existence of which, I think, few are aware. It has made its way into the hands of the present holder by a channel which I am not at liberty to divulge; and I have, with some difficulty, obtained permission to copy portions of it for the benefit of the public. It would appear to be an authentic history of the first Muffin-man, abridged probably from some larger biography for the members of the club. Although much of it has been defaced by time or port, I have been enabled, by a little patching here and there, to knock out a very intelligible and connected record. The interest which many University men feel in the subject has stimulated me to spare no trouble in deciphering the almost illegible characters; and in its presentable shape it reads as follows:—

'This memoir was presented to the Beef Steak Club by —— (name illegible).

'In the year 17—, there lived in Cambridge town a man of poor but respectable parents, who rejoiced in the good old Saxon name of Smith; prefixed in some of the old registers may be found the somewhat quaint name of John.

'It appears from a minute investigation of contemporaneous evidence that he was in early manhood a person of retiring habits, shunning the busy haunts of men, and, to all appearance, engaged in investigating some weighty problem, or perfecting some profound and subtle theory. It is admitted generally—in fact, there is no reason now to doubt—

that in extreme youth he had filled the post of assistant to a bread-manufacturer; and it was while in this position, beyond all doubt, that the germs were created of that grand scheme which in after years took the world by surprise, and raised up for the originator a monument—'*ære perennius.*' Of his earliest childhood we can procure no accurate information; the only point on which all authorities agree, is, that he manifested an extraordinary delight at the sight of biscuits with frequent holes, and other eatables of a similarly perforated nature,—the foreshadowing, doubtless, of his future work. And considering what a man he afterwards was, and the line in which his talents were directed, we may well conceive that the custom now so common among our children of making the luteous pattie in the corners of our streets, emanated from his culinary brain; that it was the dawning of that art which has since enrolled his name upon the pages of immortality. There is no immediate evidence to show the cause of his breaking from the trammels of an apprenticed servitude; but who that truly appreciates his work will not understands the impossibility of such a mind—so vast an intellect—being confined within the narrow limits of a bakehouse? Some larger sphere was required to do justice to his talents, and develope his grand conception. A mysterious haze enshrouds his proceedings from the time in which he left the master-baker, to the day on which the first instalment of his grand scheme was given to the world.

'On the —— day or —— year 17— (the dates are hopelessly illegible), he produced a "Crumpet." We gather from reliable sources that the world was not taken by surprise, that it knew that a mountain was in labour, and that no ridiculous abortion would be the result; and their confidence was fully justified. All appreciating palates smacked with the author's praise; his work was in everybody's mouth, and his fortune made from that day. The street in which he lived took its name from his production, and was known as Crumpet Lane long after he had ceased to diffuse sweet culinary odours about its neighbourhood. When such was the result of his first production, how shall we describe the *furore* of excitement which ensued when it became known that he meditated a second work, and an improvement on the last? Expectation was on the tippest of toes; speculation on the probable result took the place of every other topic, and business was almost at a standstill. The zenith of his fame was reached on the (dates effaced)—when he gave to the world "the Muffin." Who shall depict the extravagant satisfaction with which this second work was devoured?—the gusto with which each admirer lingered over this feast of pure delight? In a few hours after coming out it was upon every table, from the highest noble in the land to the pauper in his cot; and many an aged dame was finding a relish for her evening bohea in this seductive accompaniment.

'The work came out on a Saturday. The Beef Steak were dining in the evening. The conversa-

tion throughout dinner had naturally turned upon the great event of the day. The man, his work, his antecedents, had been discussed with all-absorbing interest. What then more natural than that before they separated, their enthusiasm should prompt them to yet more strongly assert their interest in everything connected with this distinguished man? And could such a stirring theme be pursued while sitting? Impossible! While they mutually protested their acquaintance with even the locality of his dwelling, their enthusiasm carried them from their chairs, and in the excitement of the moment they joined hands, and reiterating their intimacy, danced in wild rapture round the festive board. The ceremony was repeated on the occasion of the next dinner, and remained established thenceforward to succeeding ages.

'The Muffin-man never left his original tenement in Crumpet Lane, but died, alas! in the *flower* of his age, leaving his invaluable recipe to a long string of little muffin-men, who, by some curious freak of nature, or owing to the charitable disposition of the father, instead of being born with silver spoons in their mouths, came into the world with little bells in their hands.'

CHAPTER XXXI.

'*Meg.* Tu me et ego te qualis sis, scio.' *—PLAUTUS.

'Et jam finis erat.' †—VIRGIL.

As the A. D. C. was to commence the following night, Douglas was in fear that members might be incapacitated for acting, owing to the *pocula* of the previous night.

His arrangements, however, were not materially disarranged, and for a first night the performance was creditable.

'Do you know any one here?' asked Villars on the ladies' night, of Lowry, whom he met coming out of the room.

'I've just been running my eye over the pack,' was the reply, 'and don't see any that come from my kennel.'

'Going to Ascot next week?' asked Carter, coming up to them.

'I don't think I can get away?' answered

* We know each other.

† The end was now come.

Lowry. 'I shall if it's possible. There's this infernal May.'

'They always fix their examinations at the most inconvenient times,' said Carter. 'You may take your oath they knew d—d well it was Ascot week.'

'Of course they did. I should like to have the kicking of some of these dons; they always try to put a stop to any rational enjoyment.'

'I hate the whole boiling of 'em; there isn't a respectable fellow amongst 'em.

'I don't think Brown's a bad fellow,' suggested Villars.

'He's the best of a bad lot,' returned Lowry; 'he treats one more like a gentleman than the rest of them.'

'He's a dirty sneak too,' said Carter; 'he blackguarded me the other day for not keeping chapels, and told me he should send me before the Master if I wasn't more regular.'

'But you hardly ever go to chapel at all, do you?' said Villars.

'I don't trouble it very often.'

'Well, you can't expect him not to take any notice of it.'

'They're a sneaking lot,' said Carter. 'They're always at one for something or other.'

'Never can let a fellow alone,' said Lowry.

'I always find Brown very jolly,' said Villars. 'I believe if you treat them properly, and don't cheek them, they'd be civil enough.'

'Bad breed,' said Carter, lifting up the curtain into the audience-room.

'What a d—d fine woman that fellow Vivian makes!' he continued, as the latter appeared on the stage. 'As nice a little filly as you'd wish to see!'

'That other man (I forget his name) looks the most scrumptious of the two, I think,' said Lowry. 'Well, I've had enough of this,' he said, after looking on for a few minutes; 'are you coming to French's, Charlie?'

Supper was going on there, and half-an-hour afterwards the house was crowded with the men who had been acting and audiencing; congratulating each other on the success of the week, full houses, &c. &c.

As Lowry was going in for his degree in the October term, and the May subjects were consequently of no direct use to him, he persuaded his tutor to let him off, and disported himself at Ascot on Wednesday and Thursday instead.

Villars had been putting on a spurt during the last few days, and was fairly well up in his subjects when the examination began on Wednesday morning.

The whole of the hall was filled with first and second-year men (third-year going to one of the lecture-rooms), and two or three examining dons walked up and down to see that no books were brought out, or copying done. Occasionally they sat down, and then papers were passed across;

questions asked on slips of paper; furtive pocket-edition produced, or leaves which had been extracted from likely places; and the work of translating or answering went on swimmingly. The examiners resumed their exercise, and all became chaos again in the examinee's mind, who bitterly cursed the restless spirit of that examiner which suffered him not to do his paper in peace.

Sometimes a clever man was induced to sit in a different place from where the slip of paper with his name on it had been pasted, in order that his papers might be of service to his neighbours in that quarter who were in greater need of assistance. His stay however was generally cut short by the ruthless Hoppett, who stalked about with his long paper pricking down every one in his place.

From nine till twelve, and from one till four o'clock every day, except Saturday (on that day in the morning only), there were papers. Some who were going in for a high class stayed the whole six hours; and then had to come out very often leaving much unfinished. Others who could do no mathematics, or to whom Greek and Latin were unknown tongues, came out at the half-hour after going in (the earliest possible time allowed), sending up meagre papers with half a proposition, or an attempt at the translation of a few lines.

Villars was anxious to take a respectable place, and therefore did his best at all the papers; assisting Vivian very much in the mathematical ones, but

getting nothing in return. For that matter, he would not have cared to have helped himself by any unfair means, as he was not going in for a pass only. Cribbing, copying, *et hoc genus omne*, is all very well and not very dishonourable for poor devils who have not an idea of their own, and are in mortal fear of being plucked. It enables them to get through an ordeal which they consider is only devised for their torment, and which never would improve their intellects in any appreciable degree; and saves them from the ignominy of not passing, and the consequent trouble of reading up for a second examination. As it is not competitive, they do wrong to no one by bringing themselves in by unfair means to the exclusion of others.

It is a very different thing, though, in the case of a man who goes in for κῦδος.

Cribbing with him is ungentlemanlike to a degree. He obtains a high place by his dishonesty, and gets the credit of cleverness which he does not possess.

Many persons doubtless think cribbing indefensible under any circumstances. Perhaps they are right, perhaps I am wrong.

Russell of course was very much down upon the classical papers, but the mathematical ones he did very little with.

It is not often that a head naturally takes to both classics and mathematics. There are a few distinguished instances of eminence in both, but first-

rate success in one line is generally only accompanied by laboured mediocrity in the other, when both are cultivated.

On Monday morning there was a Greek Testament paper, and there were papers up to Wednesday morning, when the College gave a sigh of relief and went to its tutors for its *exeat.*

The list was not to be out till the following week, and any one who required one to be sent to him left his address at the butteries.

'What sort of papers did you do?' asked Villars, as he came down from the Junior Dean's room with Russell, after having their *exeats* signed.

'Not much in mathematics, pretty well in classics.'

'I suppose you'll get your "first."'

'Couldn't say,—what are you going to do in the Long?'

'I don't exactly know yet. I'm going to London for some time.'

'I'm coming up here at the beginning of July, if I get a first.'

'A good many men come up in the Long to read, don't they?'

'No, not very many. I expect it'll be rather slow. They say there's lots of cricket. I shall have to read somewhere for my Little Go.'

'But that's not till March.'

'If you get into one of the first three classes in your May you can go in at the October examination. I suppose it's for the benefit of fellows

going in for honours, that they may get it out of their way.'

'Well, I don't suppose it'll affect me,' said Charlie. 'Shall you be at the match?' he added, stopping at the door of his rooms.

'Most likely,' replied Russell. 'Good-bye, if I don't see you again.'

Villars shook hands with him and went up to see after his packing, and settle the little bills of several duns who were waiting about.

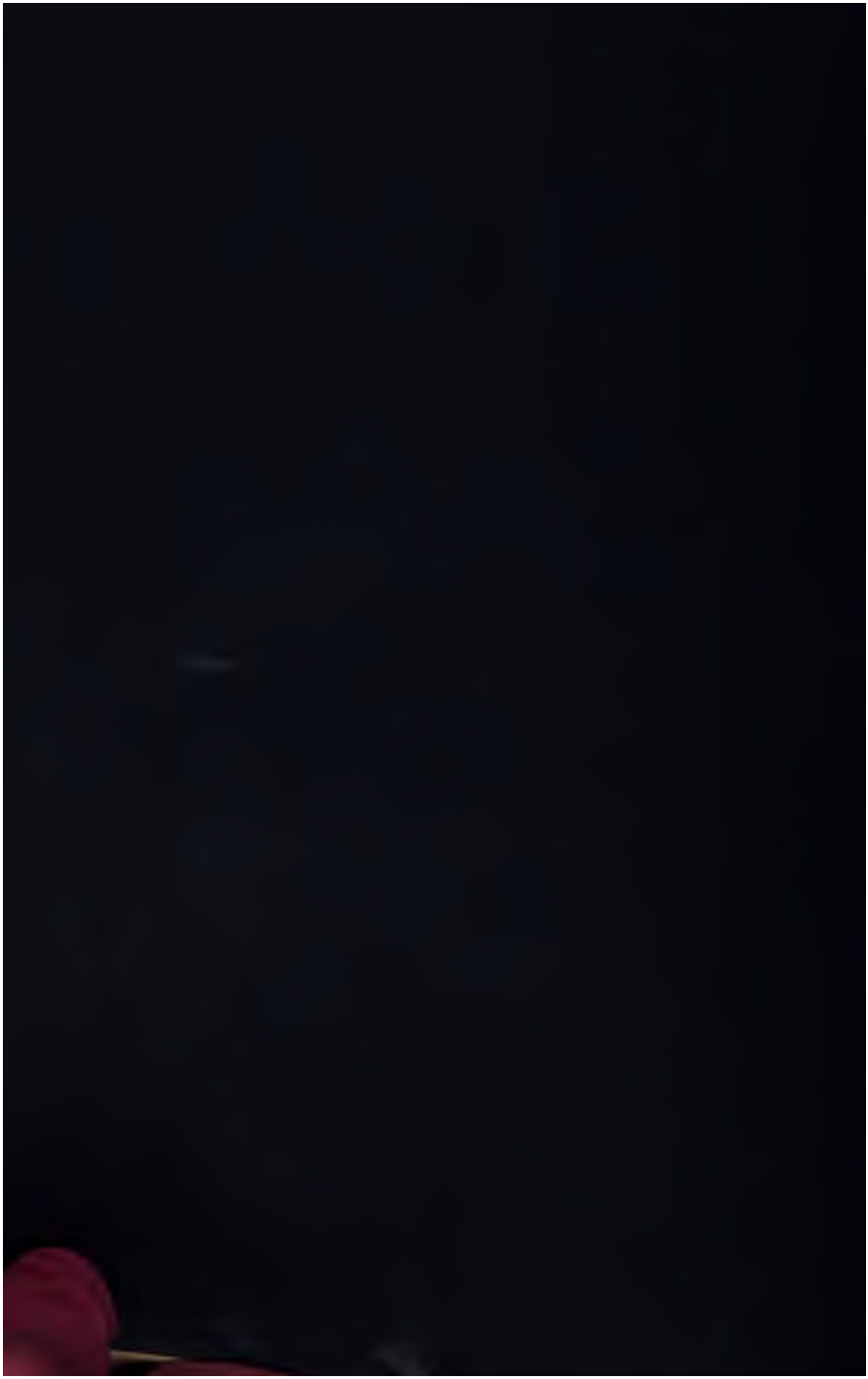
In the summer term every one goes down directly the examination is over; so that if any unfortunate wretch is detained by adverse circumstances over the Sunday, he may experience something of the sensations of Hood's "Last Man,"—(not Campbell's)—which I can tell him are not agreeable.

At the beginning of July, the men who have leave to reside in the Vacation, begin to come up again,—a mere handful only; no one who has not got a first class is allowed—except in rare instances—to be in residence. Every one is obliged to live in college and to be in by ten o'clock at night. This rule, as there is nothing to attract anybody outside college, is not a very hard one. The hardest is being obliged to keep morning chapels at seven o'clock, there being none in the evening.

Scholars are always allowed to remain up, being supposed to have rooms assigned to them in College; they don't therefore require to ask leave.

The Long Vacation term is from the 1st of July to the 12th of September; when every one goes

down to allow the bedmakers, and other high functionaries of the College, free room for the shaking of carpets, and general setting in order of affairs for the October term, which is supposed to begin on the 1st of that month.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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